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THE

MUSICAL MISCELLANY,

COMPRISING THE MUSIC PUBLISHED IN THE

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EDITED BY

THOMAS HASTINGS.

VOL I.

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CRAIGHEAD AND ALLEN, PRINTERS.

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THE

MISCELLANY.

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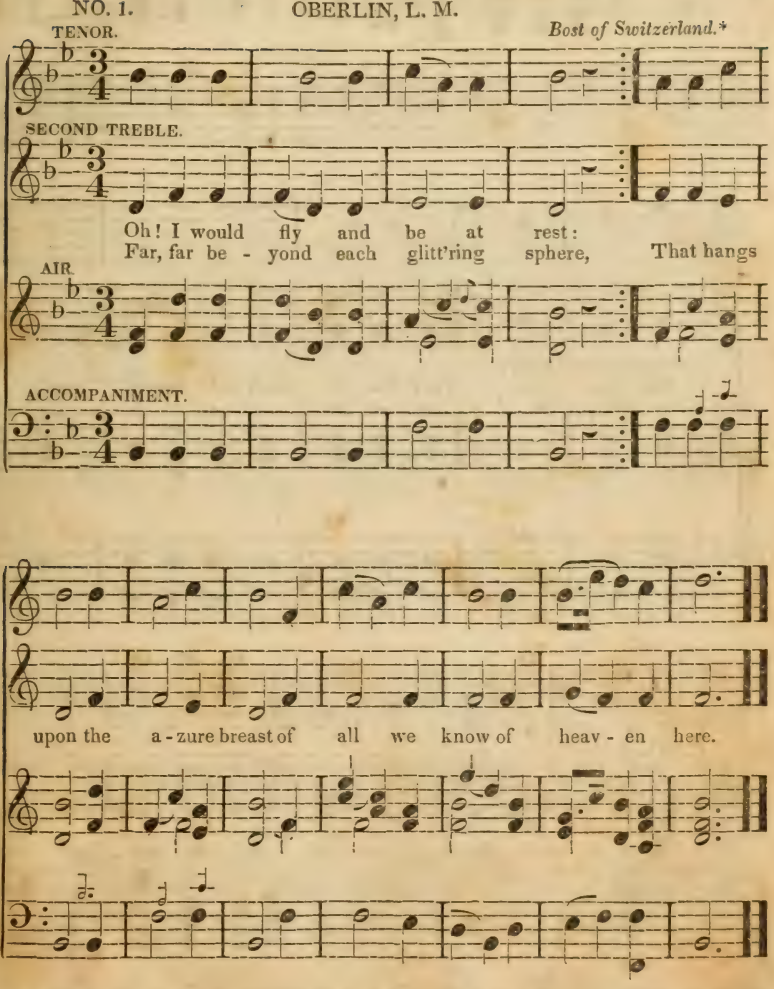
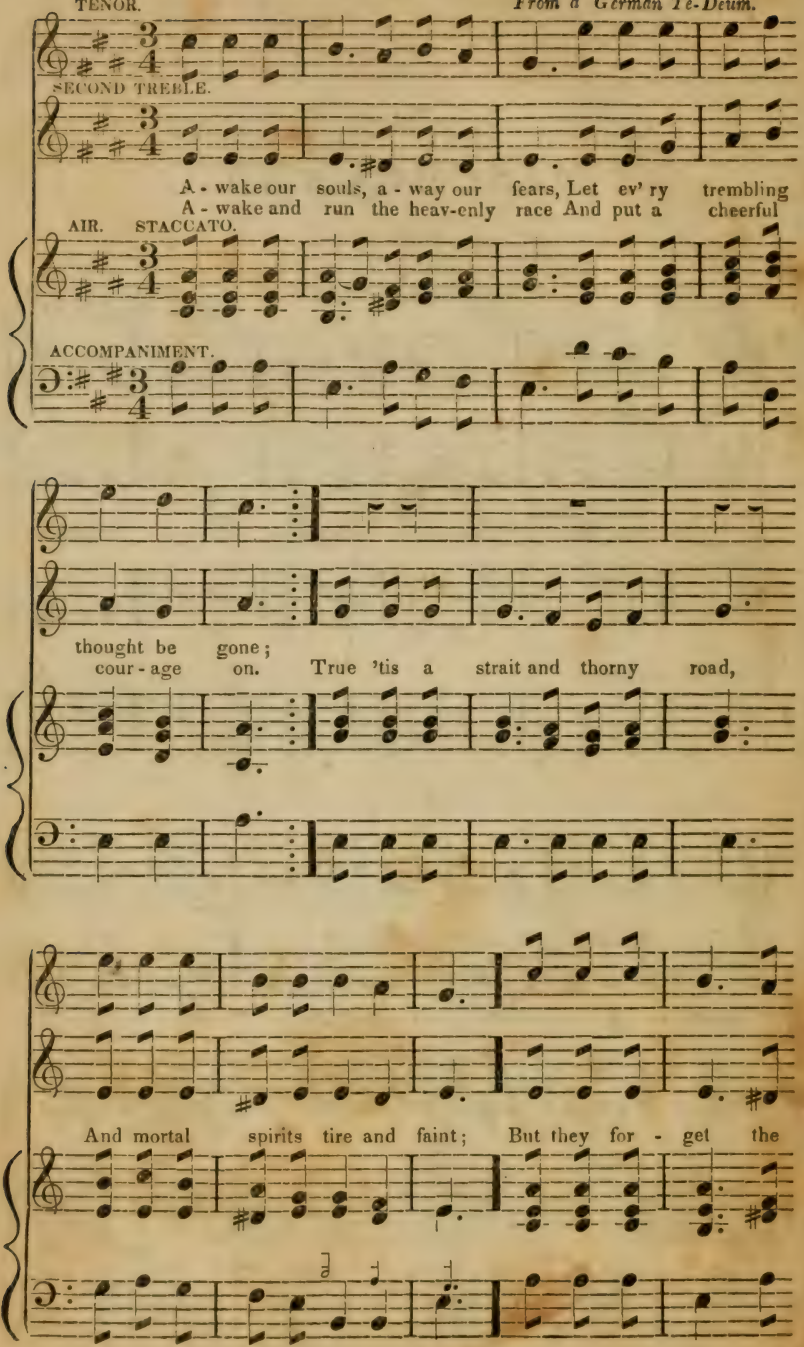
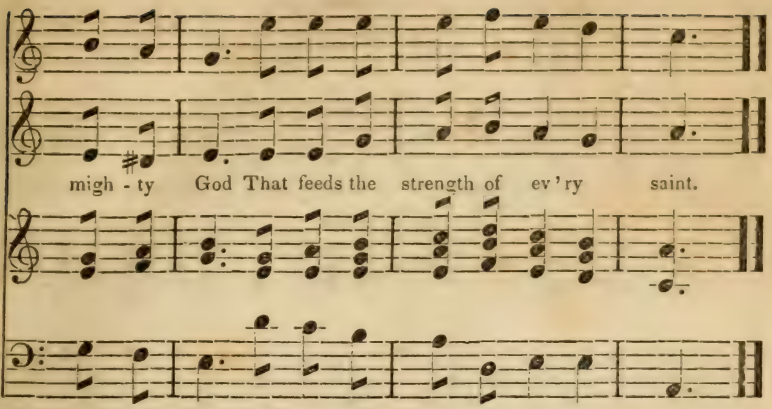


* A worthy evangelical clergyman now living. For a number of his pieces, as well as for several beautiful specimens of German music, we are happy to acknowledge our obligation to a gentleman of this city, who has recently returned from a tour in Europe.

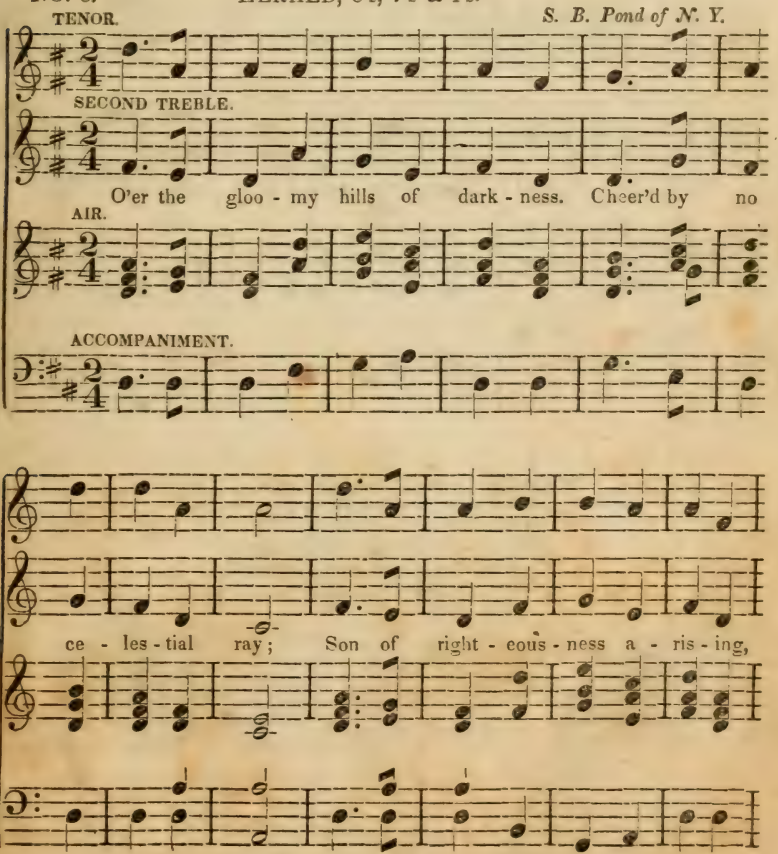
NO 2. FRANKE, L. M. D.

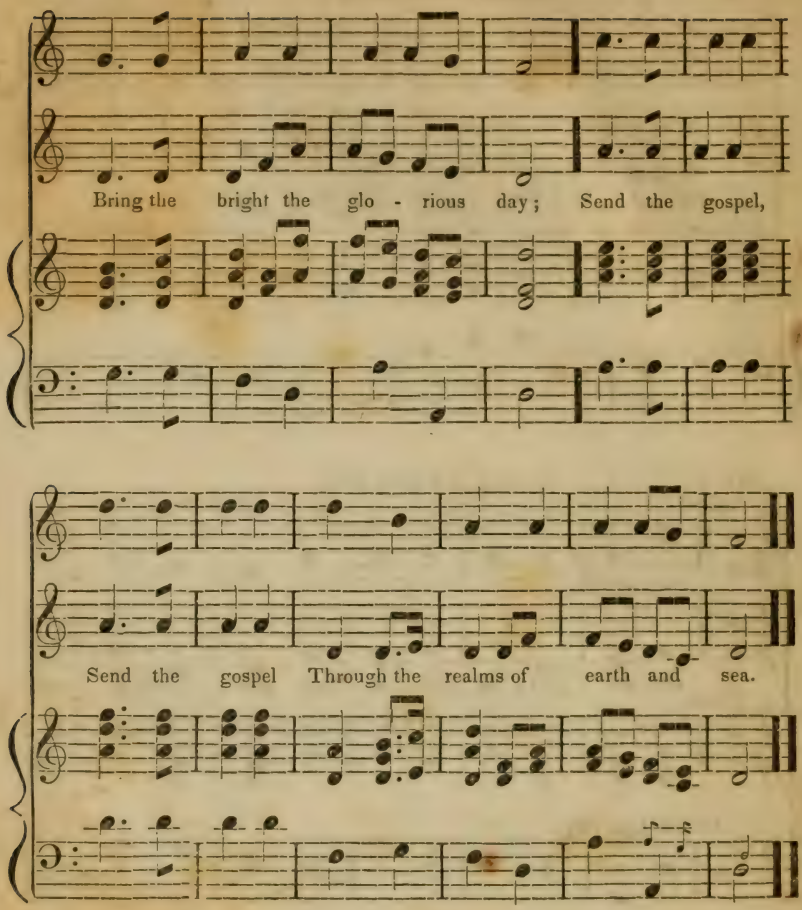
From a German Te-Deum.





NO. 3. HERALD, 8's, 7's & 4's.





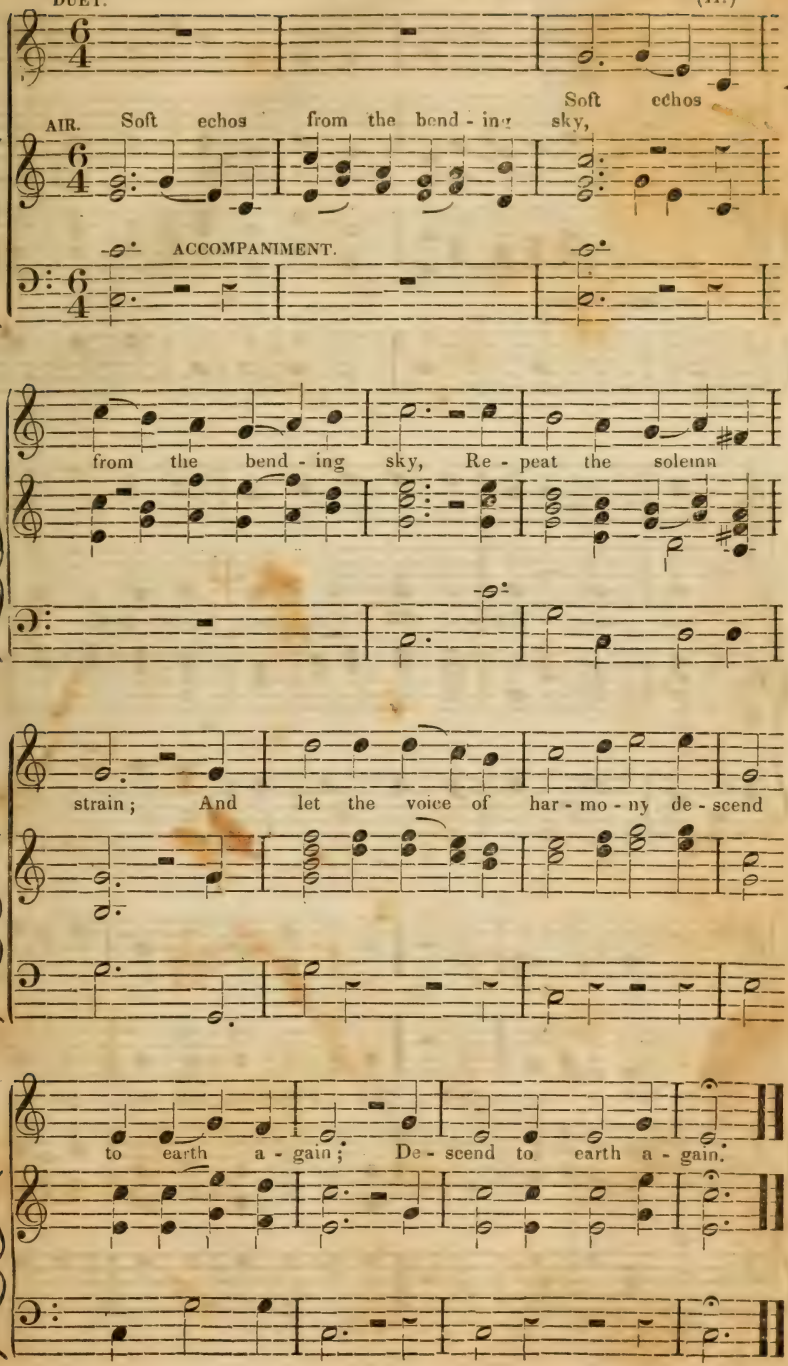
1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheer'd by no celestial ray;
Son of righteousness arising,
Bring the bright the glorious day:
Send the gospel, send the gospel
Through the realms of earth and sea.

2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant then, Lord, the glorious light;
Now from eastern coast to western,
Bid the morning chase the night,
While redemption
Pours its beams divinely bright.

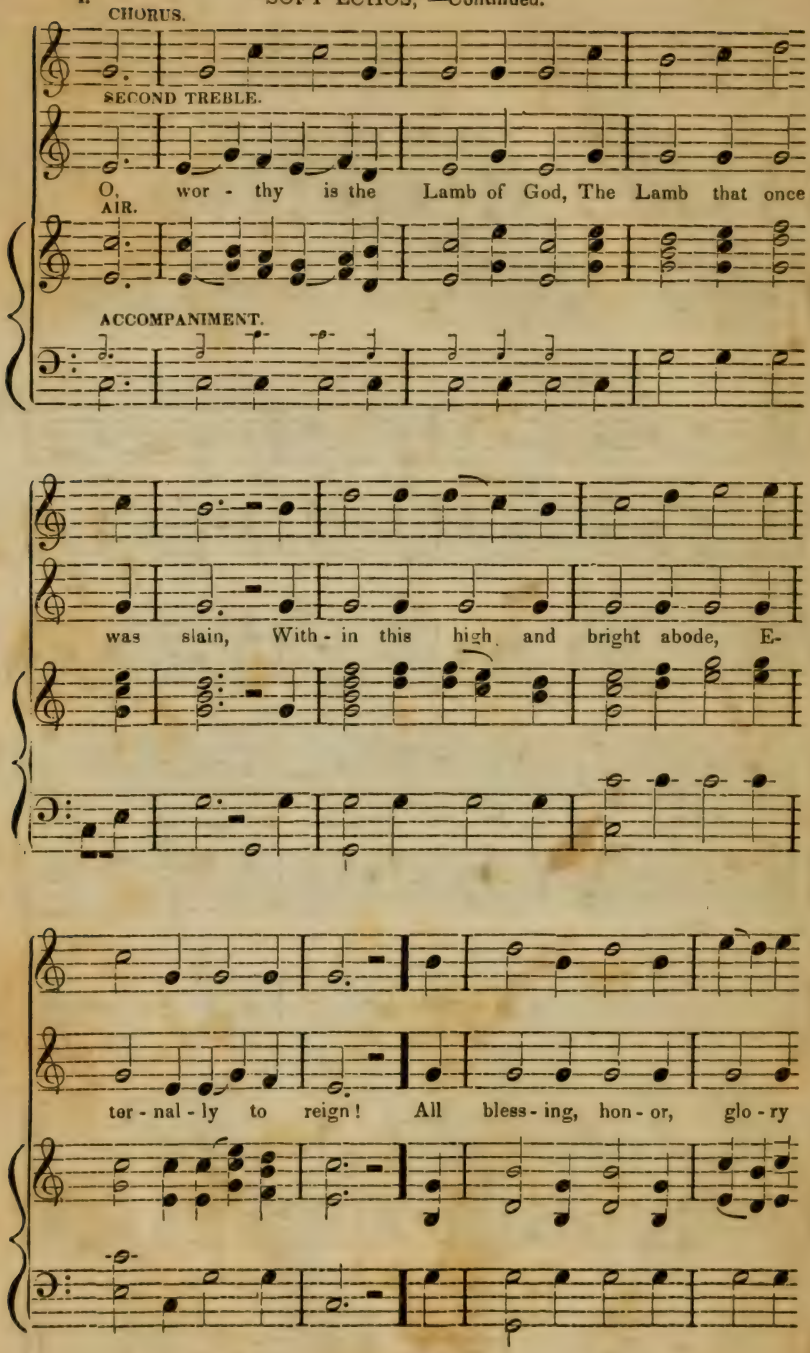
3. Bid the everlasting gospel
Win and conquer and increase:
Bid the Saviour's wide dominions
Multiply and still increase,
Till his sceptre
Fills the world with life and peace.

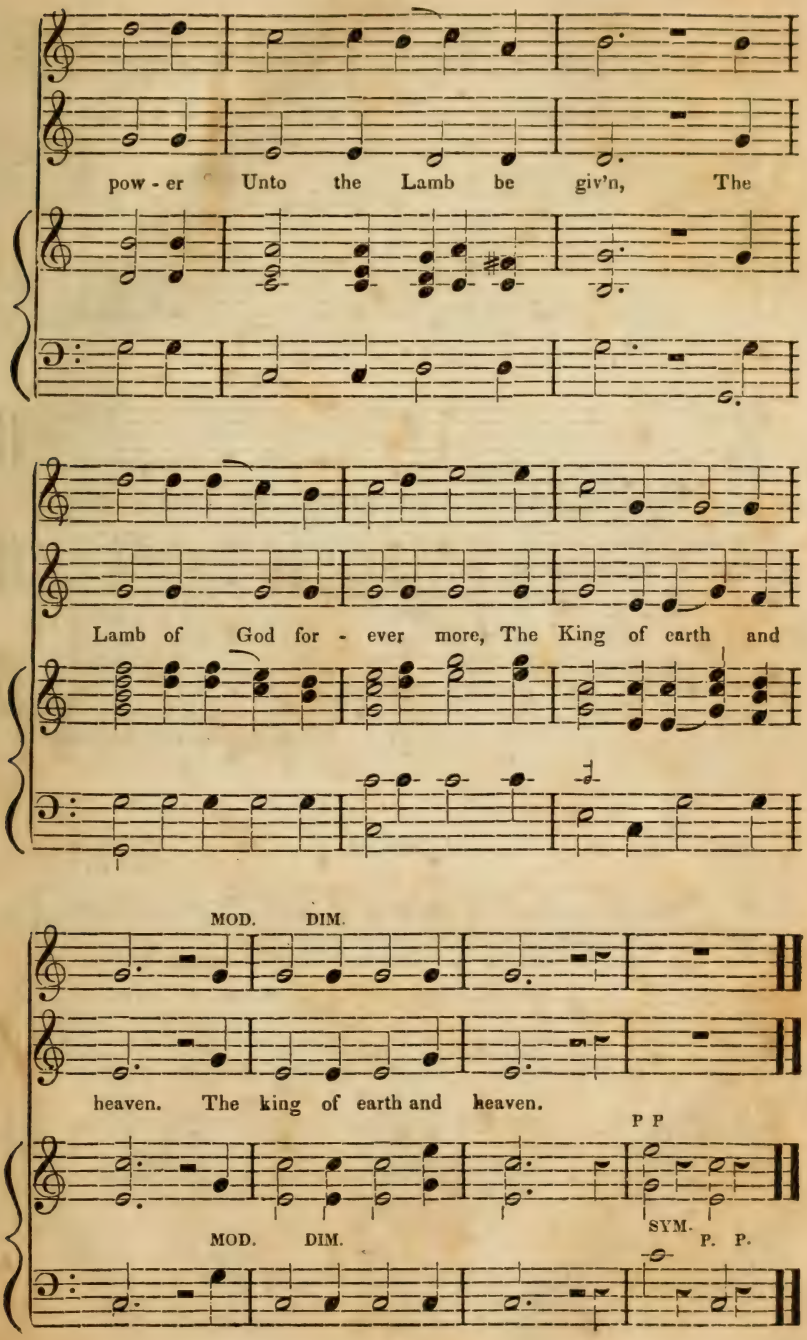
NO. 4. "SOFT ECHOS."

DUET. (*H.*)

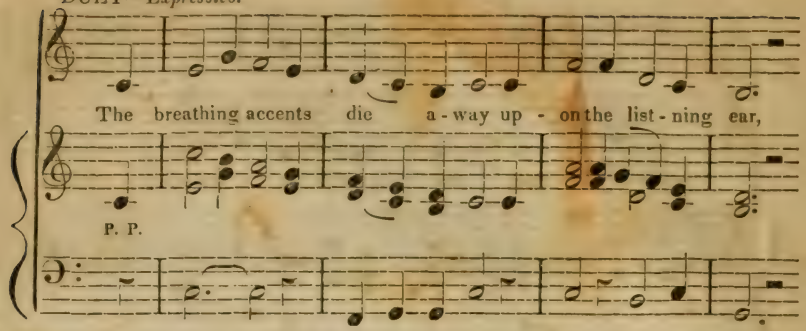


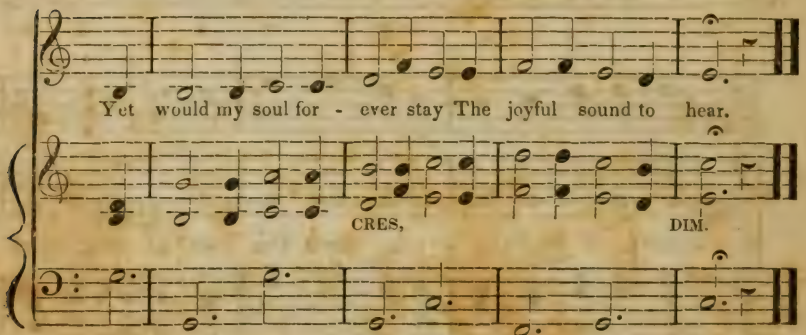
4. "SOFT ECHOS,"—Continued.




pow - er Unto the Lamb be giv'n, The
Lamb of God for - ever more, The King of earth and
MOD. DIM.
heaven. The king of earth and heaven.
P P
SYM.
MOD. DIM.
P. P.

DUET—*Expressivo.*

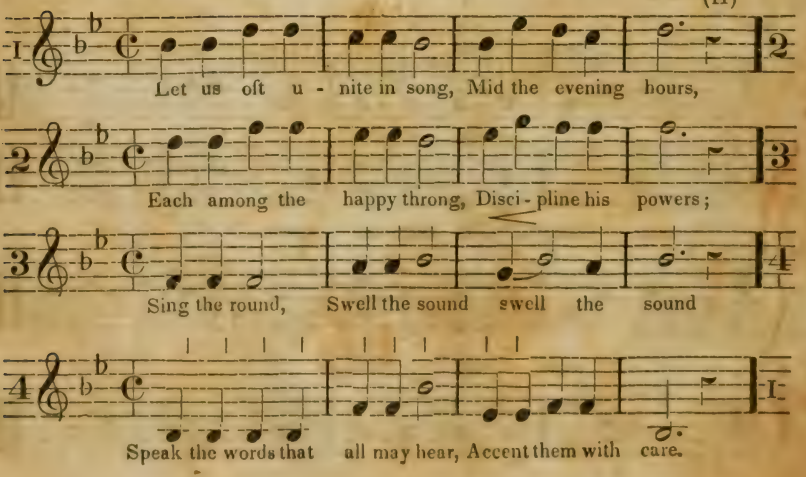


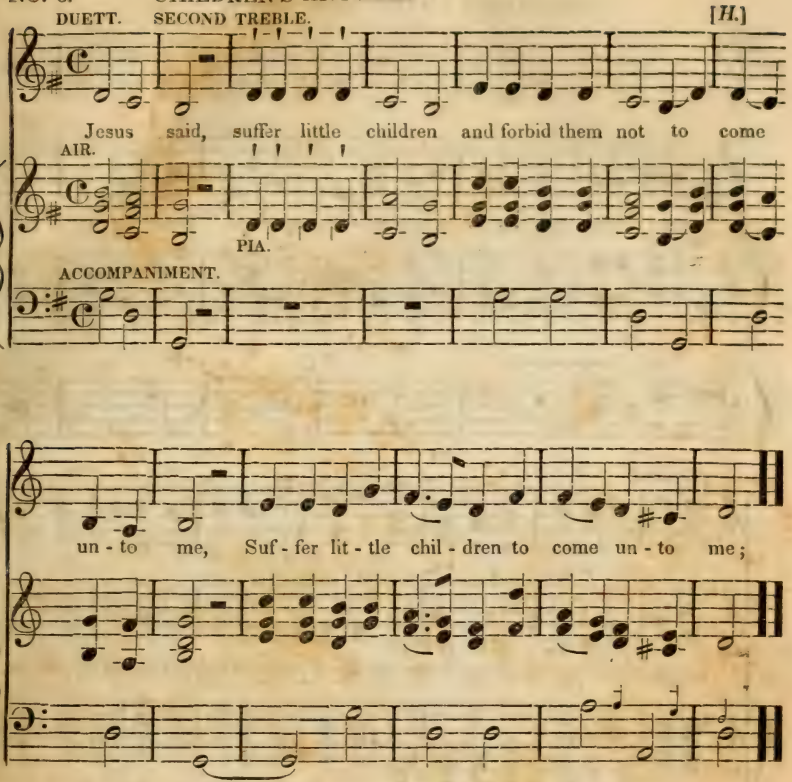
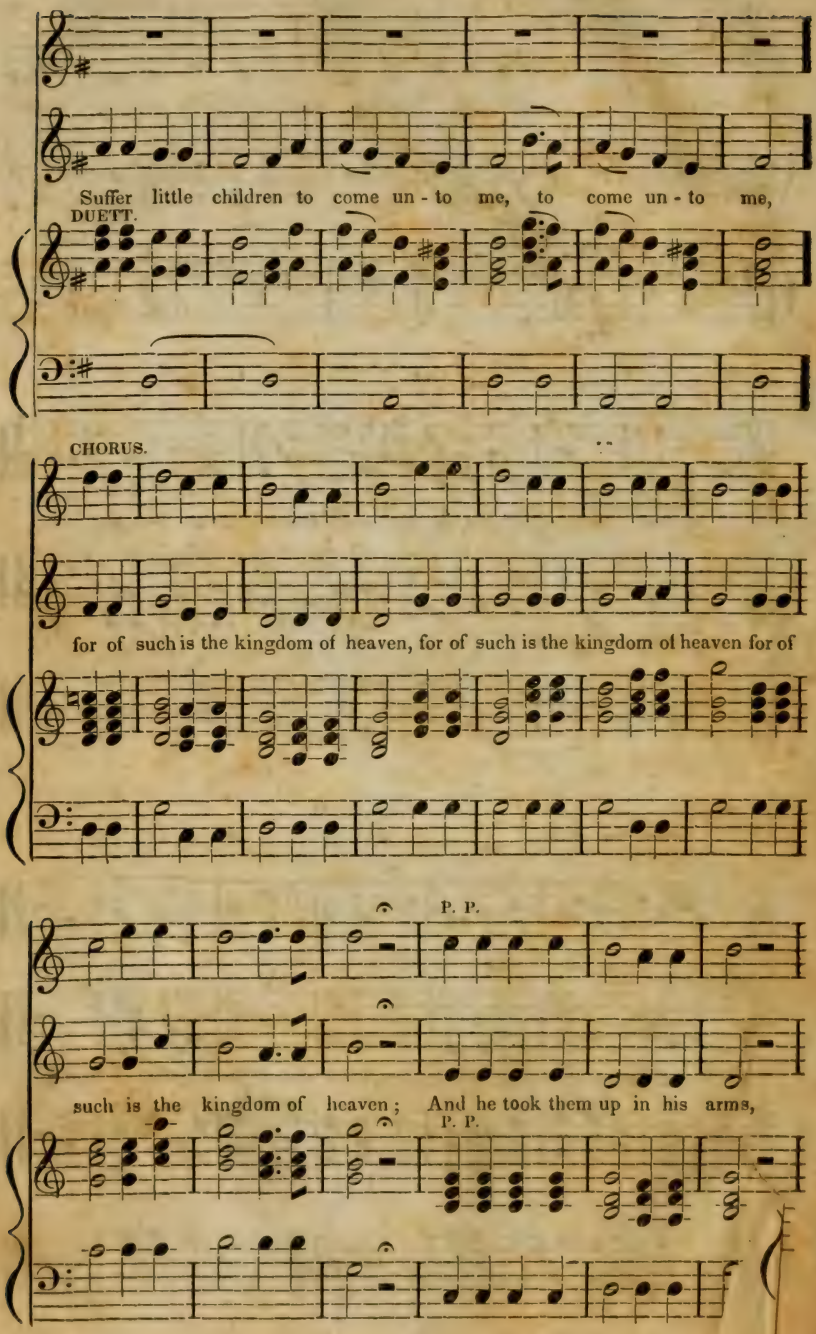


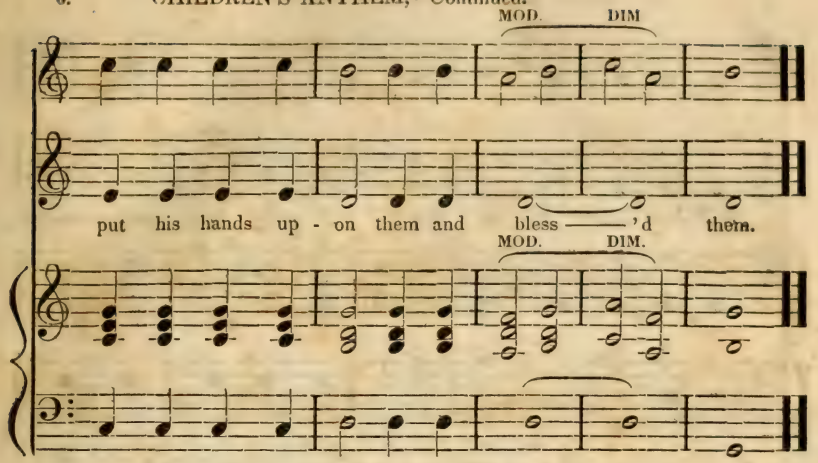
N. B. close with the Chorus.

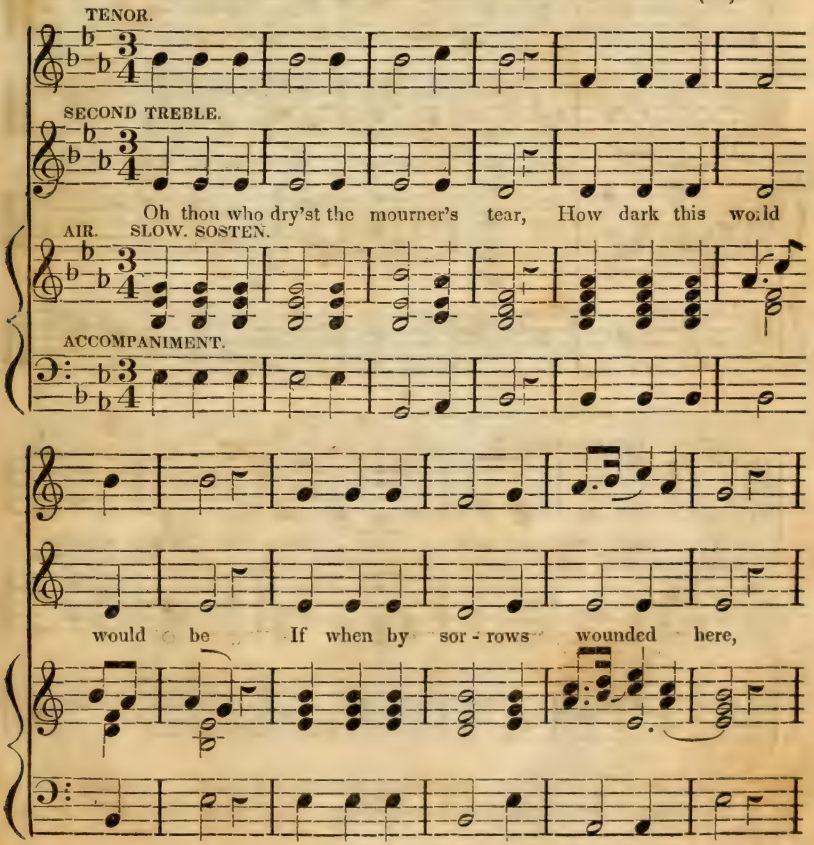
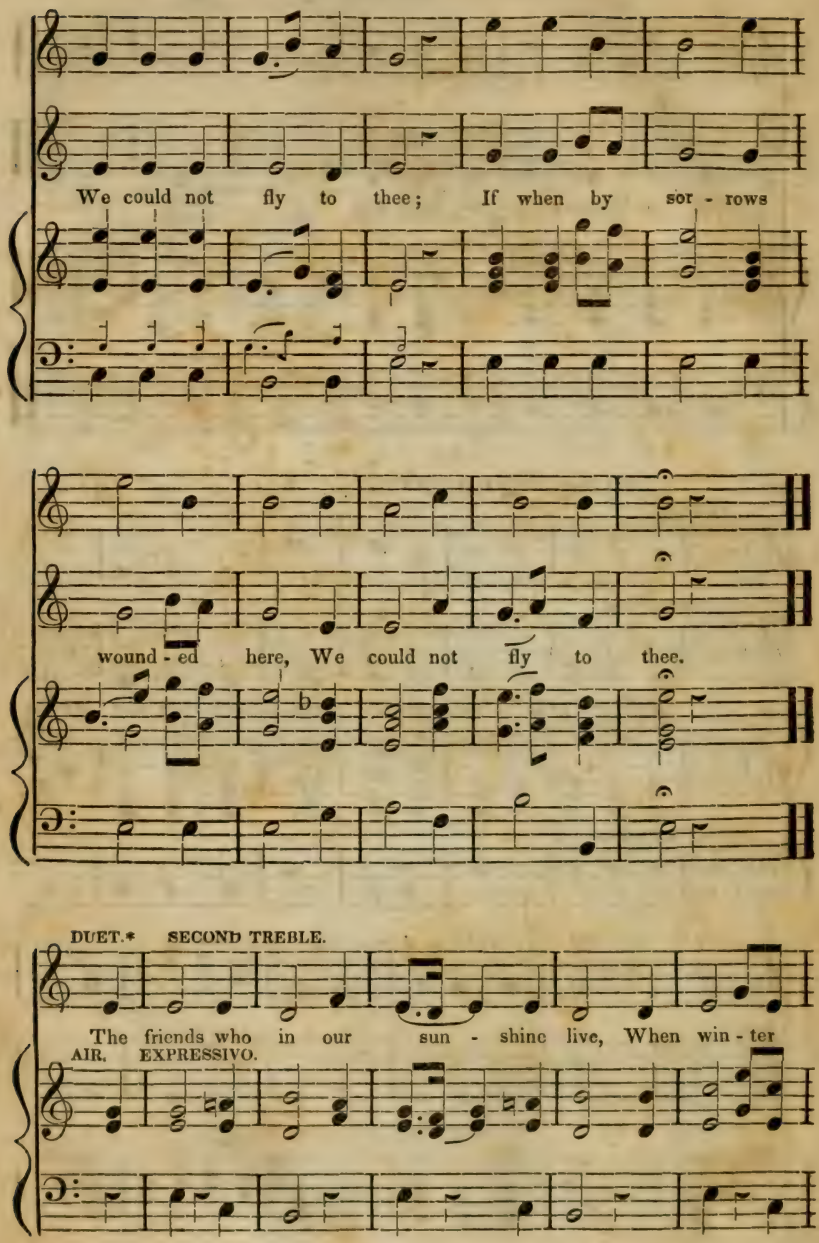
NO. 5. A ROUND.

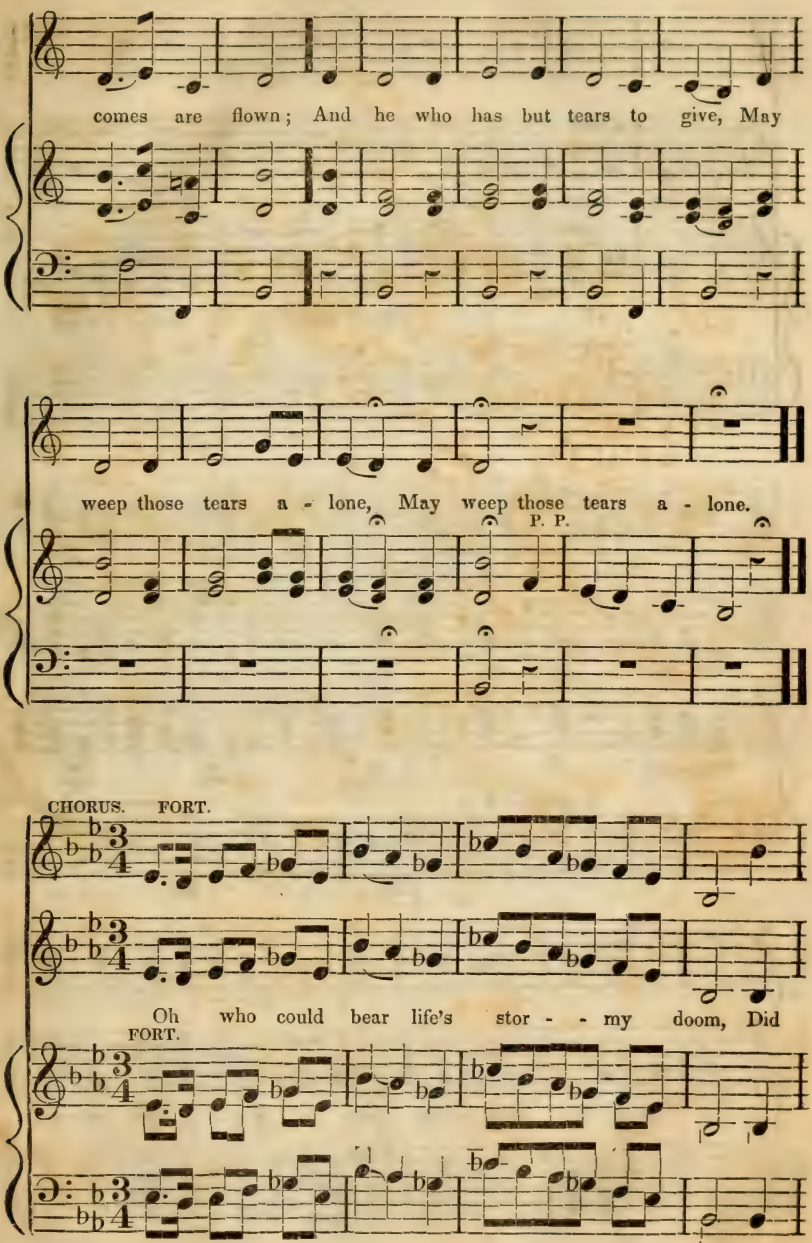
(H)

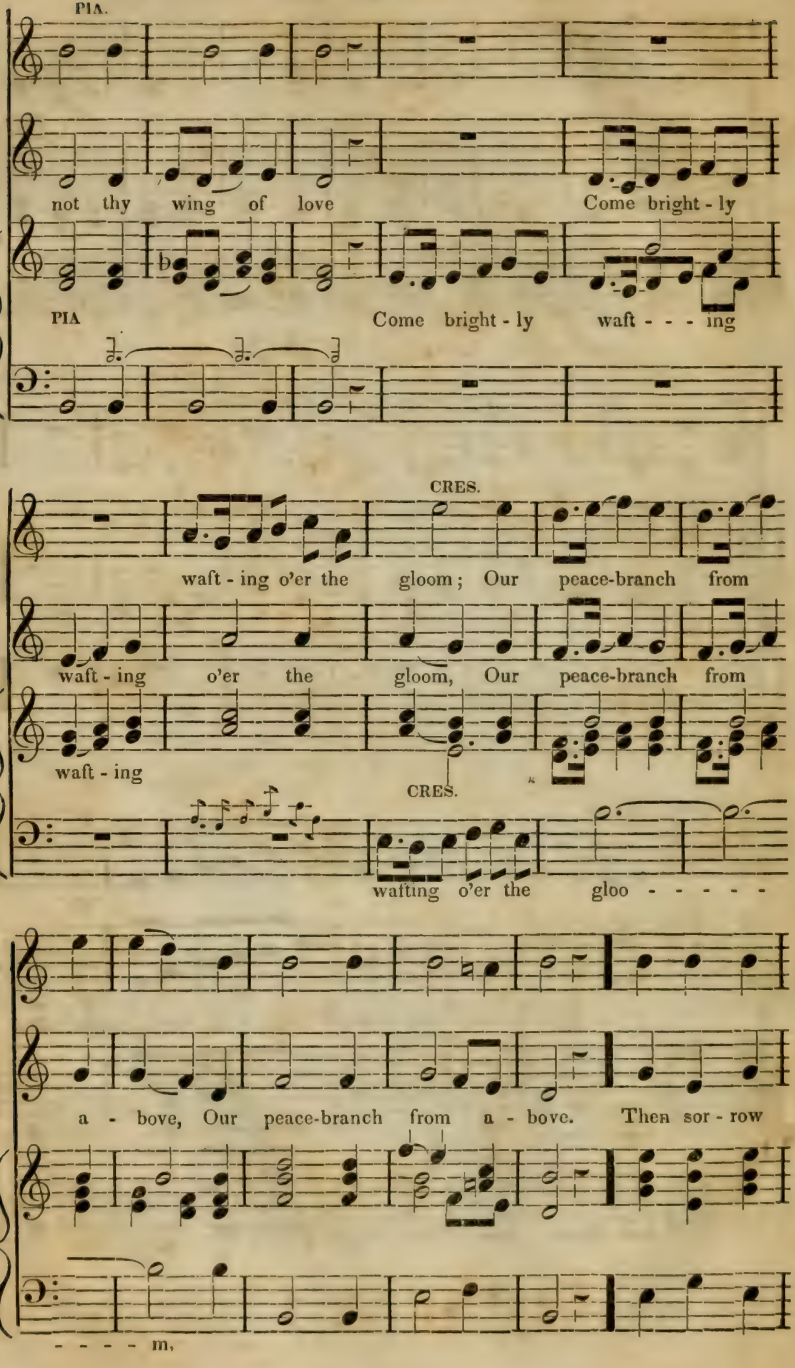


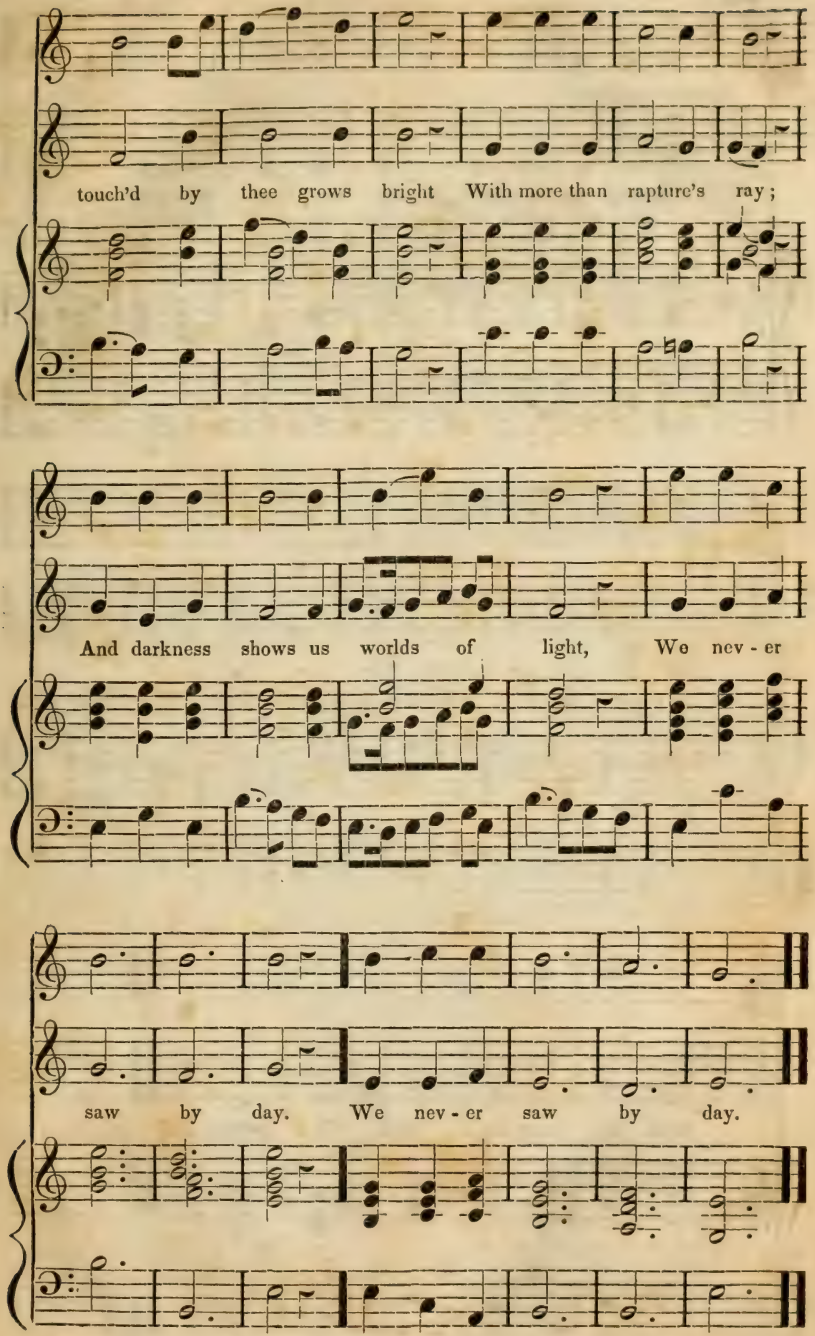
NO. 6. CHILDREN'S ANTHEM.


Suffer little children to come un - to me, to come un - to me,
DUETT.
CHORUS.
for of such is the kingdom of heaven, for of such is the kingdom of heaven for of
P. P.
such is the kingdom of heaven; And he took them up in his arms,
P. P.



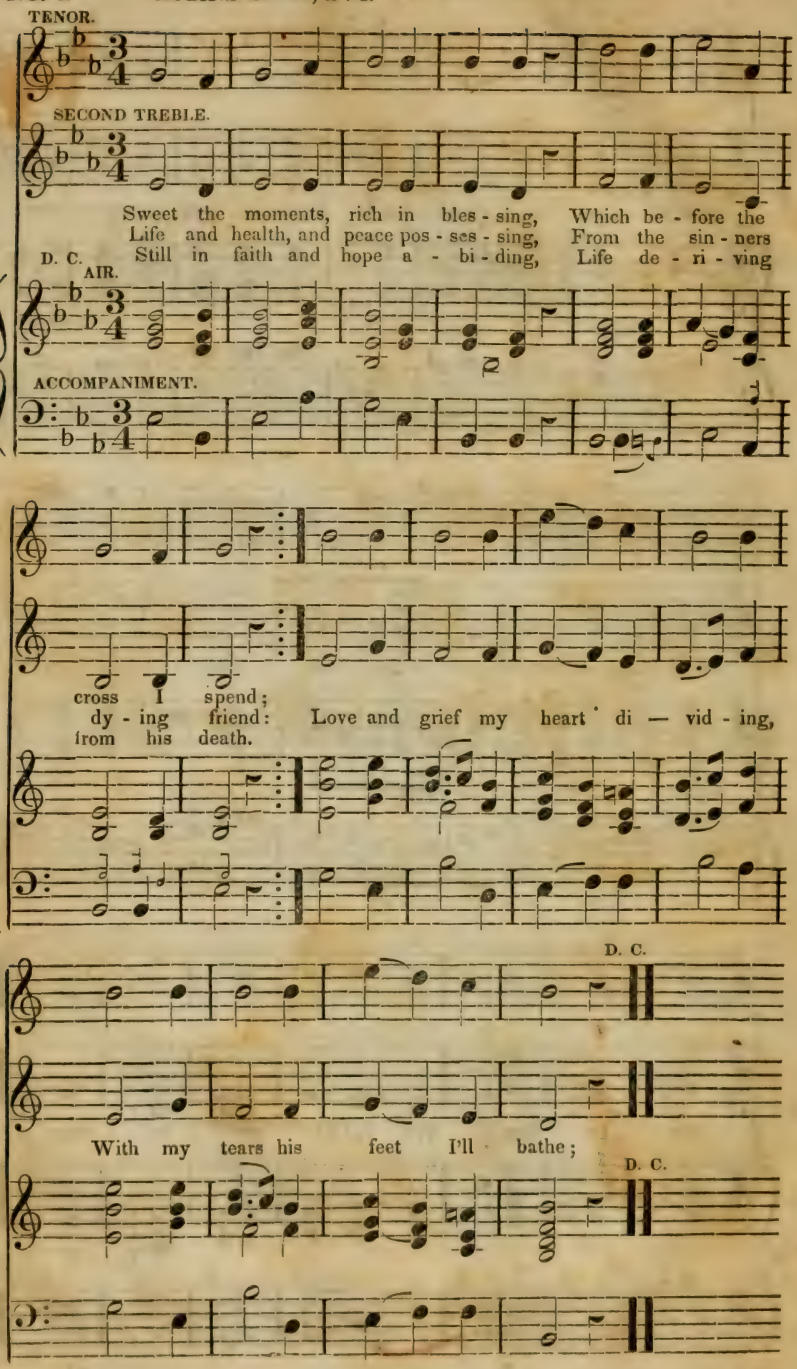
NO. 7. OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST. (*H.*)



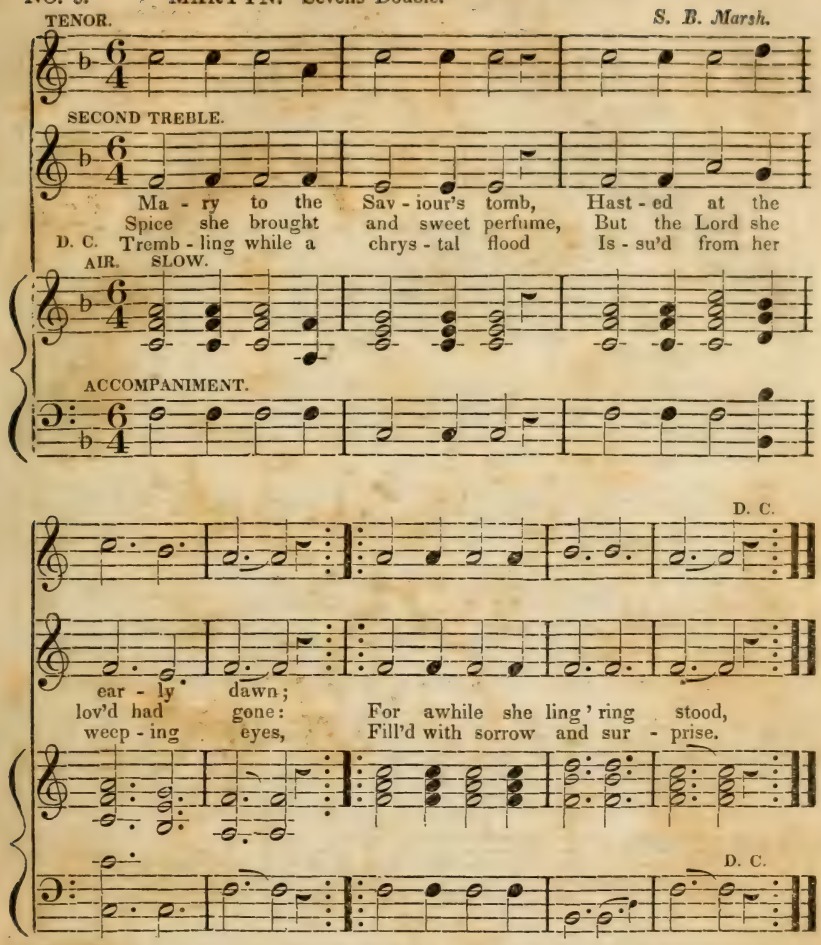
* This piece may occasionally be abridged by omitting the Duet. The third strain it will be seen is in E flat minor, as far as to the fuge; when it is restored to the major of the same pitch.

comes are flown; And he who has but tears to give, May
weep those tears a - lone, May weep those tears a - lone.
P. P.
CHORUS. FORT.
Oh who could bear life's stor - - my doom, Did
FORT.


PIA.
not thy wing of love
Come bright - ly
PIA
Come bright - ly waft - - - ing
CRES.
waft - ing o'er the gloom; Our peace-branch from
waft - ing o'er the gloom, Our peace-branch from
waft - ing
CRES.
wafting o'er the gloo - - - - -
a - bove, Our peace-branch from a - bove. Then sor - row
- - - - m.


touch'd by thee grows bright With more than rapture's ray;
And darkness shows us worlds of light, We nev - er
saw by day. We nev - er saw by day.

NO. 8. ROBINSON. 8's, & 7's.



NO. 9. MARTYN. Sevens Double.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

1. Mary to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she lov'd had gone:
For a while she ling'ring stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling while a chrystal flood
Issu'd from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear
Though you now are tempest tost:
On his arm your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

NO. 10. THINE, LORD FOREVER, 9's, 8's, 5's, & 4's.

Arranged from the German.

TENOR.

SECOND TREBLE.

Thine, Lord for - ev - er, No pow'r can sev - er, O, nev - er, nev - er,

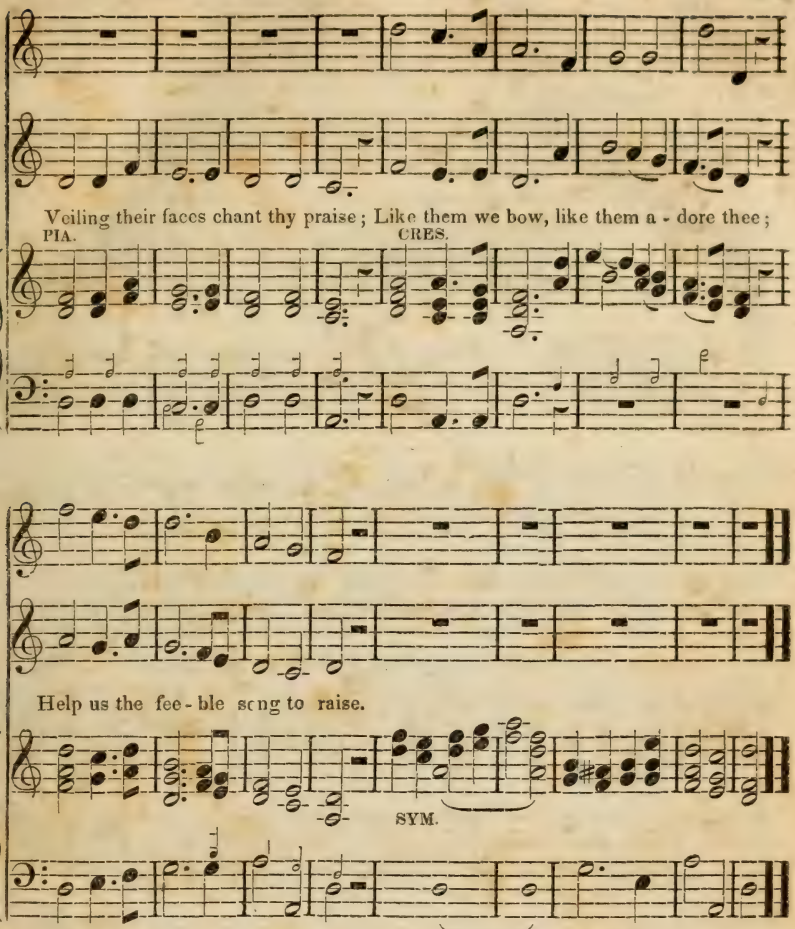
AIR. EXPRESSIVO.

ACCOMPANIMENT.

N. B. Add octaves throughout.

From thee we'll rove, Thy smile so gracious, Thy word so precious,

Thee from our inmost soul we love: Angels and saints in realms of glo - ry,

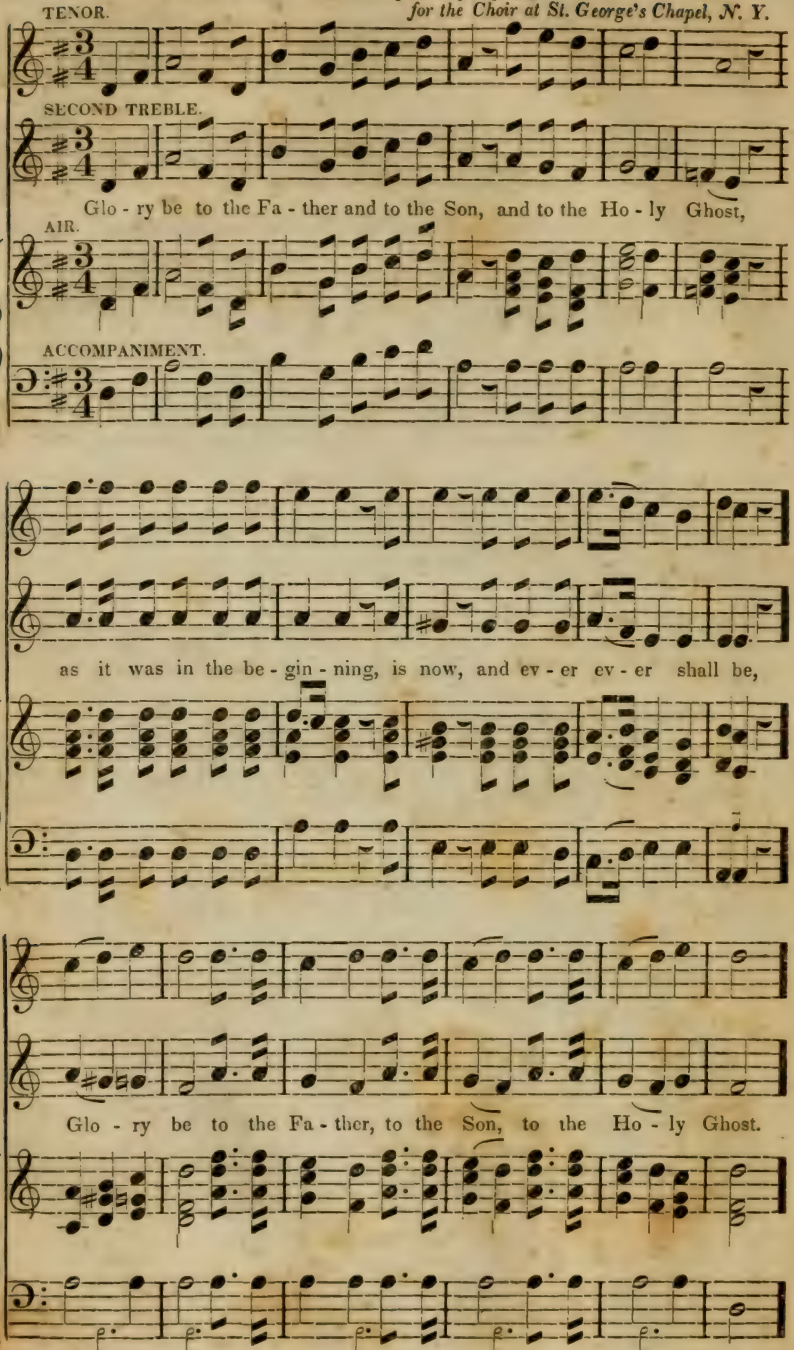
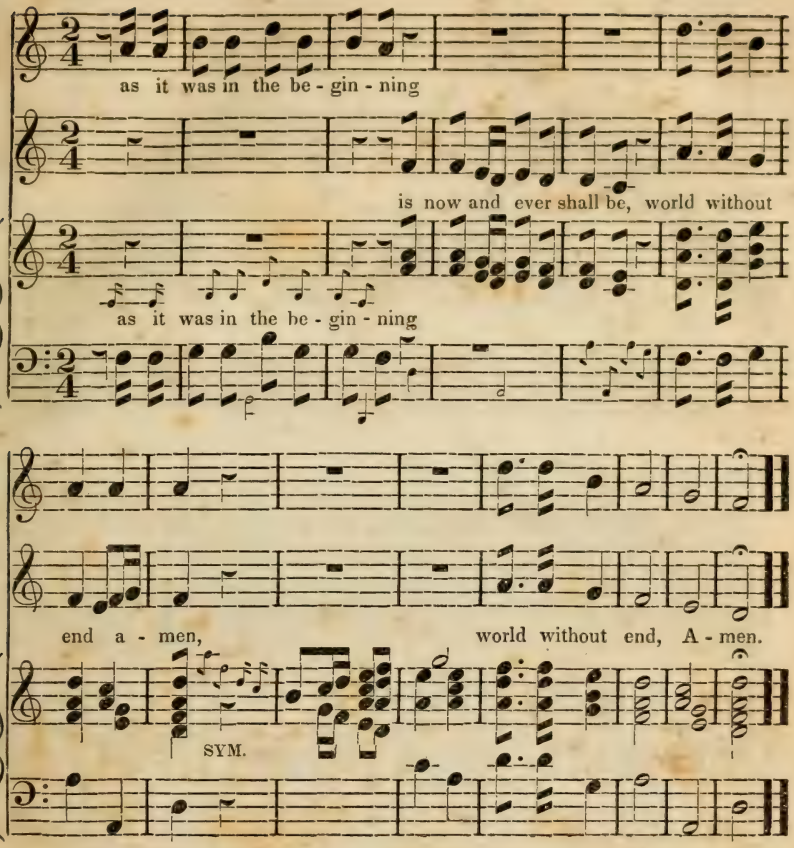


2. Thine, Lord forever;
No power can sever,
O never, never,
Leave us alone;
O'er our transgression,
Thine intercession
Still shall prevail before the throne:
Thou did'st behold our lost condition,
When we were wand'ring far from thee;
Thou did'st regard our deep contrition,
Pardon our sins, and set us free.

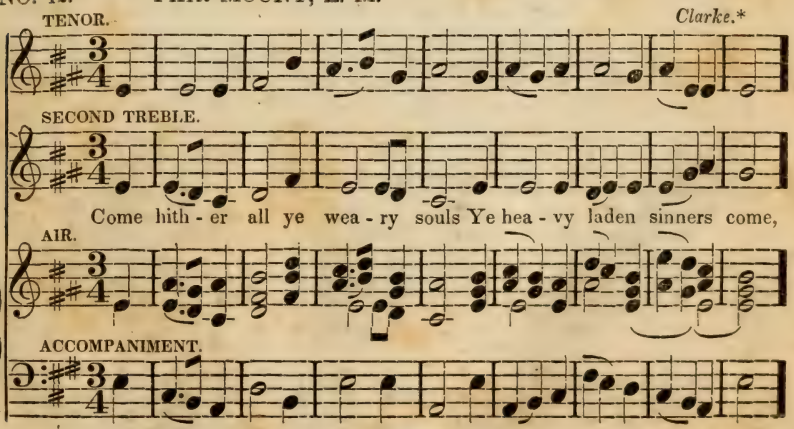
3. Thine, Lord forever;
No power shall sever,
O never never
Will we again
In paths of folly,
Vile and unholy,
Follow the steps of impious men:
Grace will restrain and love defend us,
Oft as we feel the tempter's power;
Strong is thine arm; our God will send us
Help in the dark and trying hour.

N. B. *End with the first stanza.*

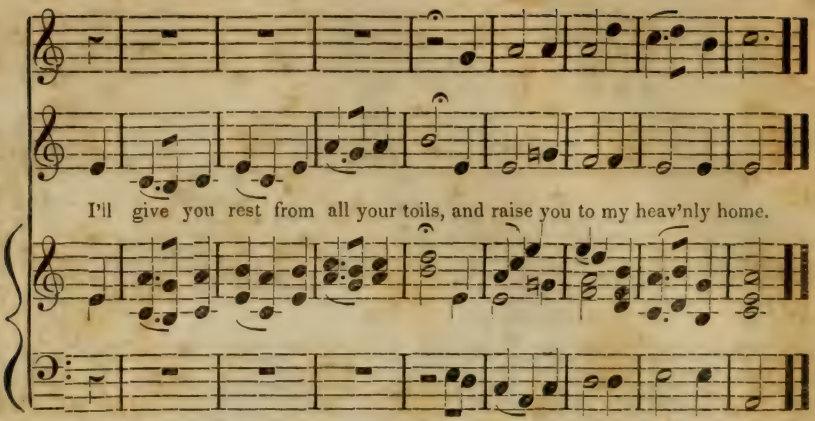
NO. 11. GLORIA PATRI. *Composed by request, for the Choir at St. George's Chapel, N. Y.*



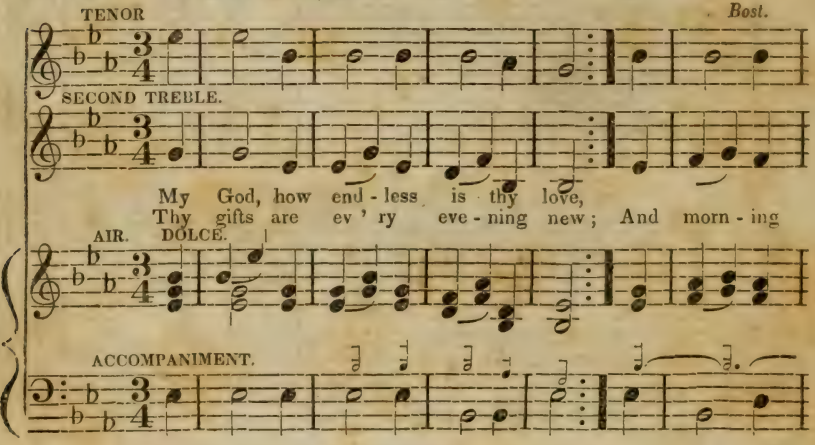
NO. 12. FAIR MOUNT, L. M.

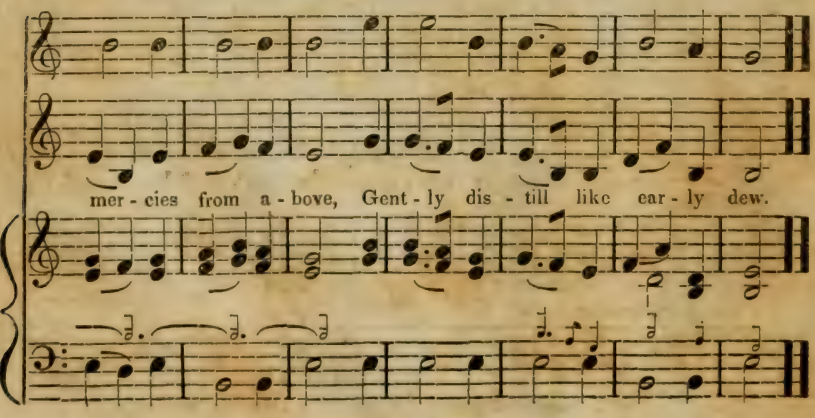


* Communicated to the Editor from Philadelphia.



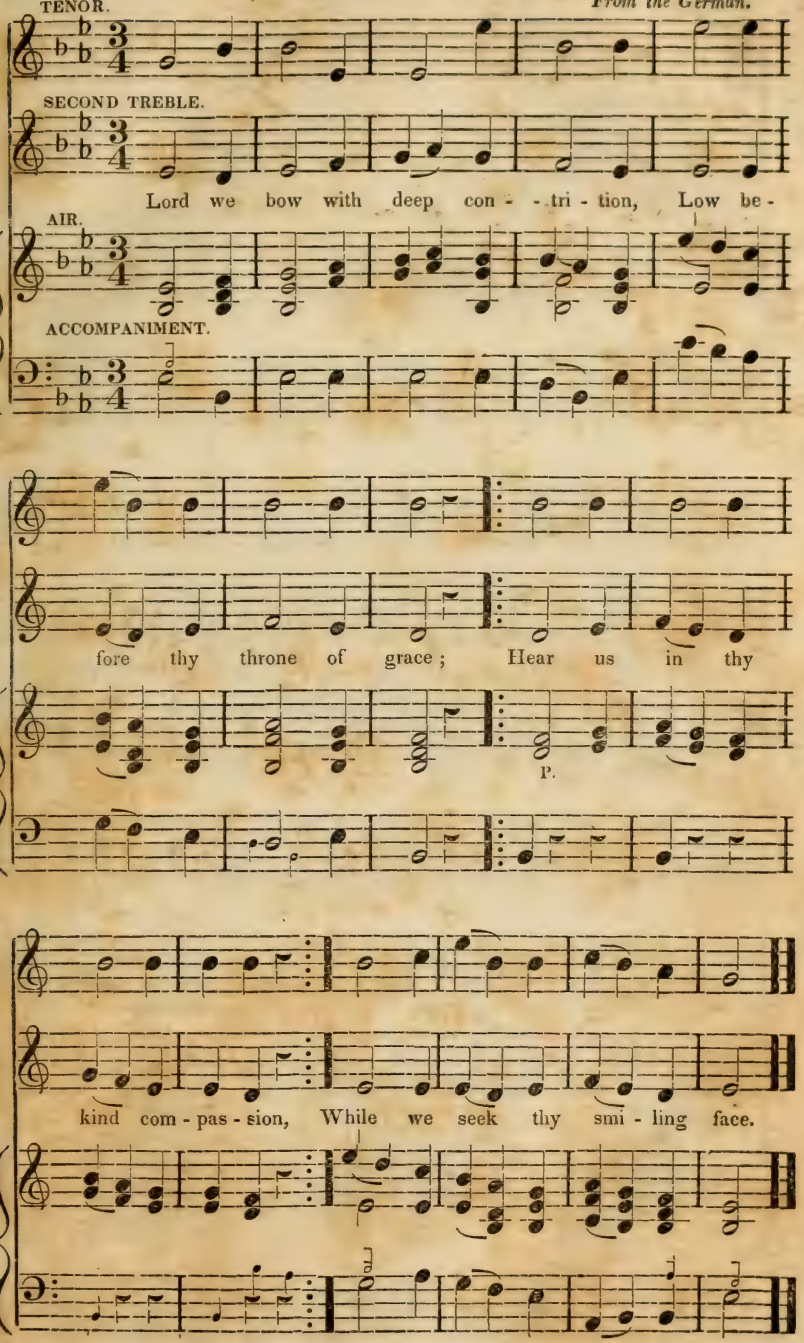
NO. 13. GRATITUDE, L. M.



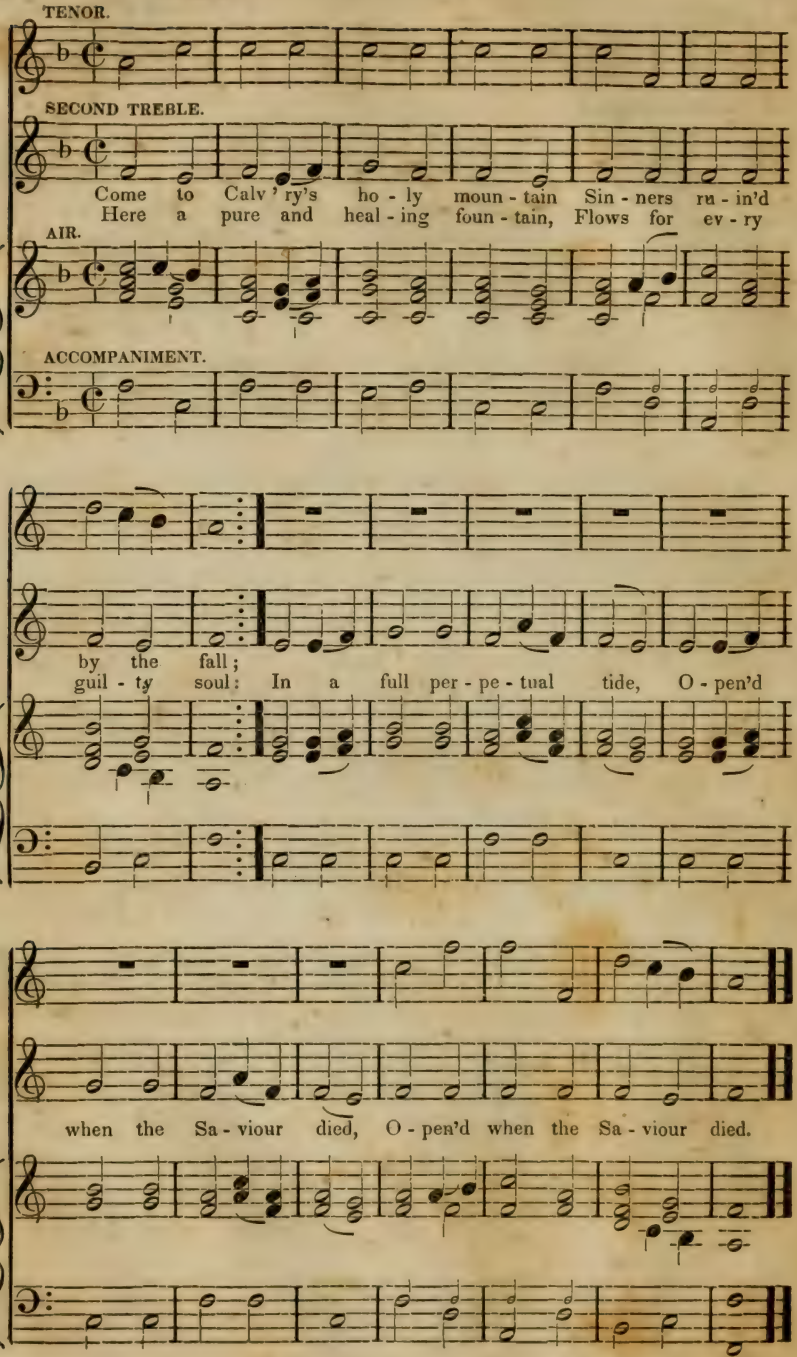


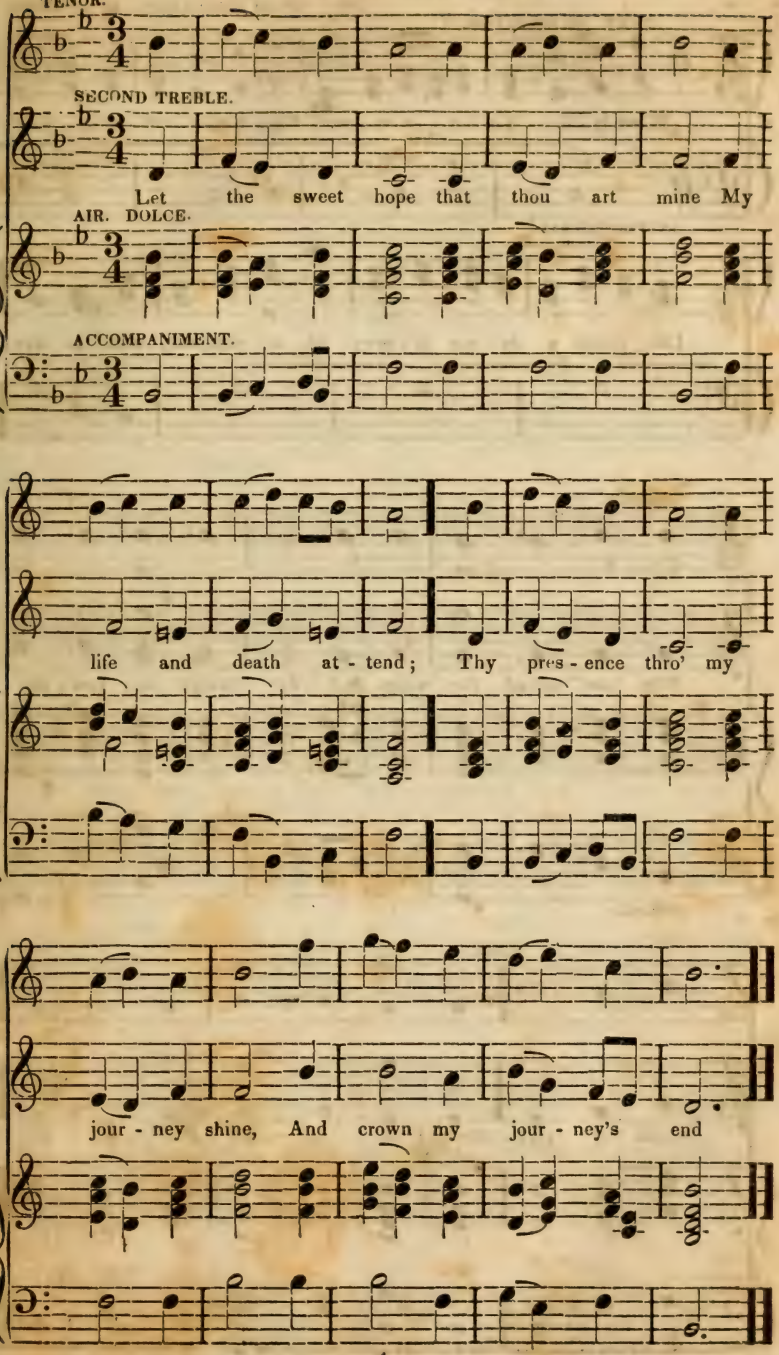
NO. 14. PRAGUE. 8's & 7's. *single.*

From the German.

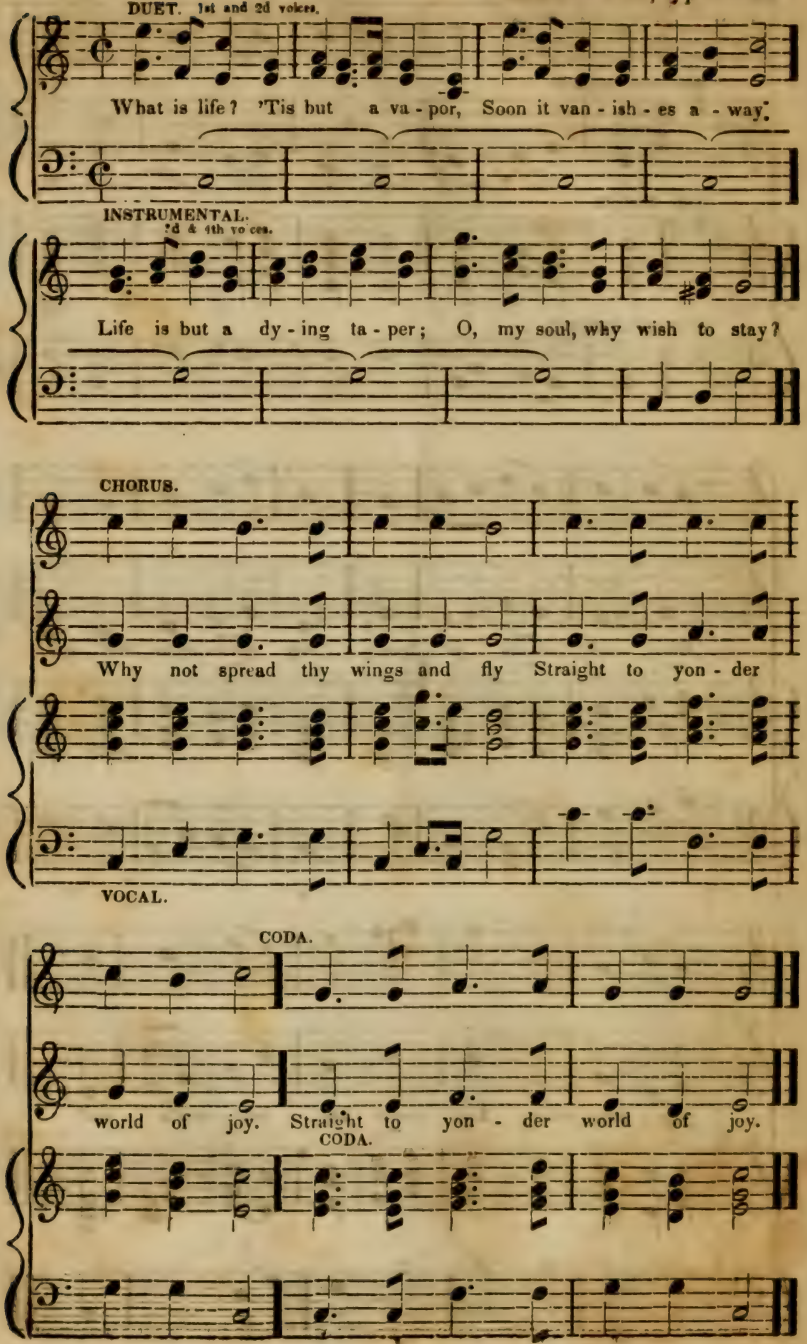


NO. 15. MALAN.


TENOR.
SECOND TREBLE.
Come to Calv ' ry's ho - ly moun - tain Sin - ners ru - in'd
Here a pure and heal - ing foun - tain, Flows for ev - ry
AIR.
ACCOMPANIMENT.
by the fall;
guil - ty soul: In a full per - pe - tual tide, O - pen'd
when the Sa - viour died, O - pen'd when the Sa - viour died.

NO, 16. ARMENIA.

NO. 17. WHAT IS LIFE? A Response and Chorus.

From Musica Sacra, by permission.

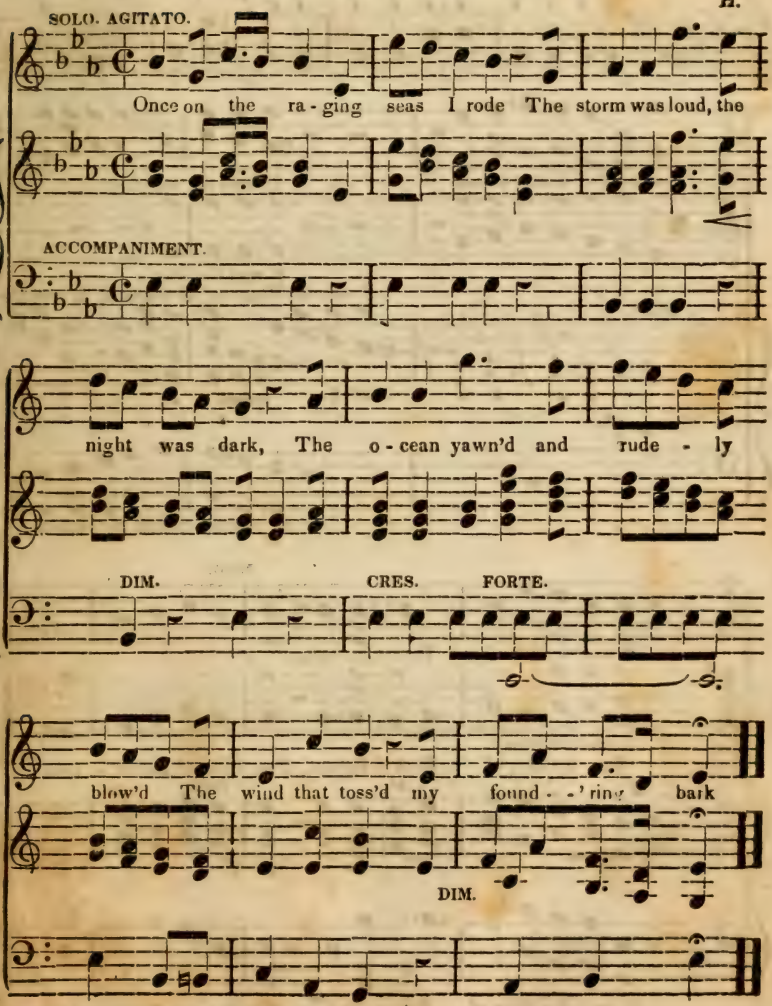
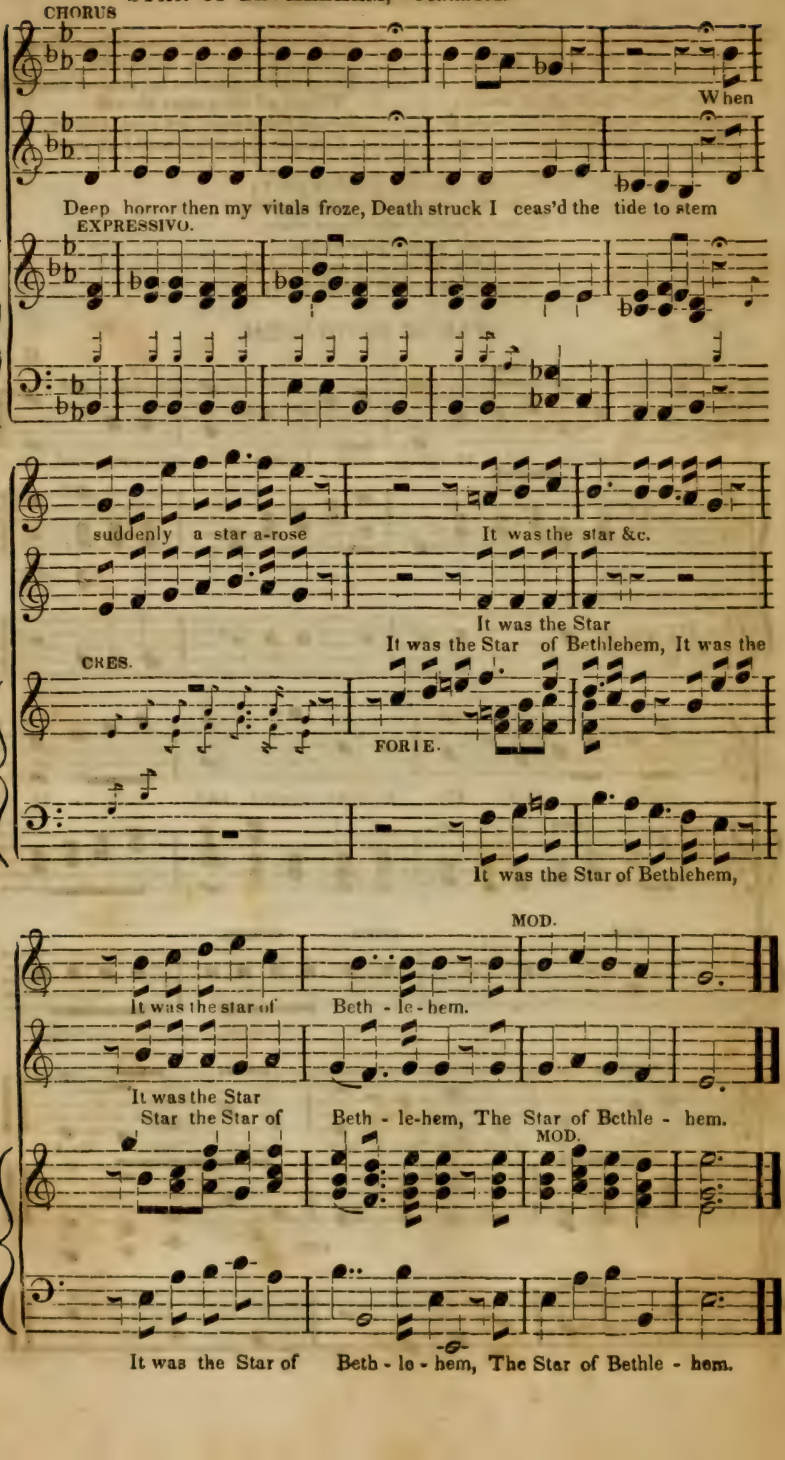


2. See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints,
There in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the king of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3. Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love.
Through the heav'ns his praises sounding
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4. Go, and share his people's glory:
Mid the ransom'd crowd appear;
Thine, a joyful, wond'rous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy.

NO. 18. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

H.

CHORUS
When
Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death struck I ceas'd the tide to stem
EXPRESSIVO.
suddenly a star a-rose
It was the star &c.
It was the Star
It was the Star of Bethlehem, It was the
CRES.
FORTE.
It was the Star of Bethlehem,
MOD.
It was the star of Beth - le - hem.
It was the Star
Star the Star of Beth - le-hem, The Star of Bethle - hem.
MOD.
It was the Star of Beth - le - hem, The Star of Bethle - hem.

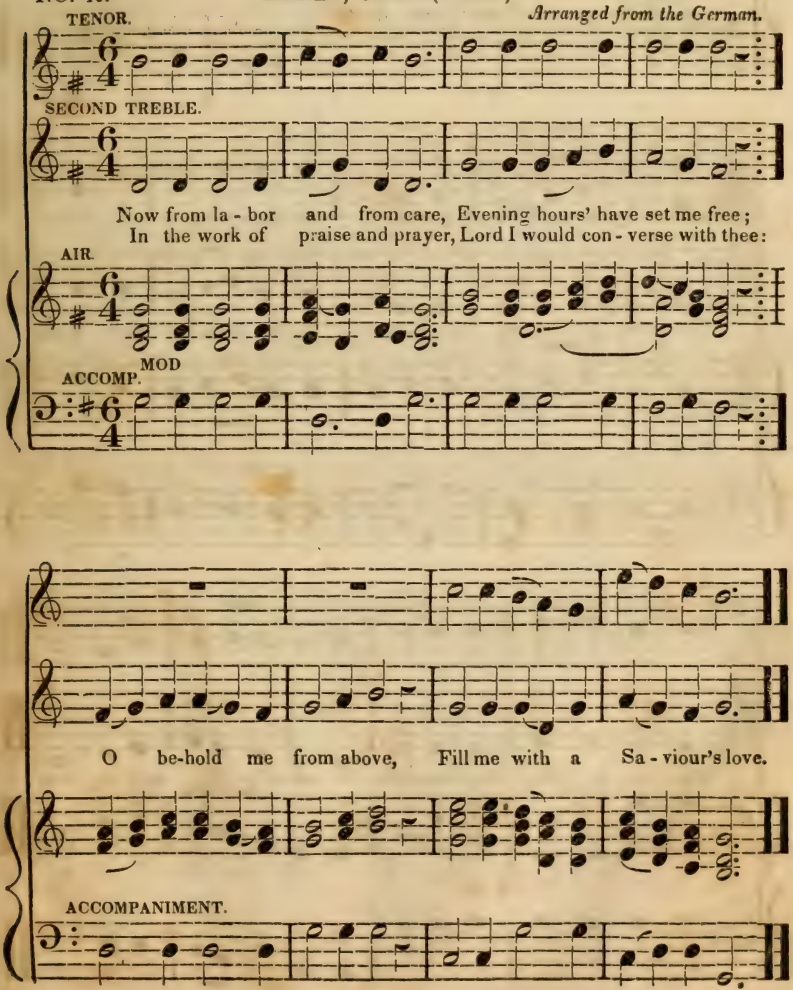
Solo.

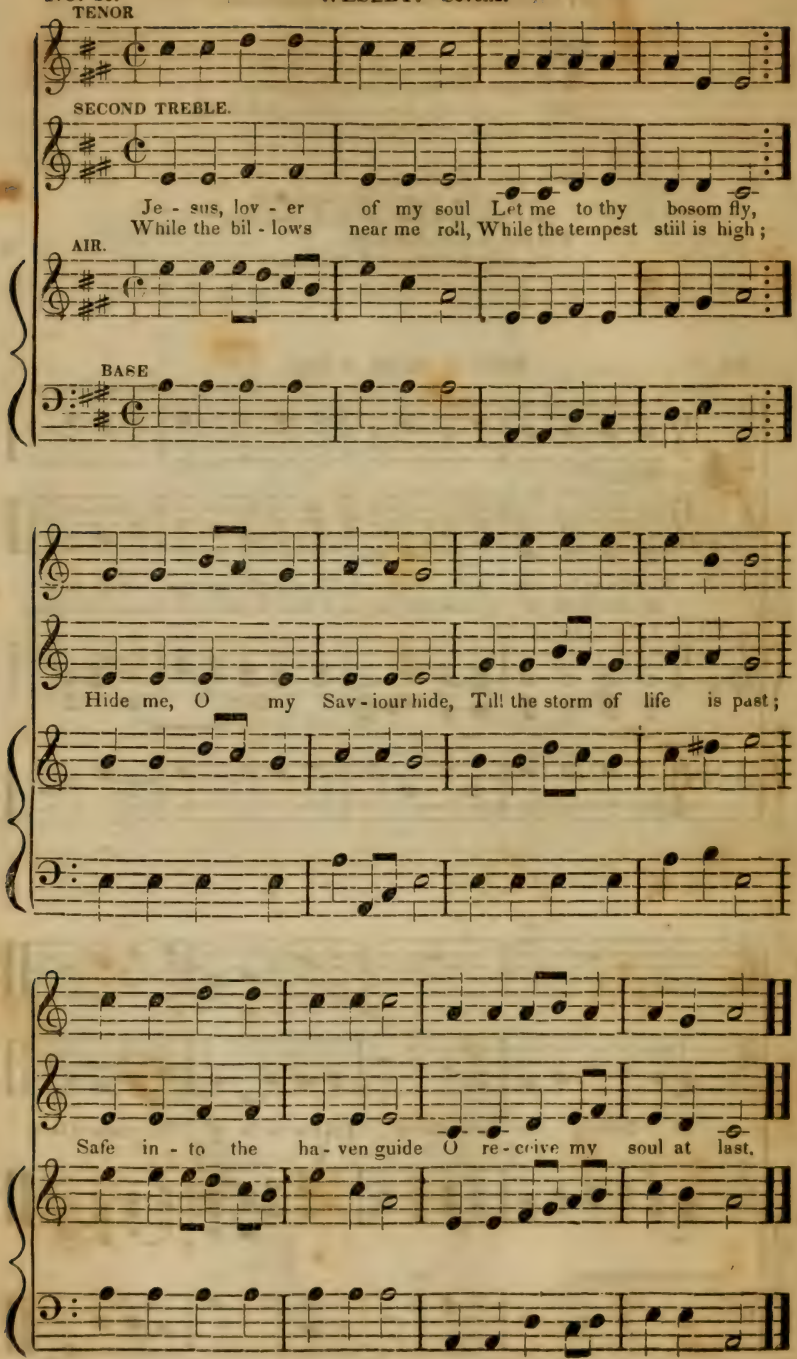
It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

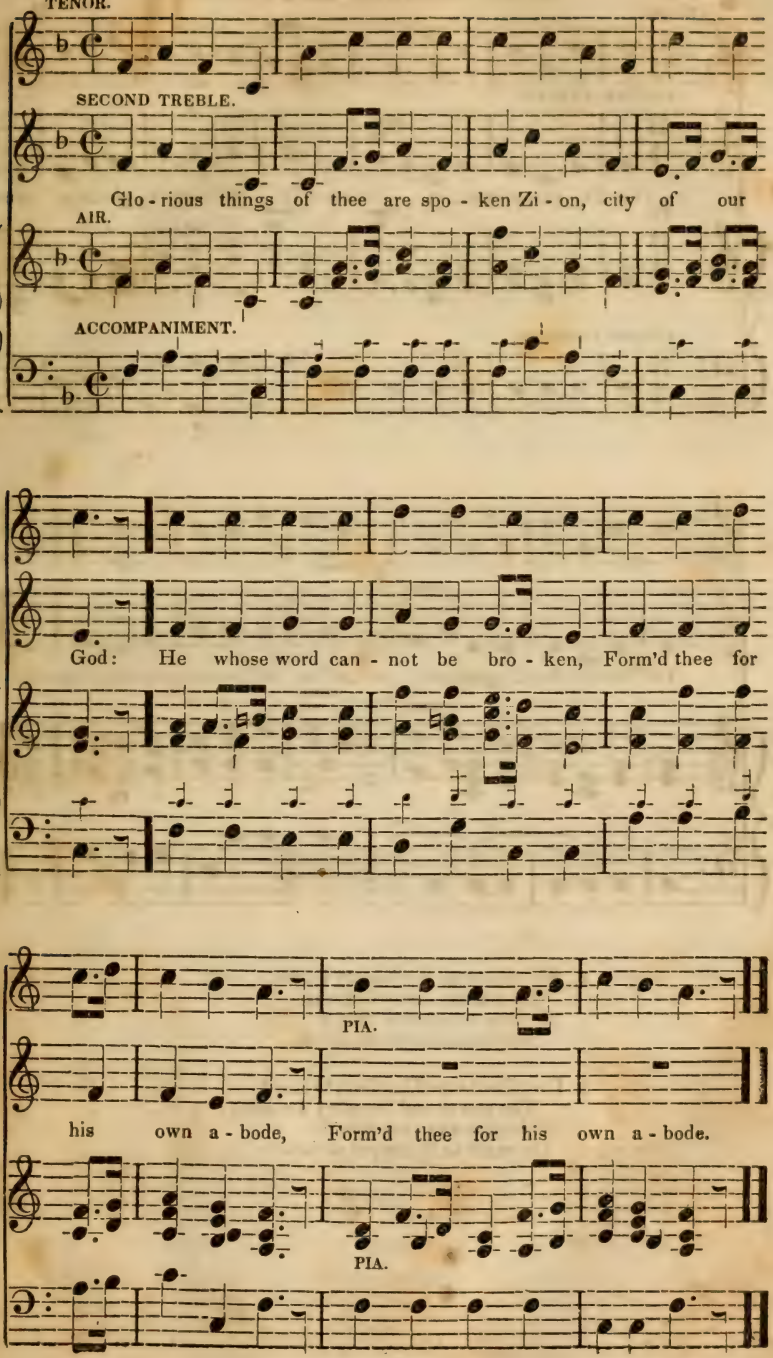
Chorus pia. Expressivo.

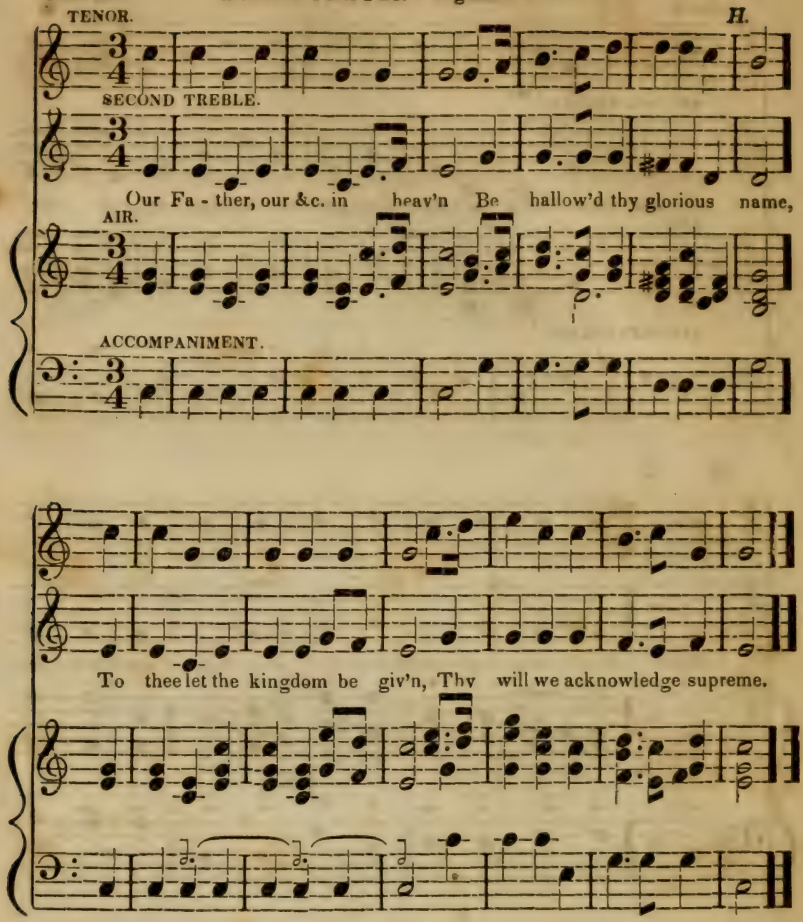
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
Nor raging waves my bark condemn,
For ever and forevermore
I'll sing the Star of Bethlehem!

NO. 19. HALLE, Sevens (6 lines.)

Arranged from the German.

NO. 20. WESLEY. Sevens.



NO. 21. ZURICH Eights, & Sevens. *Bost.*

NO. 22. LORD'S PRAYER. Eights.



2. We would by thy bounty be fed,
By infinite mercy forgiv'n;
Nor into temptation be led,
Nor into sad evils be driv'n.

3. For thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
The power and the glory are thine;
Be forever and ever ador'd
On earth as in heaven divine.

NO. 23. THE PLEDGE. A Temperance Glee.

Arranged from a composition of Dr. Arnold.

TENOR.

Now let us strike the cheer - ful strain

SECOND TREBLE.

Now let us strike the cheer - ful stra - - - - - - - - in, The

AIR.

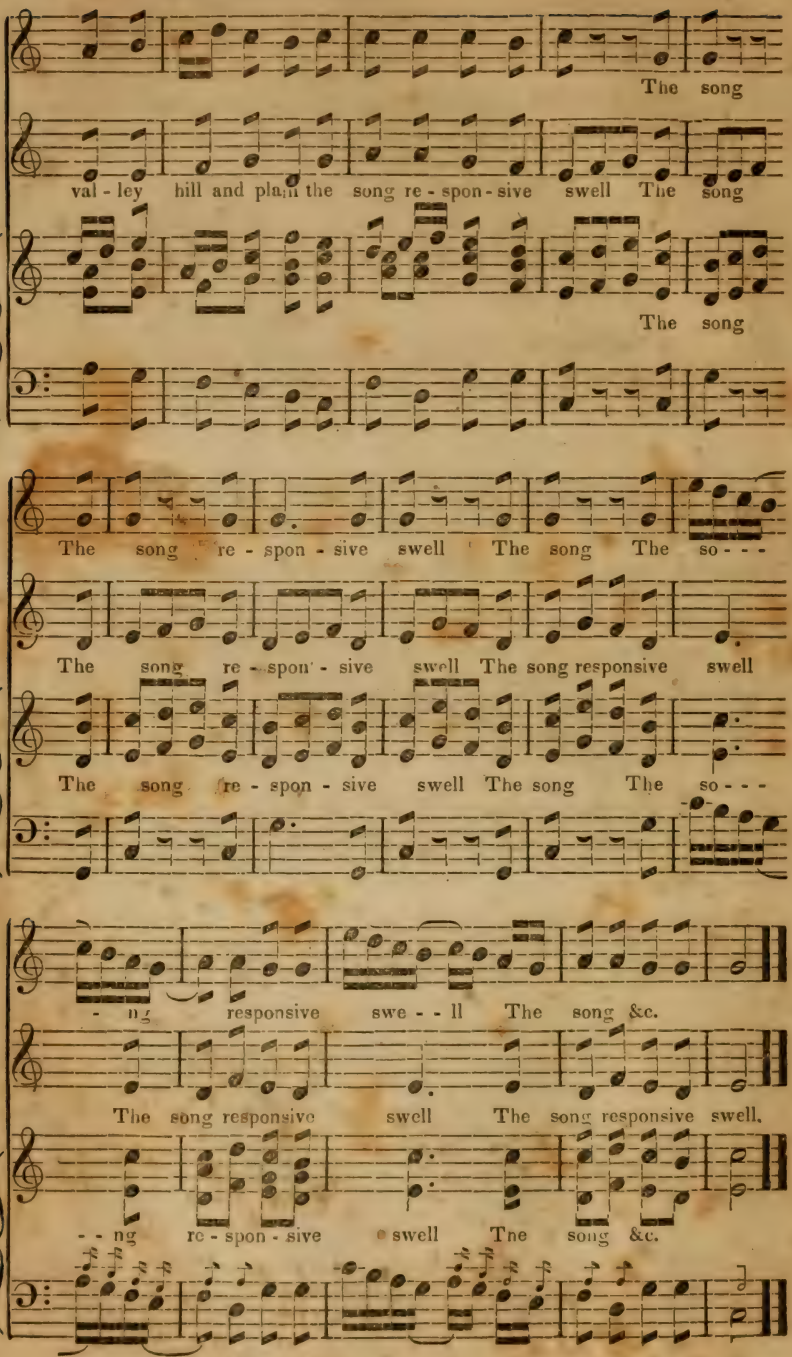
Now let us strike the cheerful strain

ACCOMPANIMENT.

joys of temp ' rance tell The joys of temp ' rance tell,

Till ev ' ry

Till ev ' ry

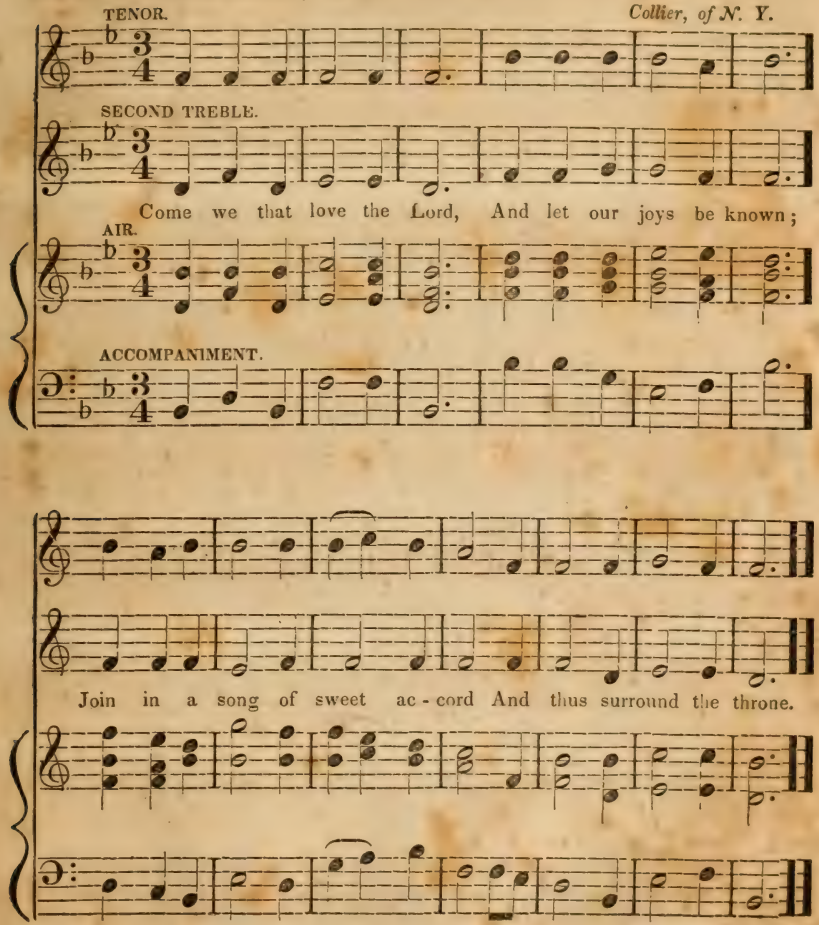
val - ley, hill, and plain, The song responsive swell,

The song
val - ley hill and plain the song re - spon - sive swell The song
The song
The song re - spon - sive swell The song The so - - -
The song re - spon - sive swell The song responsive swell
The song re - spon - sive swell The song The so - - -
- ng responsive swe - - ll The song &c.
The song responsive swell The song responsive swell.
- - ng re - spon - sive swell The song &c.

THE PLEDGE,—Continued.

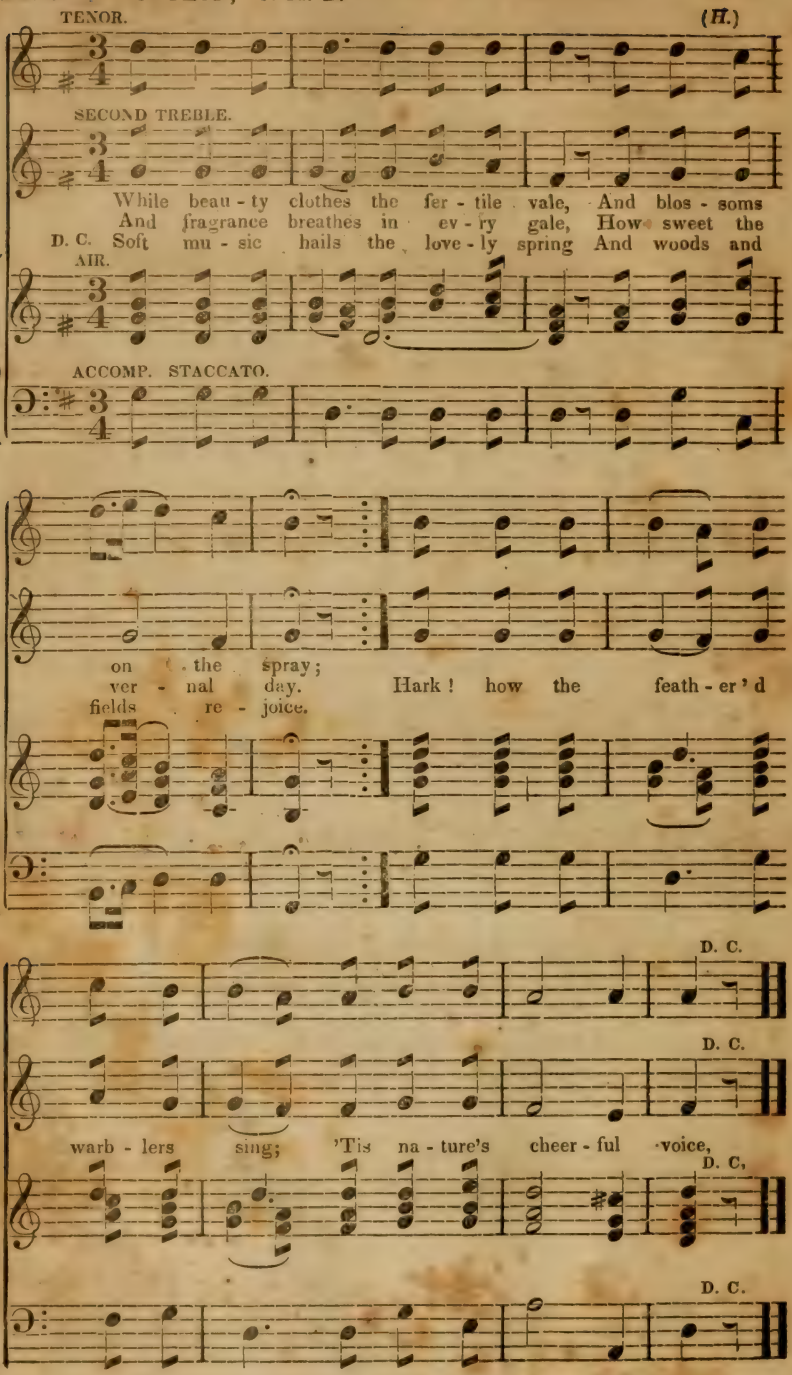
2. Loud be the strain in virtue's praise:
And while the notes prolong,
Let thousands turn from sinful ways,
And join the happy throng.

3. Soon we may see throughout the land,
Blessings without alloy:
Come sign the pledge with heart and hand,
And swell the tide of joy.

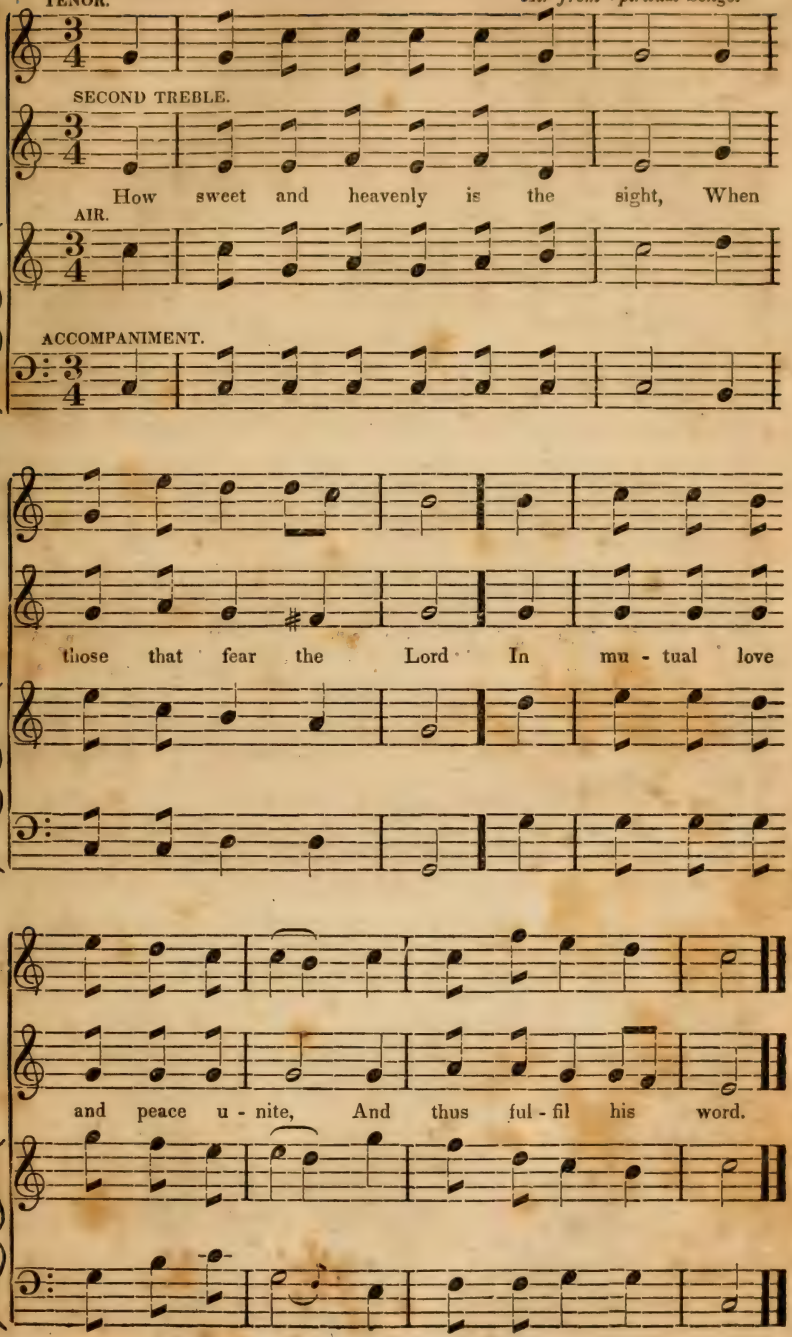
NO. 24. STOCKPORT, S. M.

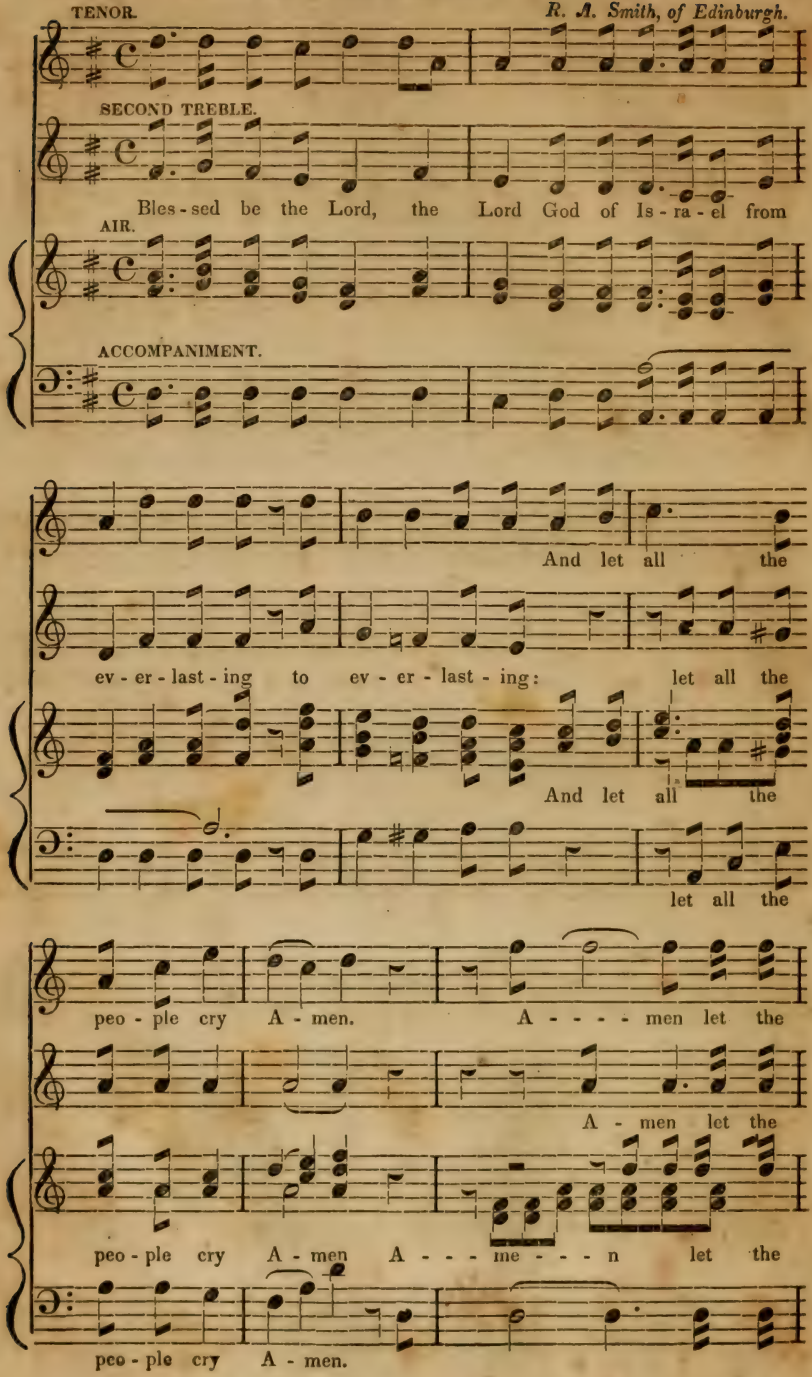
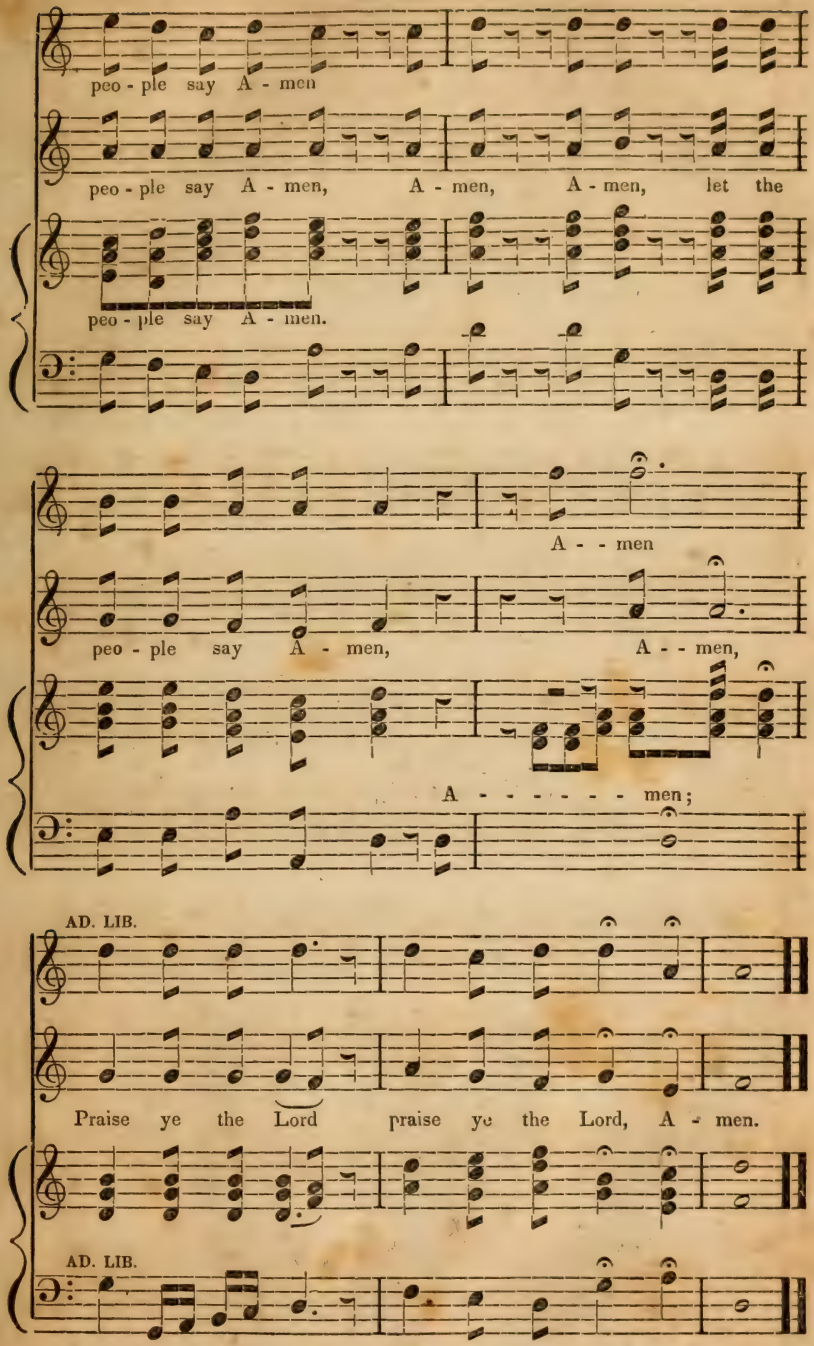


NO. 25. CEYLON, C. M. D.



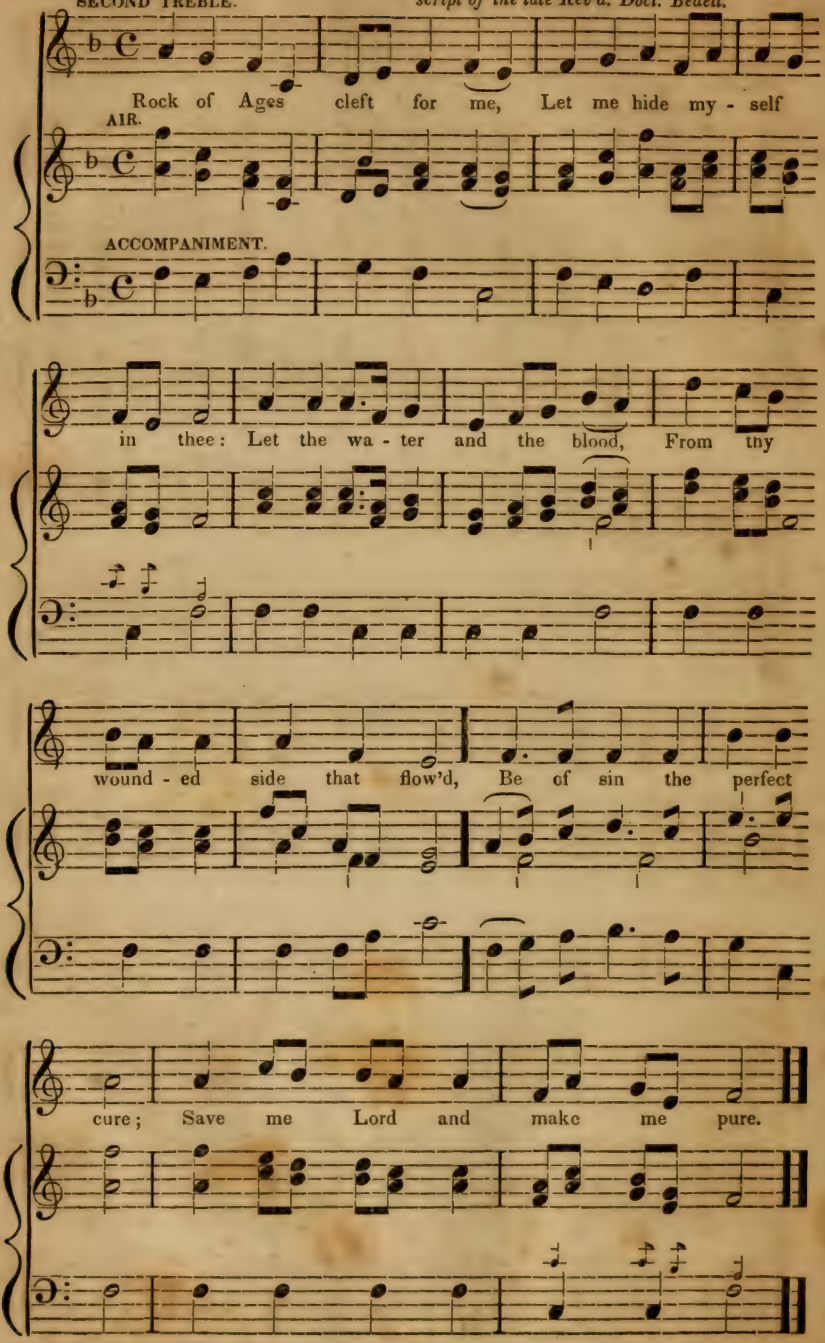
No. 26. EDWARDS, C. M.

Air from Spiritual Songs.

No. 27. DOXOLOGY, From Psalm 106-4.

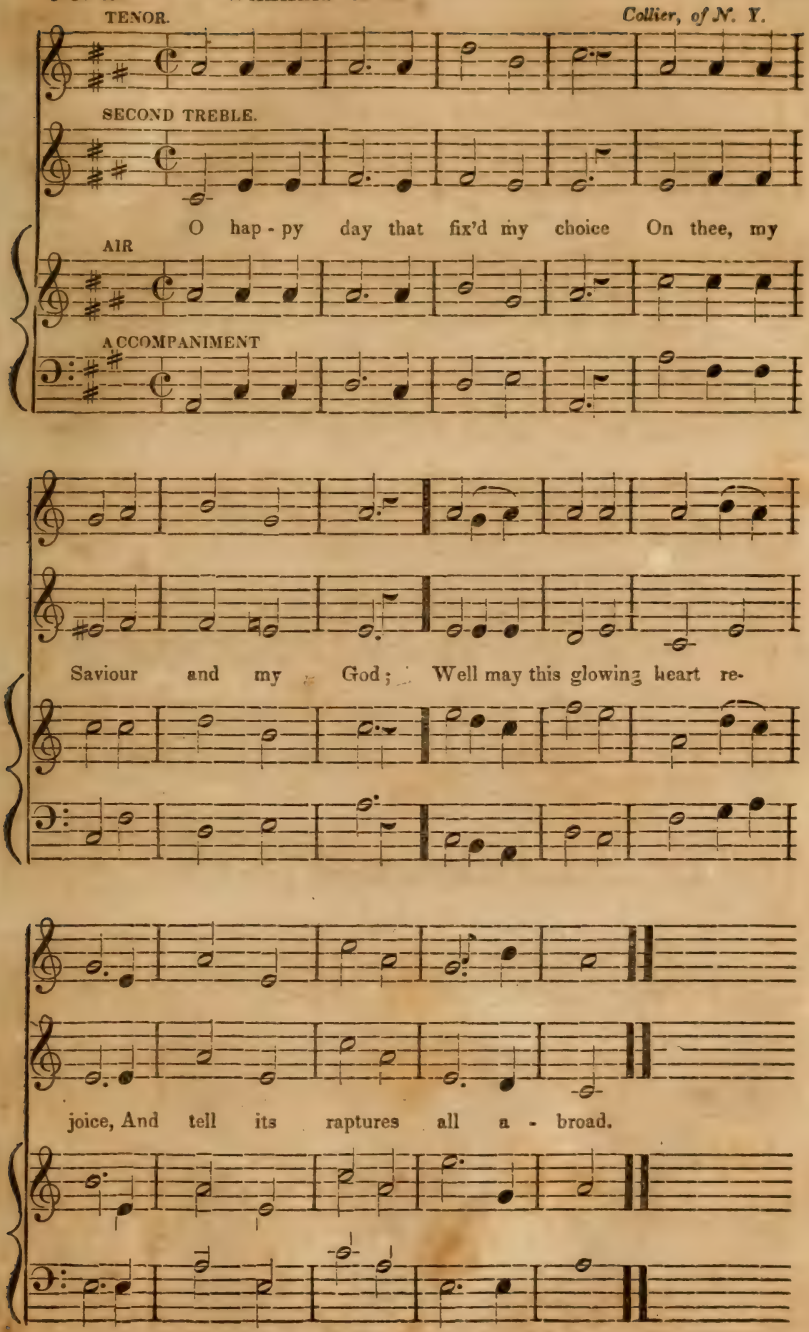


peo - ple say A - men
peo - ple say A - men, A - men, A - men, let the
peo - ple say A - men.
A - - men
peo - ple say A - men, A - - men,
A - - - - - - men;
AD. LIB.
Praise ye the Lord praise ye the Lord, A - men.
AD. LIB.

No. 28. BEDELL, 7s, 6 lines. *Arranged for this work, from an original manuscript of the late Rev'd. Doct. Bedell.*



NO. 29. WALKER. L. M.



NO. 30. "THE NIGHT OF THE GRAVE."

TENOR. *Words by Rev. E. S. of New-Jersey.*

SECOND TREBLE.

When the calmness of evening lulls nature to rest, And the wild howling tempest now

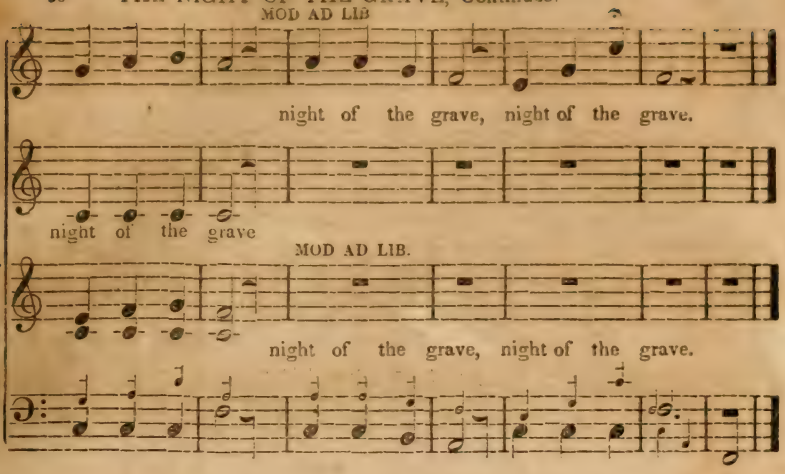
AIR. PIA. MOD. CRES. FORTE.

ACCOMPANIMENT.

ceases to rave, Sure this is the season of oth - ers the best

DIM

To reflect on the cold silent night of the grave, To reflect on the cold silent

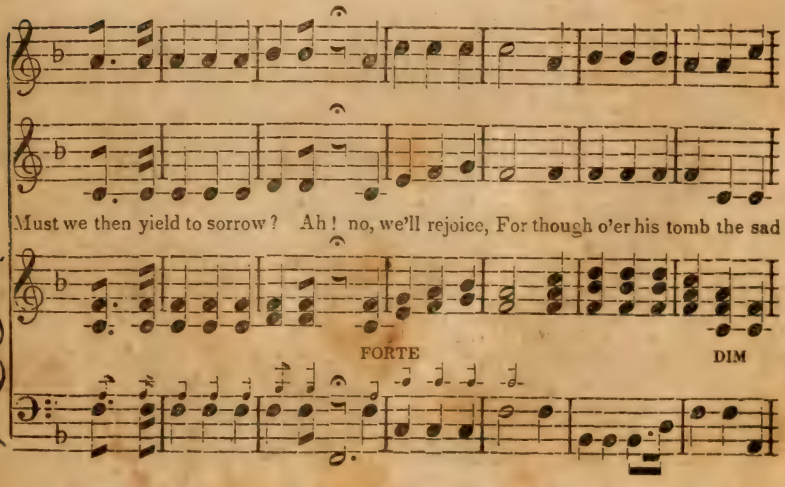


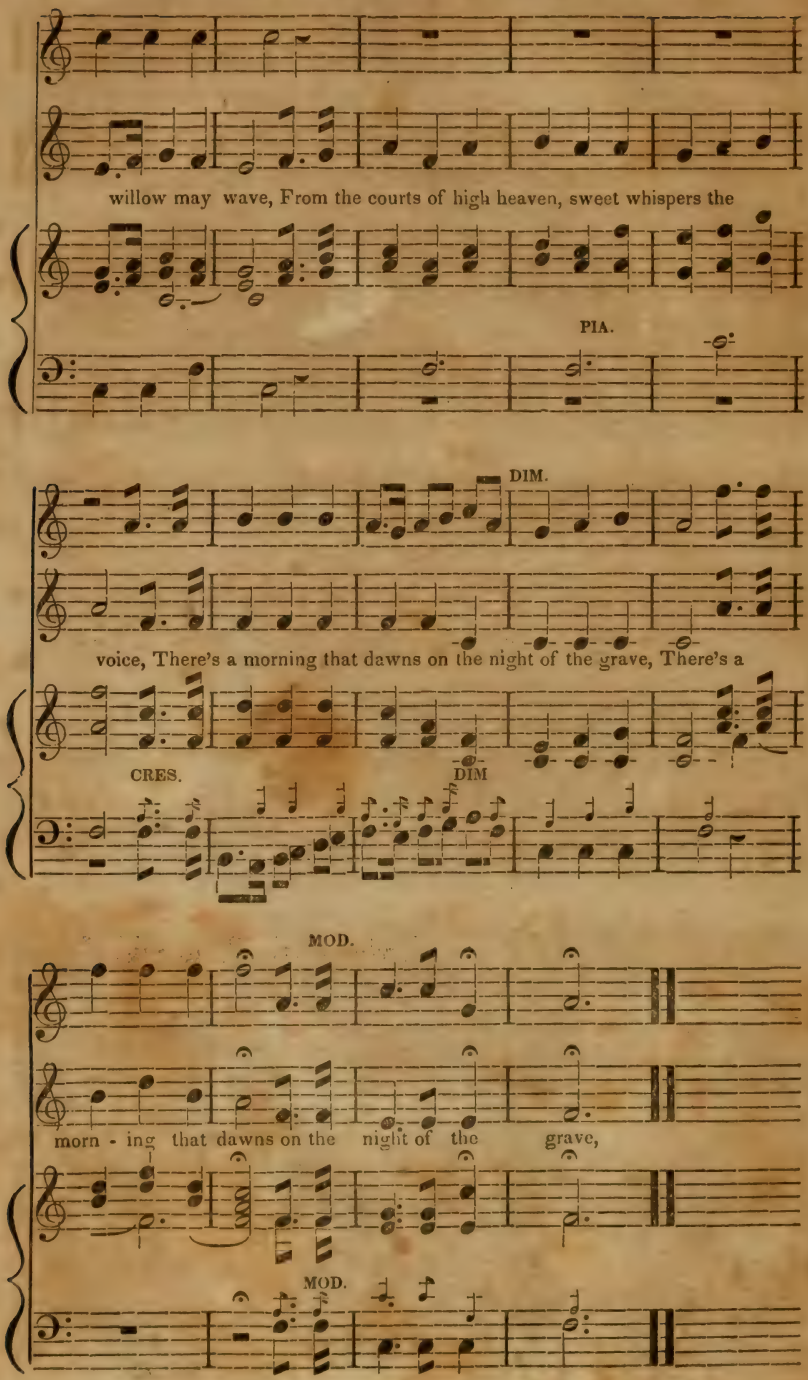
That mansion of silence, ah! who can escape?
From the last sad destroyer, who rescue or save?
'Tis in vain, the fell monarch at last will prevail,
And all lie enshrin'd in the night of the grave.

And what are the titles, the honors of earth,
The laurels of poets—the wreaths of the brave,
Since the clods of the valley, which gave them their birth,
Shall inclose them ere long in the night of the grave?

And where are those friends in affection so dear,
Which the Father of lights in his tenderness gave?
Ah me! their sweet accents no more meet our ear,
They all lie entomb'd in the night of the grave!

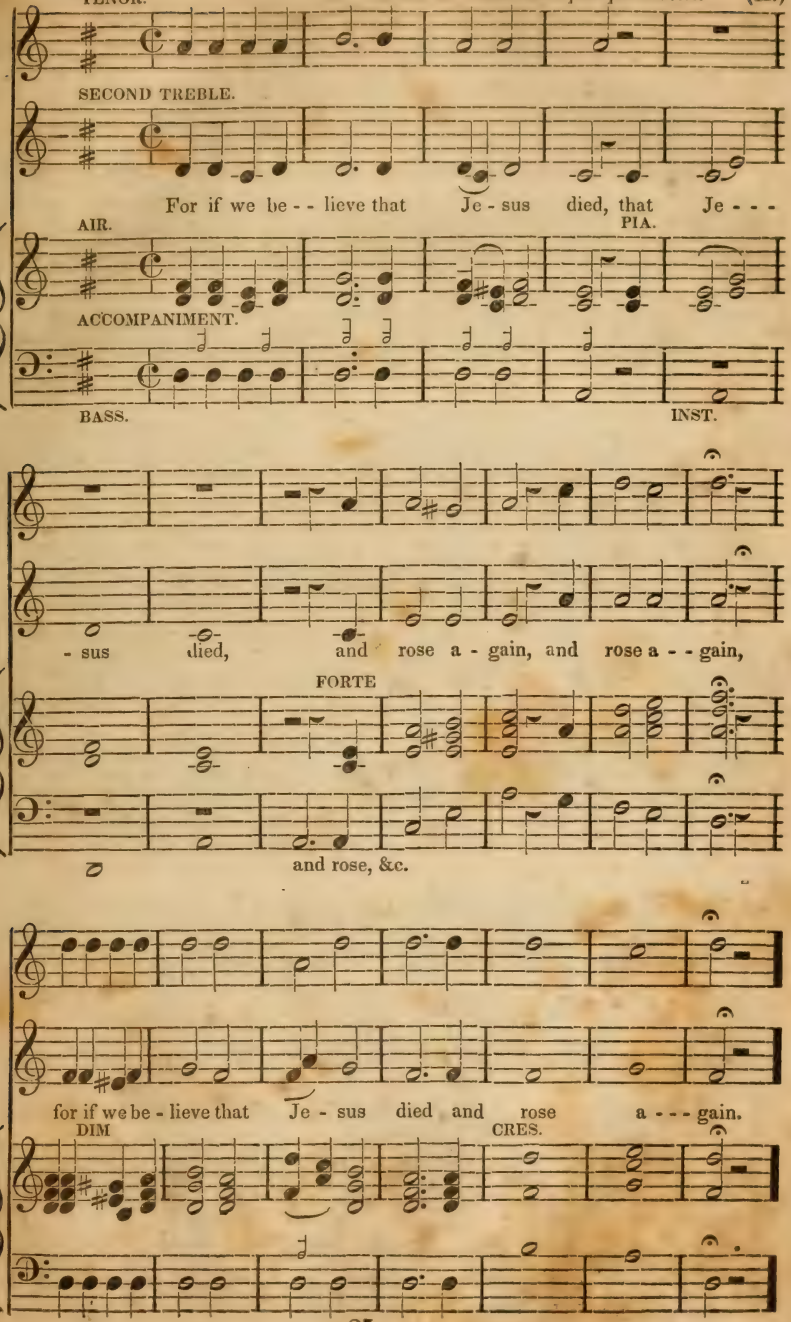
'Twas thus while I wander'd, and mus'd on the scene,
Methought,—can the Christian to death be a slave?
No hope for the future, or prospect serene
Gild his path—tho' it lies thro' the night of the grave.

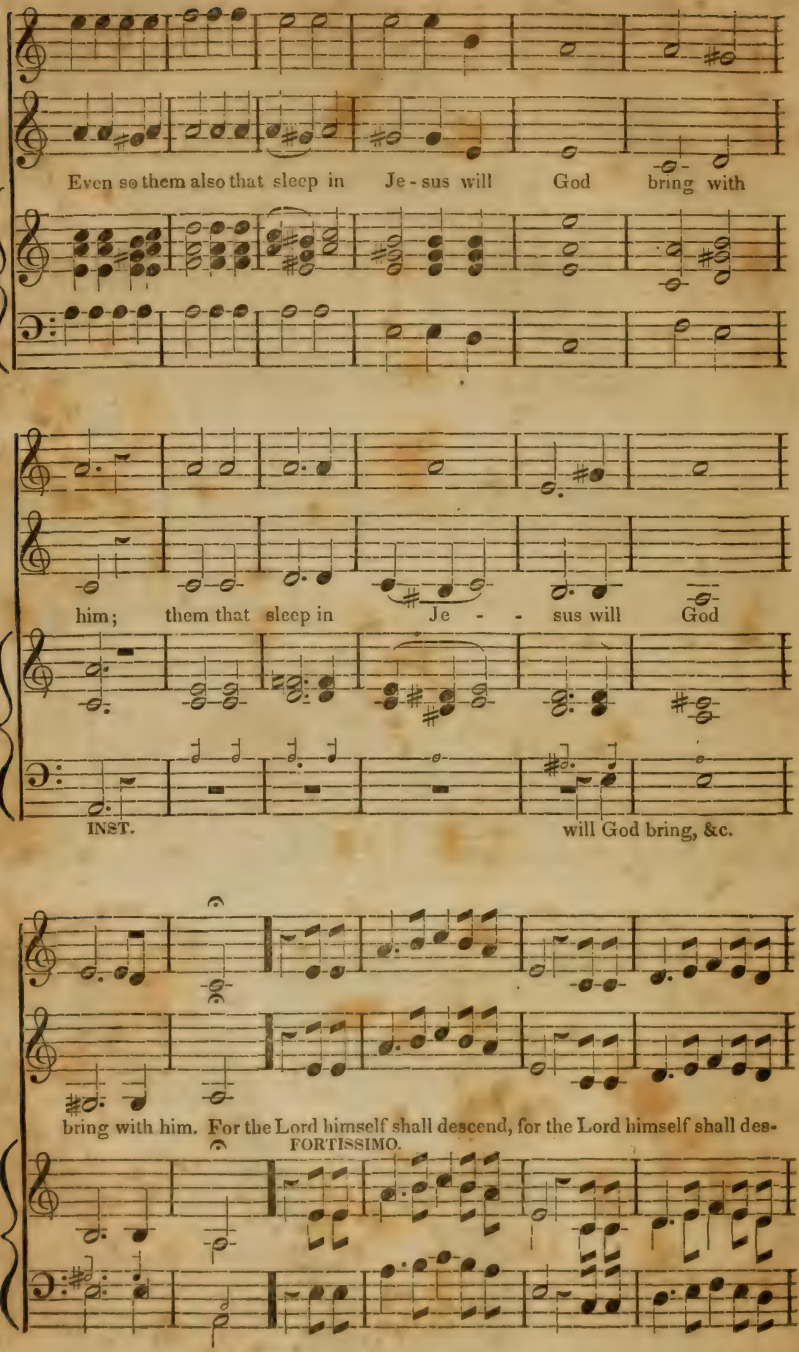
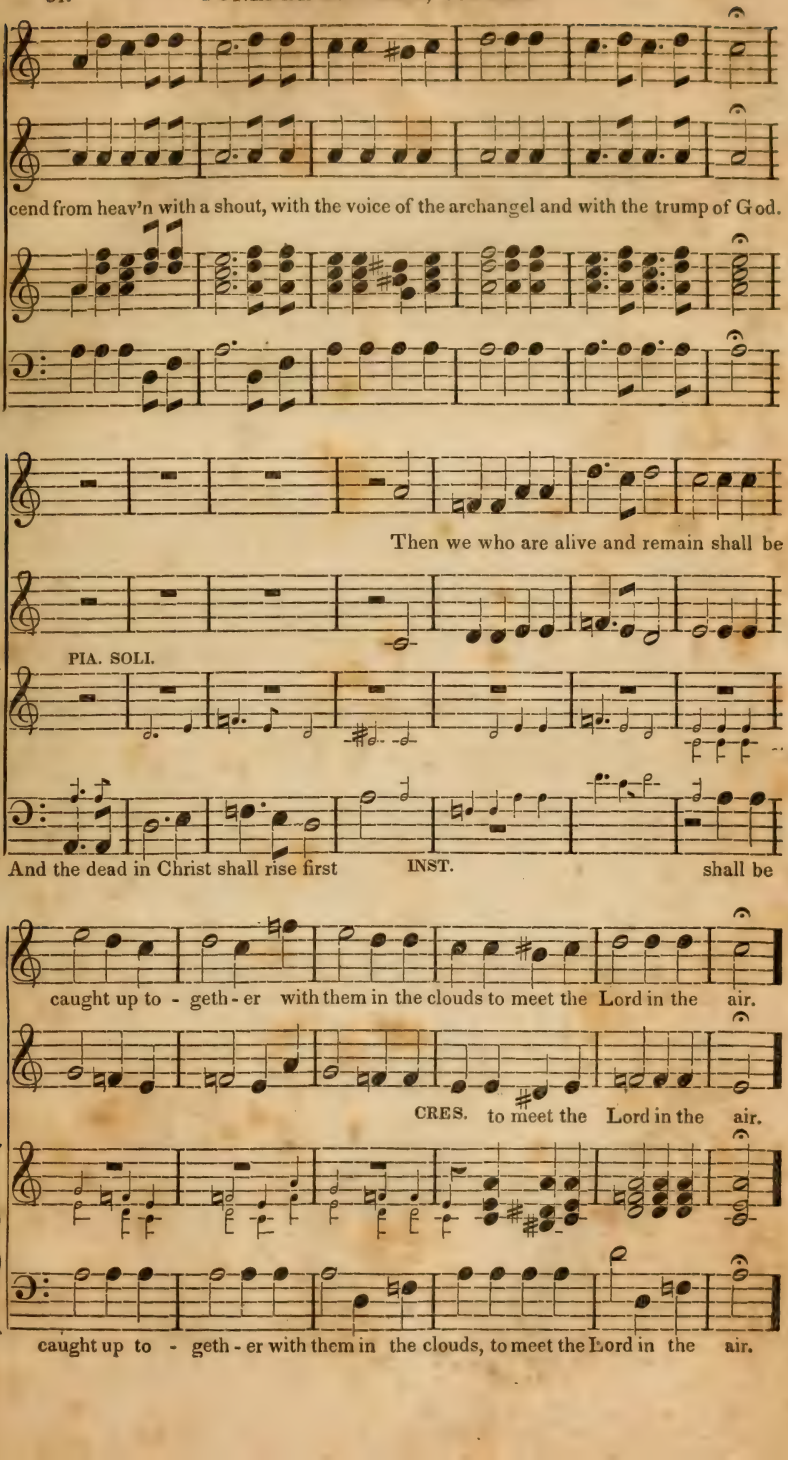


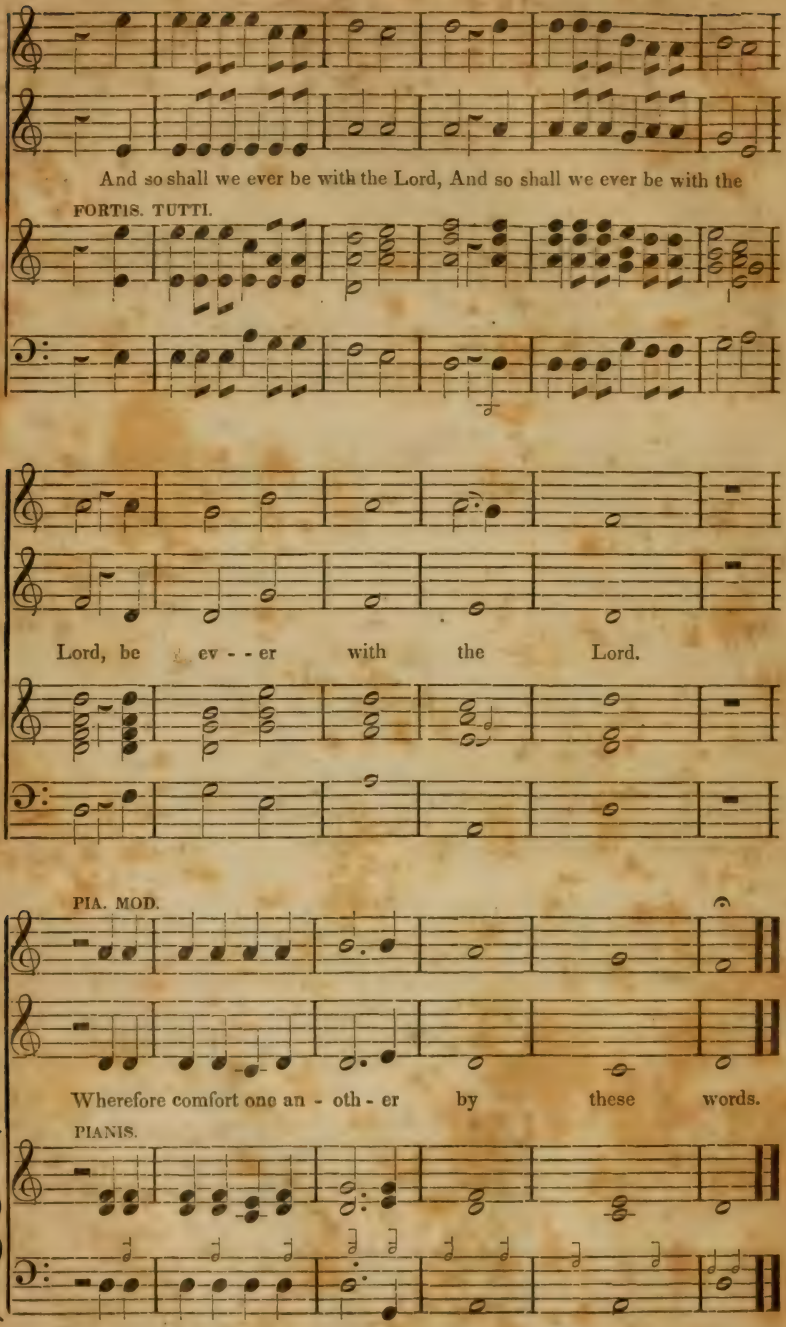

willow may wave, From the courts of high heaven, sweet whispers the
PIA.
DIM.
voice, There's a morning that dawns on the night of the grave, There's a
CRES.
DIM
MOD.
morn - ing that dawns on the night of the grave,
MOD.

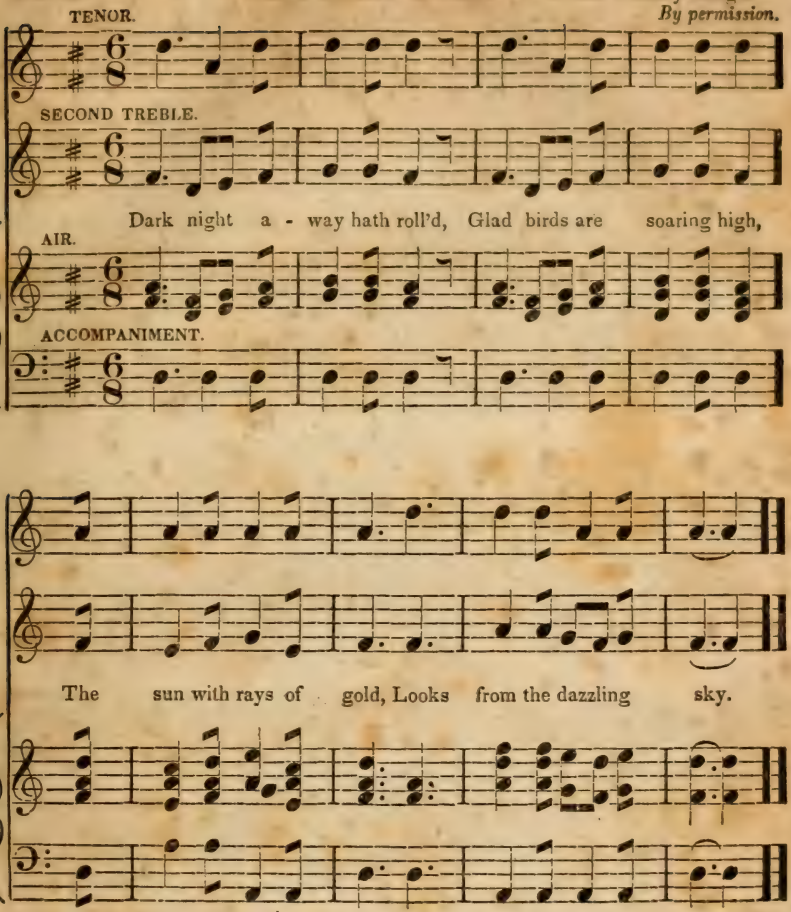
NO. 31. FUNERAL ANTHEM.

From the Protestant Episcopal Service. (H.)




Even so them also that sleep in Je - sus will God bring with
him; them that sleep in Je - - sus will God
INST.
will God bring, &c.
bring with him. For the Lord himself shall descend, for the Lord himself shall des-
FORTISSIMO.

cend from heav'n with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God.
Then we who are alive and remain shall be
PIA. SOLI.
And the dead in Christ shall rise first
INST.
shall be
caught up to - geth - er with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.
CRES. to meet the Lord in the air.
caught up to - geth - er with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.


And so shall we ever be with the Lord, And so shall we ever be with the
FORTIS. TUTTI.
Lord, be ev - - er with the Lord.
PIA. MOD.
Wherefore comfort one an - oth - er by these words.
PIANIS.

NO. 32. DARK NIGHT AWAY. From Nursery Songs.
By permission.

MORNING.

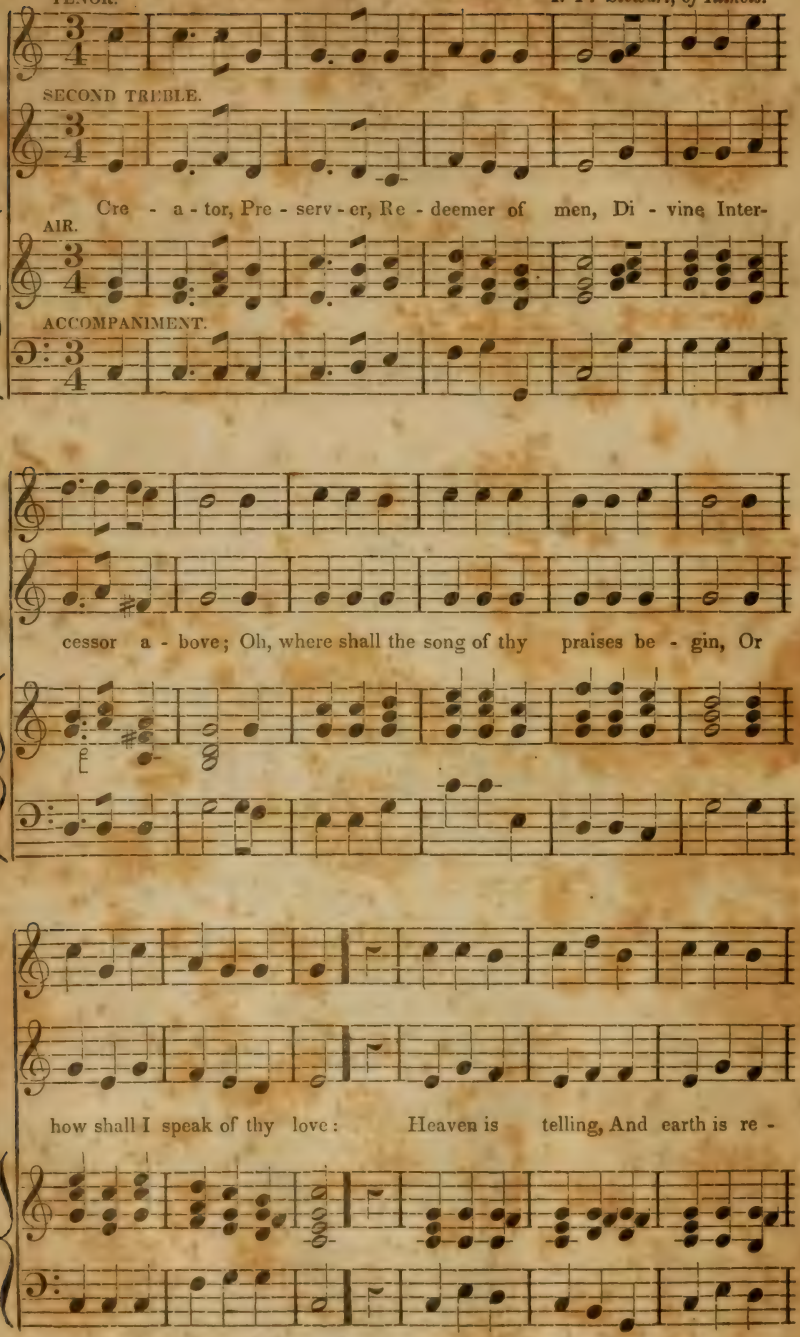
Dark night away hath roll'd,
Glad birds are soaring high,
The sun with rays of gold,
Looks from the dazzling sky.

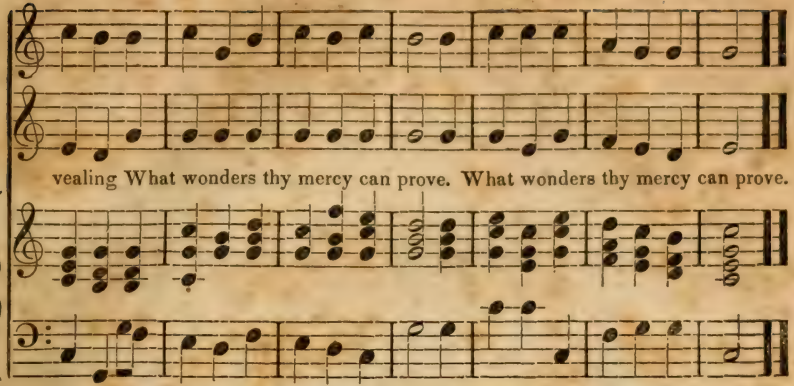
Teach me to thank the power,
Whose hand sustains me so;
Who o'er each fragrant flower,
Bids dews of mercy flow.

O raise my heart above,
Where angel hosts adore;
I'll praise thee for thy love,
And count thy mercies o'er.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

NO. 33. ILLINOIS.

I. P. Stewart, of Illinois.

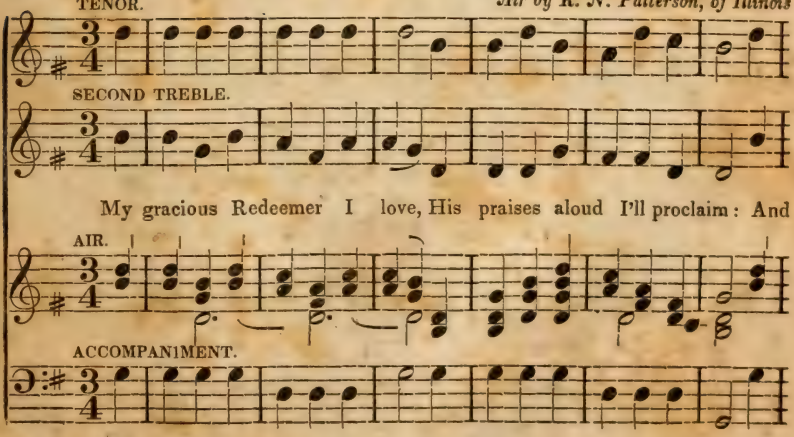
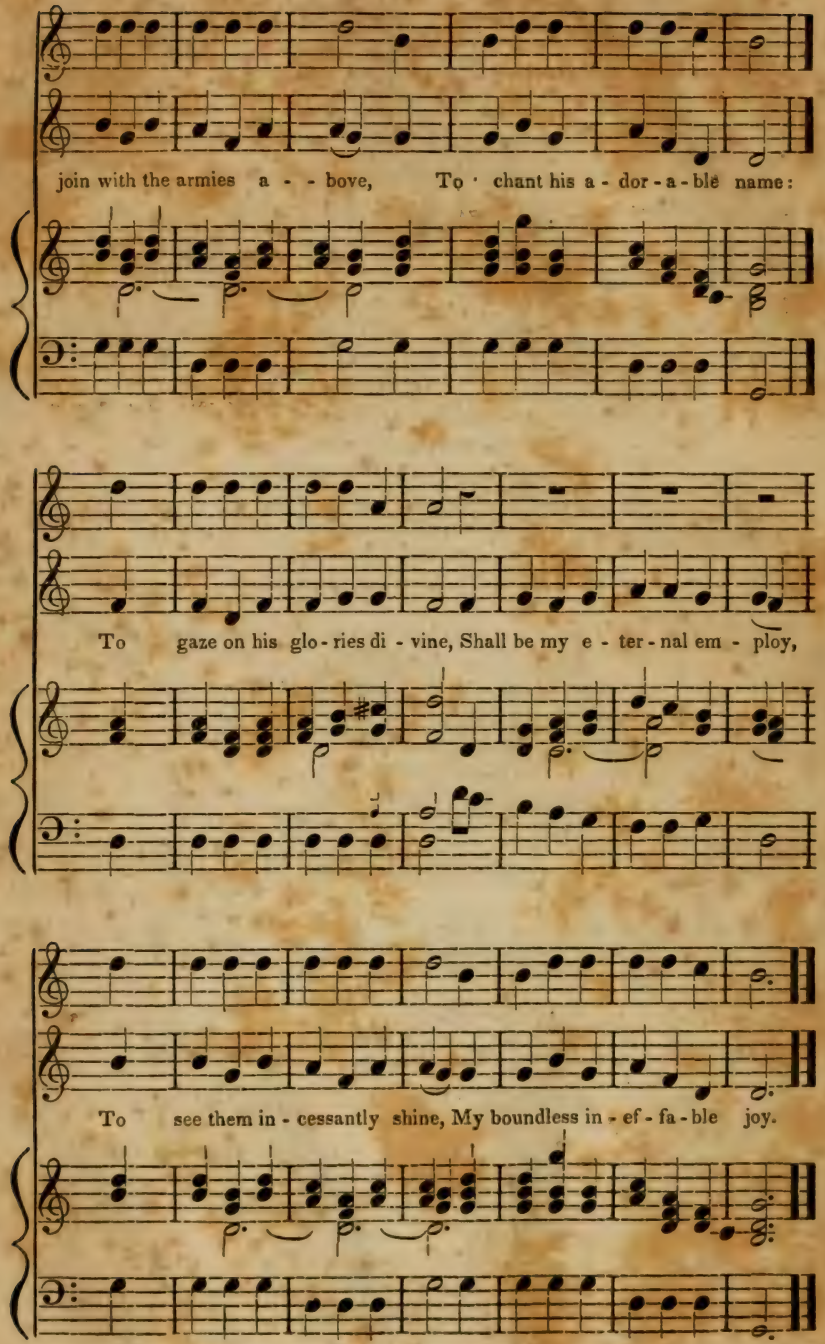




And do I not love thee, O Saviour, divine,
The chief of ten thousand to me?
Yes, infinite beauty and glory are thine,
Whose effulgence no mortal can see:
Angels shall bless thee,
And men shall confess thee,
All worlds shall acknowledge thy sway.

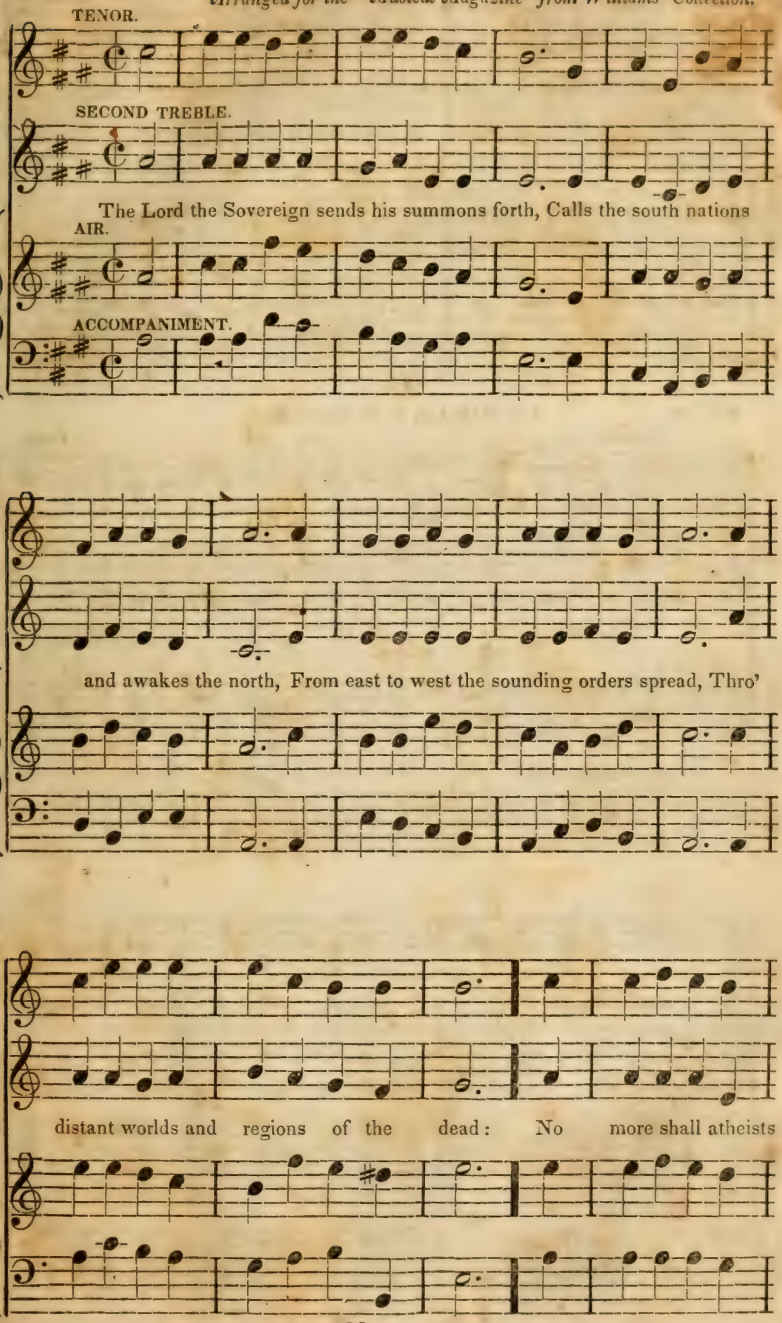
Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom and power,
The glory and honor supreme;
For ever and ever, my soul would adore
Th' unspeakable worth of thy name;
For ever and ever
O glorious Saviour,
I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

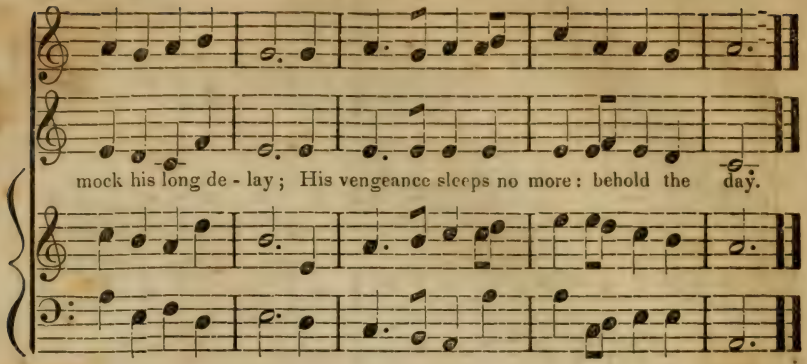
NO. 34. NASHVILLE. EIGHTS.

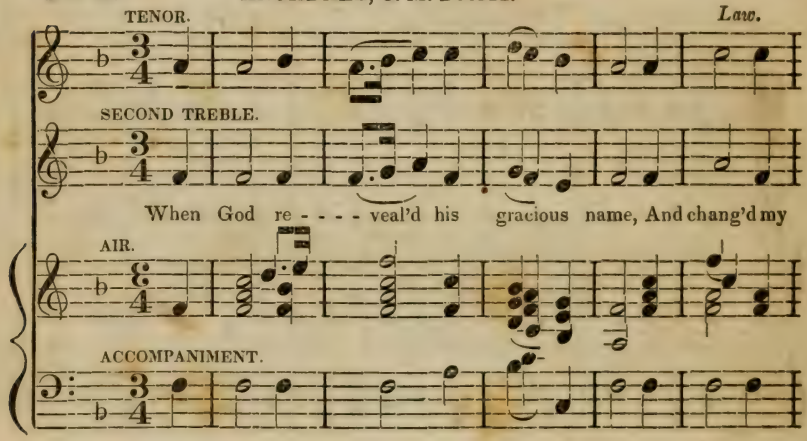
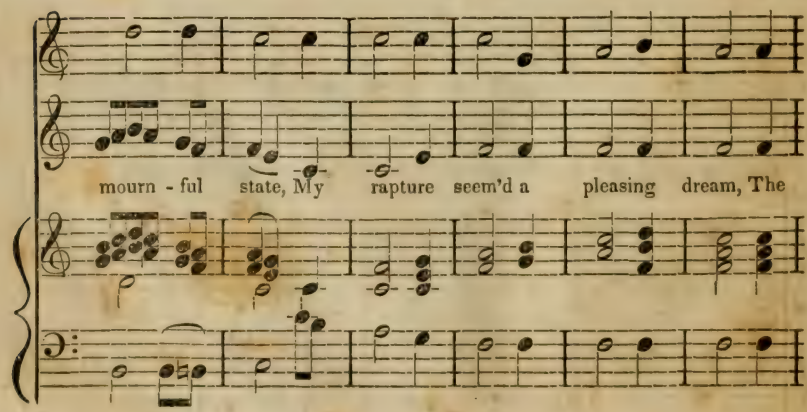
Air by R. N. Patterson, of Illinois

join with the armies a - - bove, To · chant his a - dor - a - ble name:
To gaze on his glo - ries di - vine, Shall be my e - ter - nal em - ploy,
To see them in - cessantly shine, My boundless in - ef - fa - ble joy.

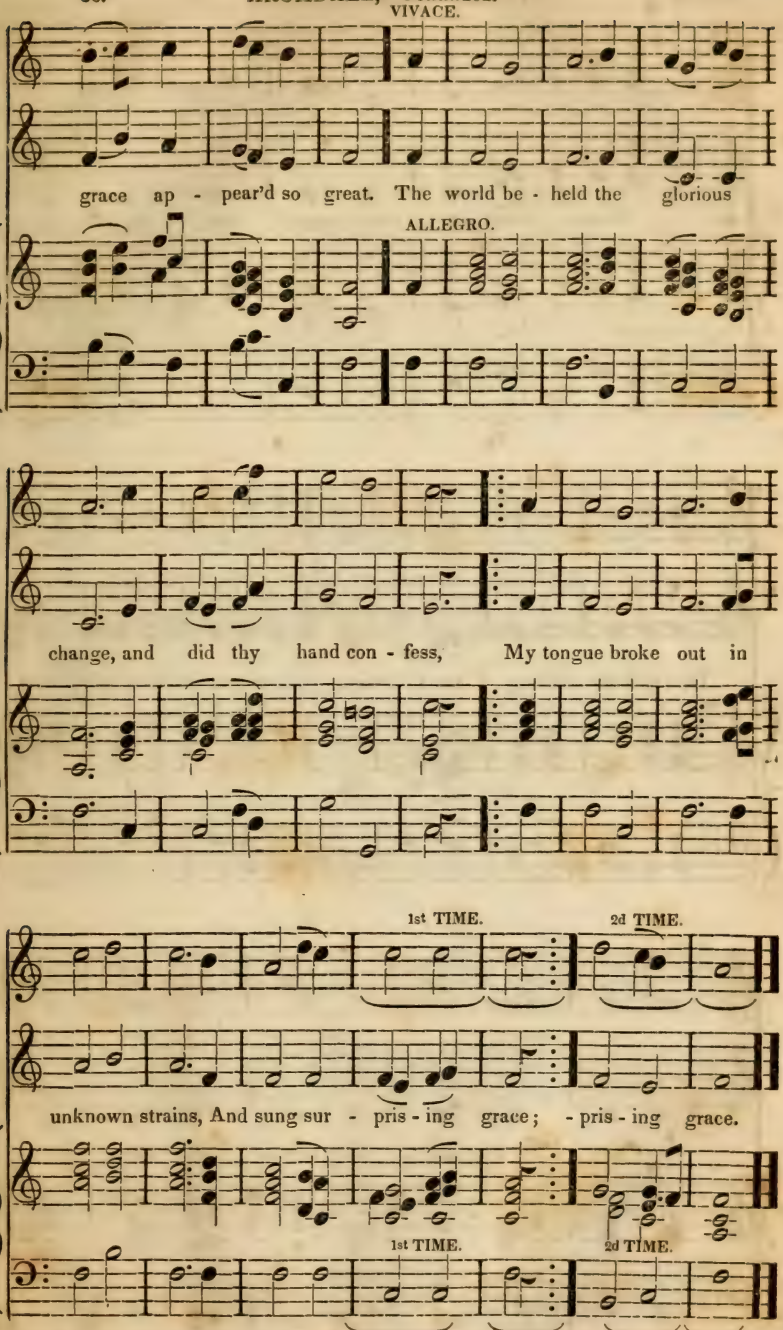
NO. 35. NEW FIFTIETH.

Arranged for the "Musical Magazine" from Williams' Collection.



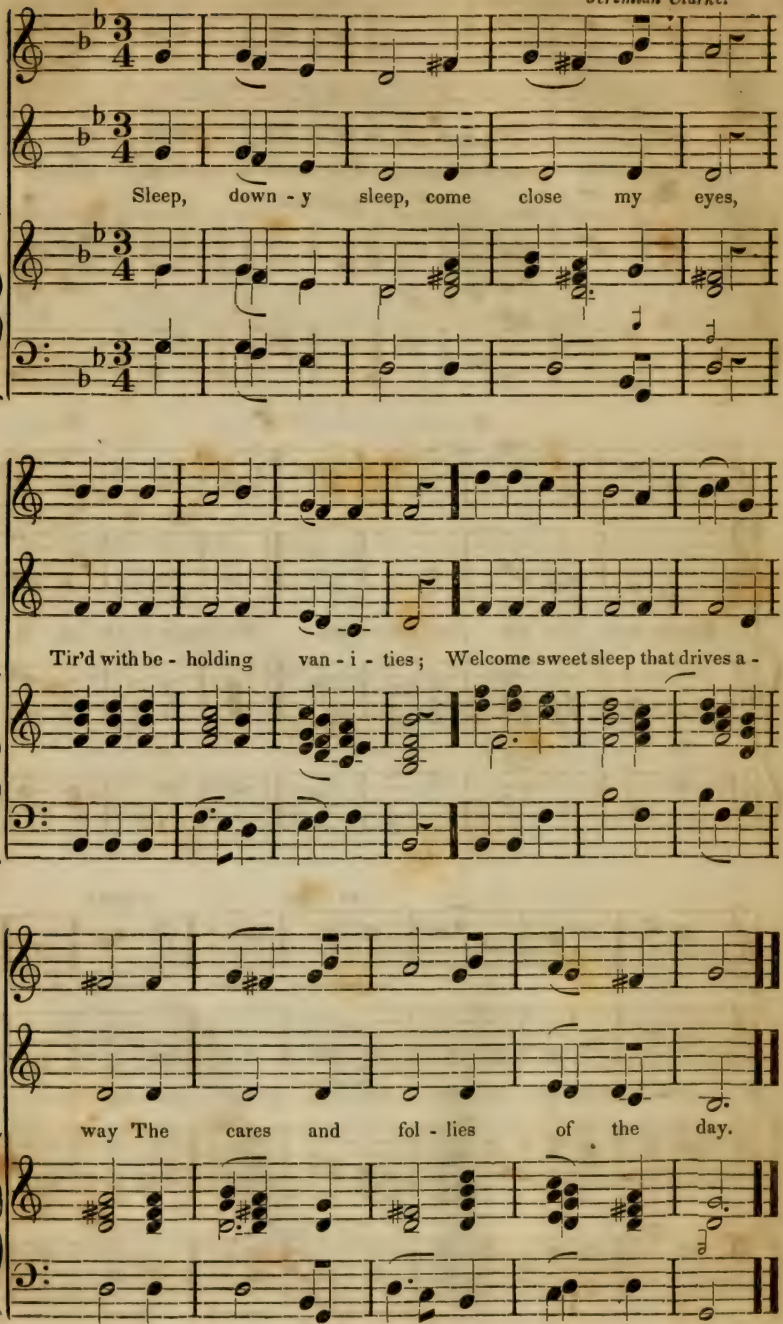


NO. 36. ARCHDALE, C. M. DOUBLE.




VIVACE.
grace ap - pear'd so great. The world be - held the glorious
ALLEGRO.
change, and did thy hand con - fess, My tongue broke out in
1st TIME.
2d TIME.
unknown strains, And sung sur - pris - ing grace; - pris - ing grace.
1st TIME.
2d TIME.

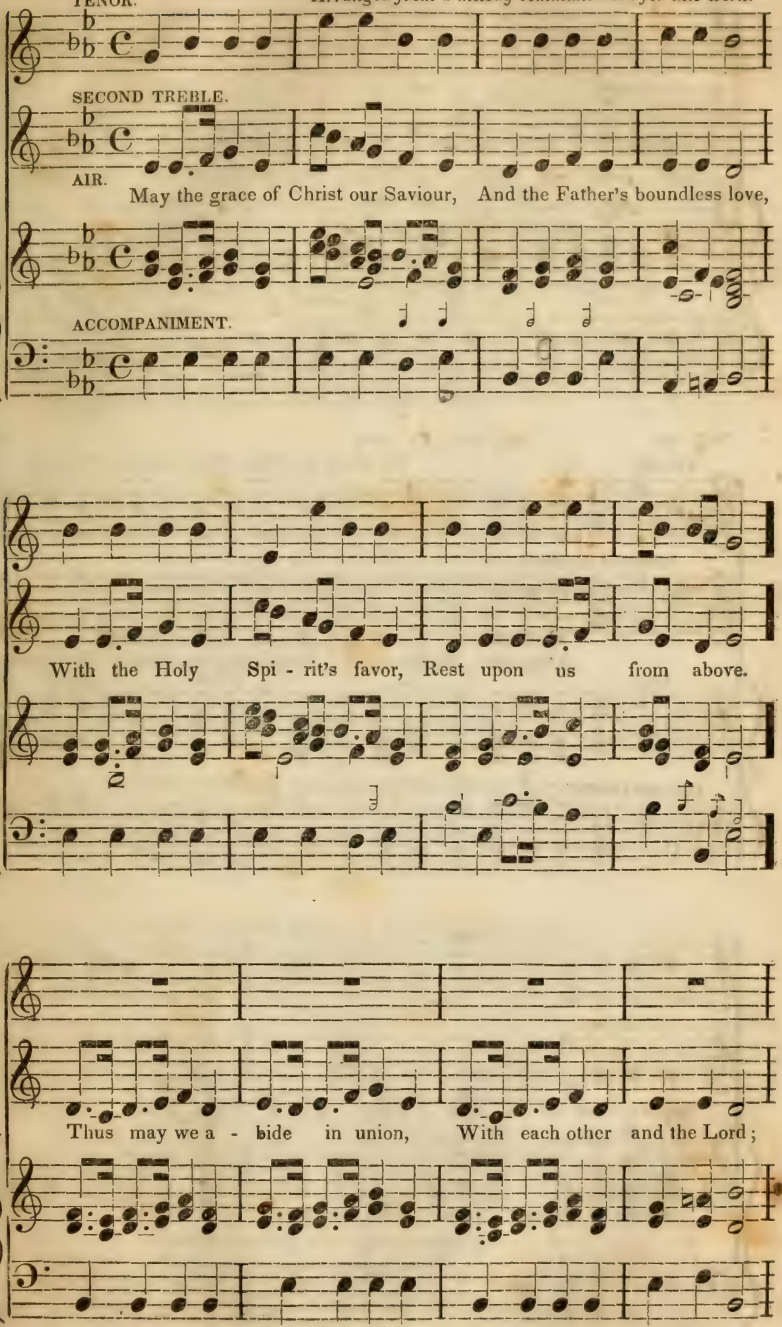
NO. 87. CLARKE'S EVENING HYMN, L. M.

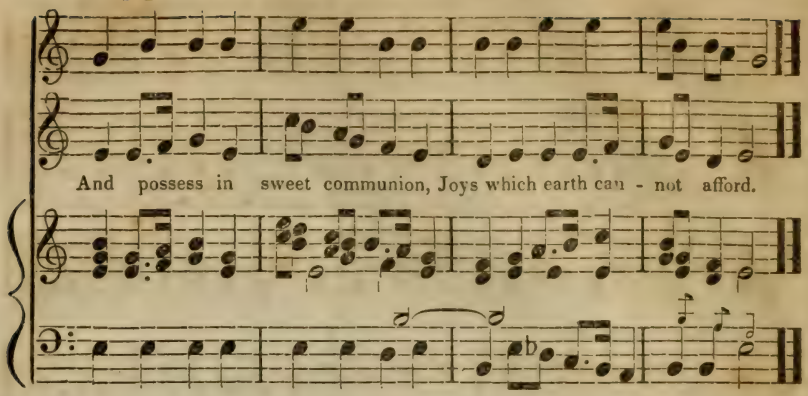
Jeremiah Clarke.



NO. 38. BENEDICTION.—8's & 7's.

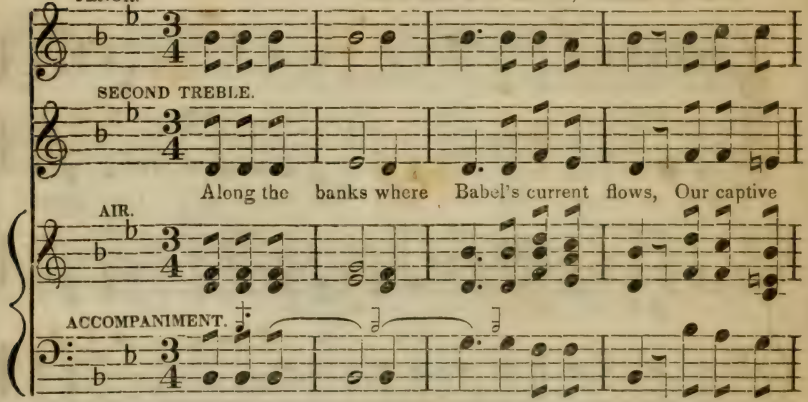
Arranged from a melody communicated for this work.

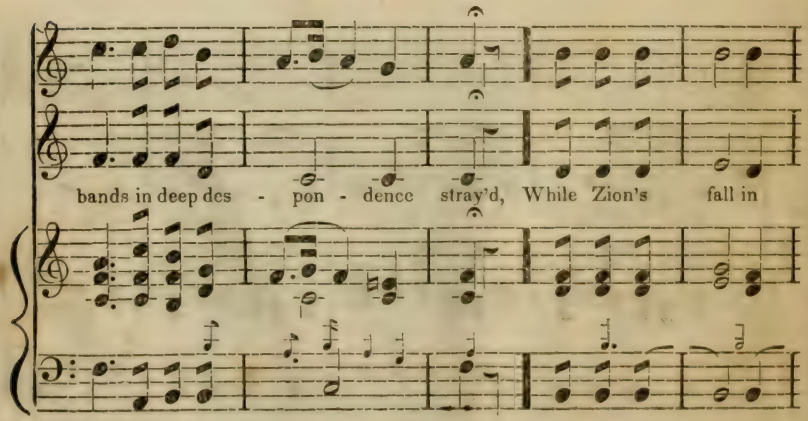


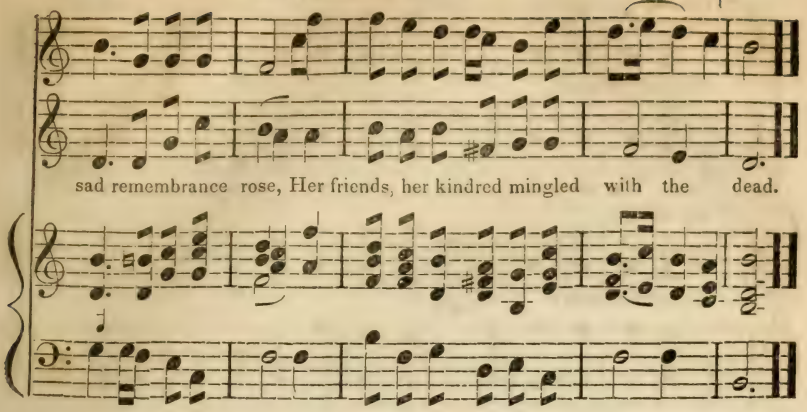


NO. 39. LOUVILLE.—10's. H.

For words see Psalm 137, Christian Psalmist.







1 Along the banks where Babel's current flows,
The captive bands in deep despondence stray'd;
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneful harp that once with joy they strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
Was now in silence on the willows hung,
While growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

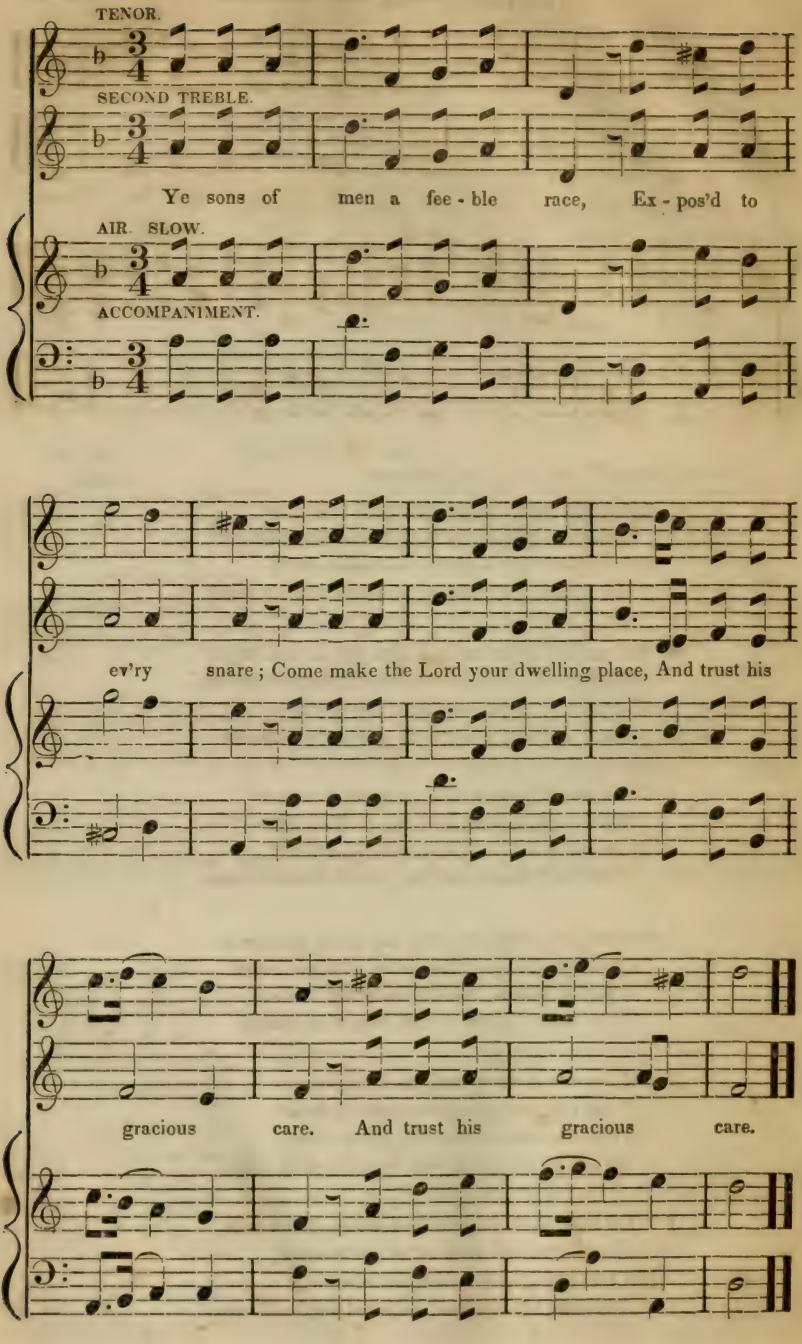
3 Their proud oppressors, to increase their woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's bands the sacred anthems raise!
"O hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

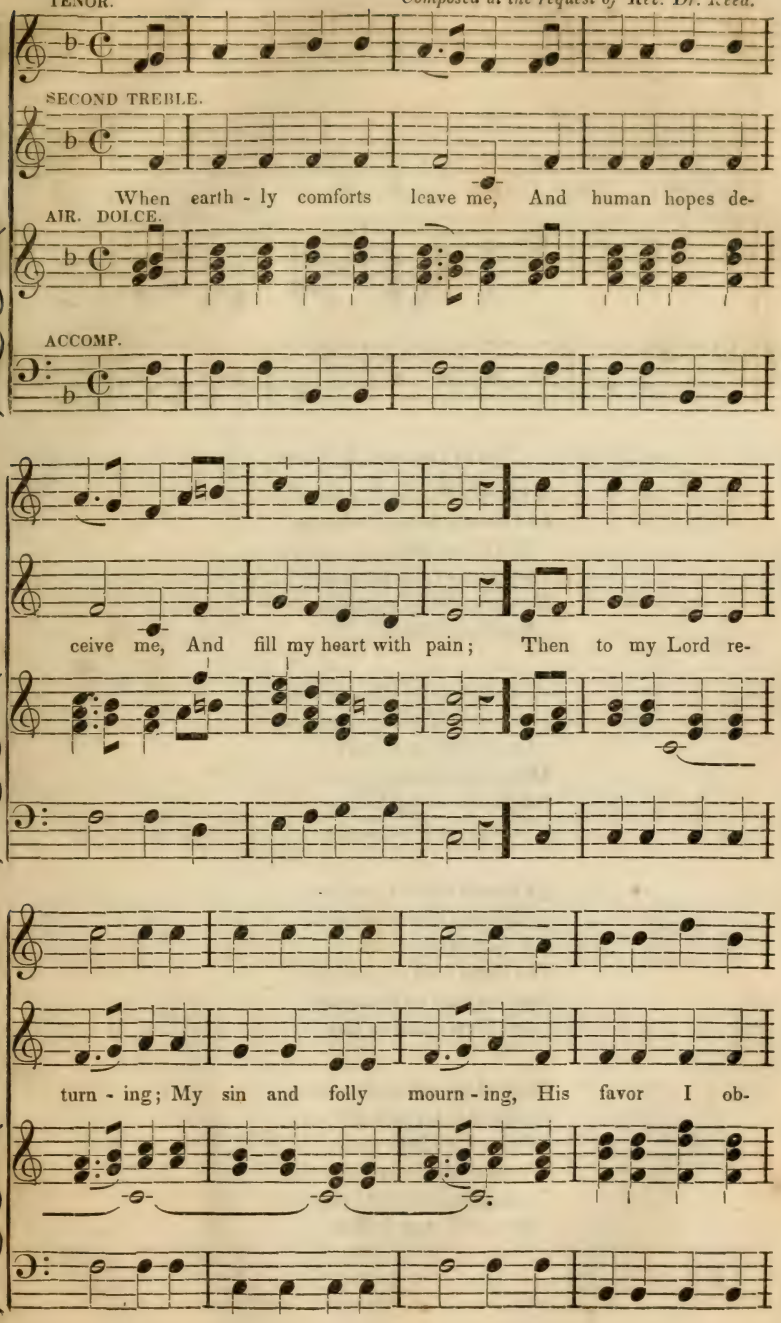
5 "If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame,
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

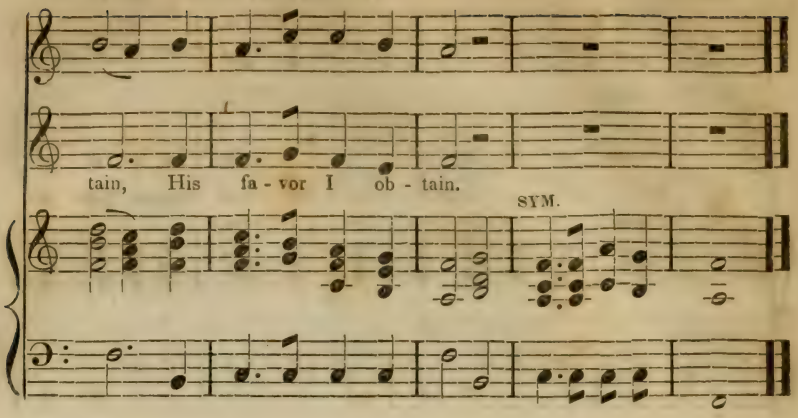
6 "Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day."—*Barlow.*

NO. 40. QUEENSTON.—C. M.



Composed at the request of Rev. Dr. Reed.





Confidence in God.

When earthly comforts leave me,
And human hopes deceive me,
  And fill my heart with pain;
Then to my Lord returning,
My sin and folly mourning,
  His favor I obtain.

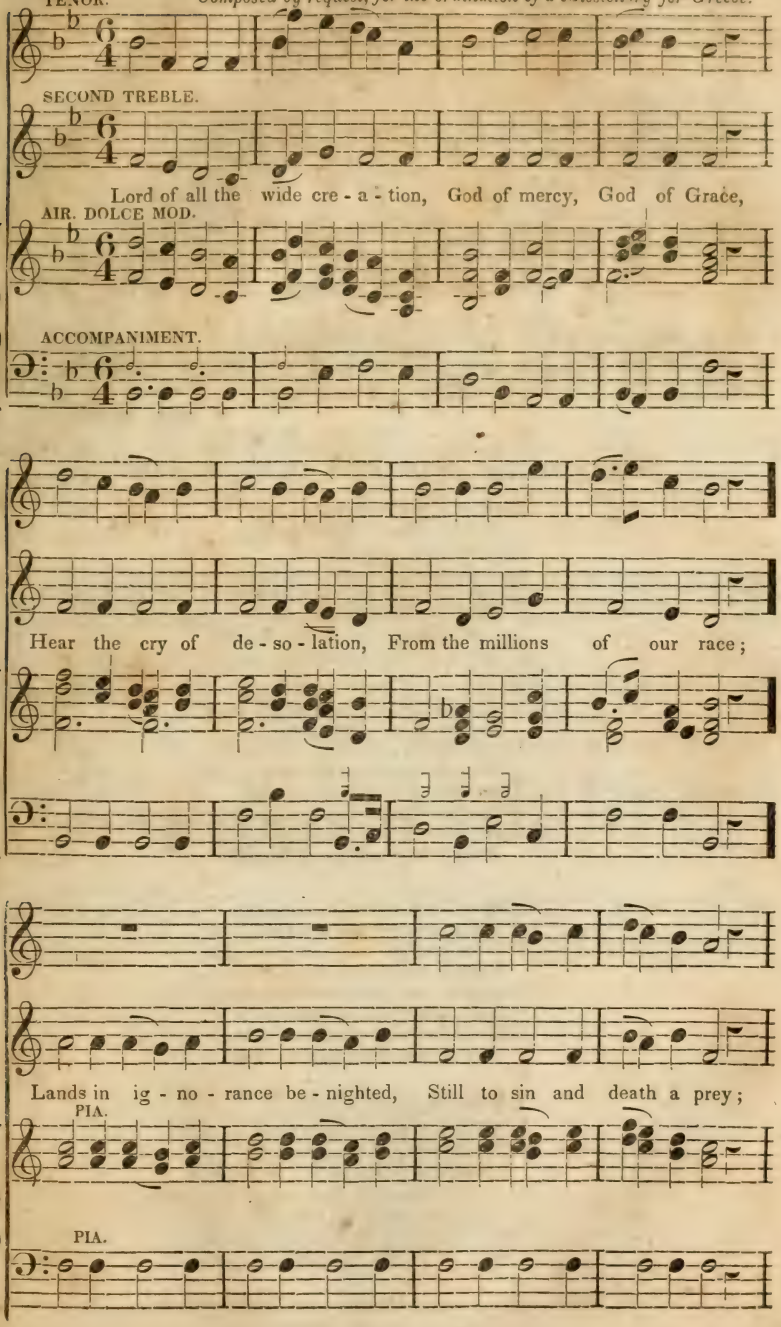
What though the skies are louring,
And storms of grief are pouring,
  On this afflicted soul?
Above the clouds of even
Still shines the light of heaven,
  Mid sorrows to console.

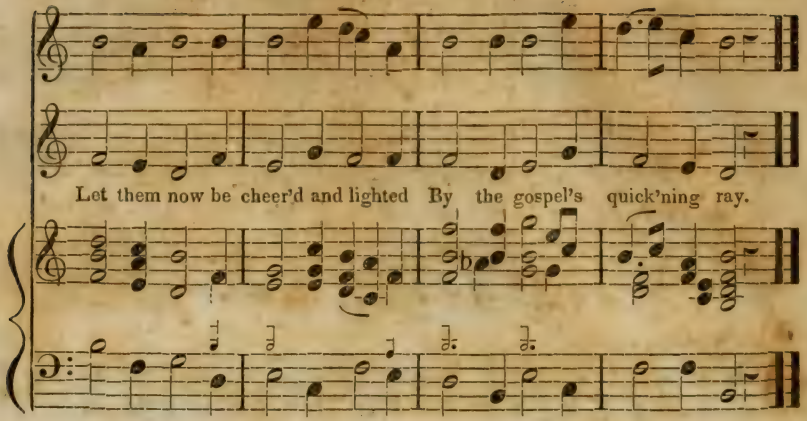
A Father's smile is gracious,
A Saviour's love is precious,
  A Comforter is nigh;
The triune God so glorious,
Shall lead me on victorious,
  And lift my soul on high.

Then all the notes of sadness,
Shall end in joy and gladness,
  Around thy lofty throne;
Where all the hosts adore thee,
Casting their crowns before thee,
  Eternal Three in One.

NO. 42. WILLIAMSTOWN, 8's & 7's. Music and words by [H.]

Composed by request, for the ordination of a Missionary for Greece.





Hymn for the Ordination of Missionaries.

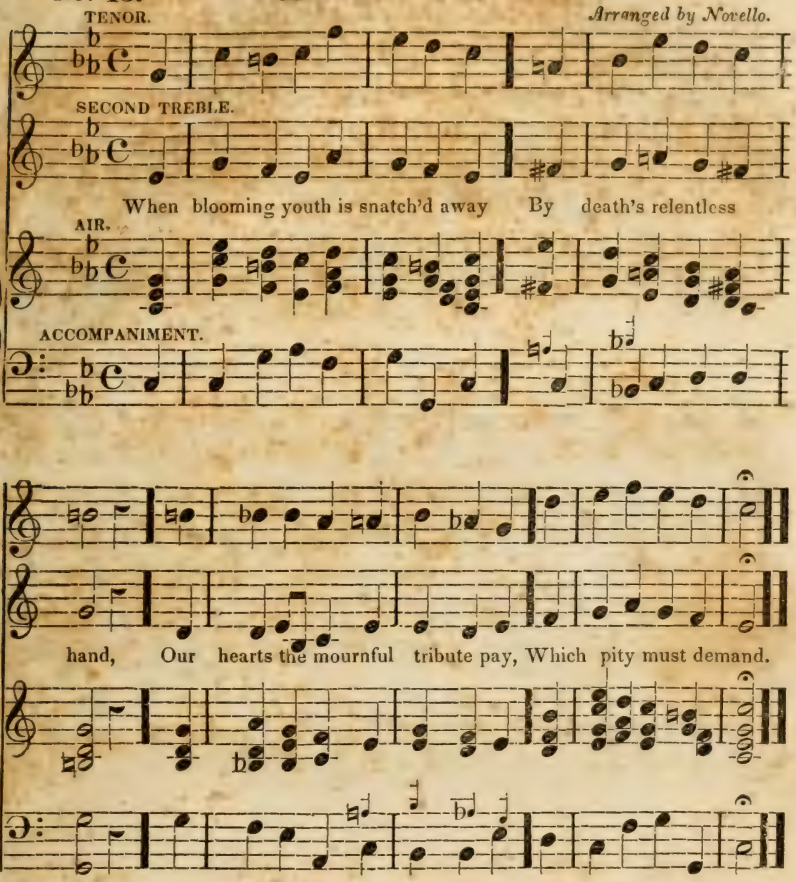
Lord of all the wide creation,
God of mercy, God of grace;
Hear the cry of desolation
From the millions of our race:
Lands in ignorance benighted,
Still to sin and death a prey;
Let them all be cheer'd and lighted
By the gospel's quick'ning ray.

Star of Beth'lem, high and glorious,
O'er the dying millions rise!
Shine o'er sin and death victorious,
With the light that Heaven supplies:
Then shall idols be confounded,
Then shall darkness disappear;
Joyful praises be resounded,
Hush'd the wailings of despair.

O what conflicts are appointed,
Trials, vict'ries and rewards,
E're the reign of heaven's Anointed,
King of Kings and Lord of Lords!
Let each * servant now before thee,
As a faithful herald prove,
'Till the list'ning tribes adore thee,
And embrace thy bleeding love.

Let thy heav'nly benediction
All their † pilgrimage attend;
With the wing of thy protection,
Shield and guard them ‡ to the end.
O ye watchmen, lift your voices,
Light is glimm'ring from afar;
Earth be glad while Heaven rejoices:
Hail the bright, the morning STAR. H.

* Or thy. † Or his. ‡ Or him.

NO. 43. ANTWERP.—C. M.

2 And while we raise the tearful eye,
With mournful thoughts impress'd,
O may this truth—"I TOO MUST DIE"—
Sink deep in every breast.

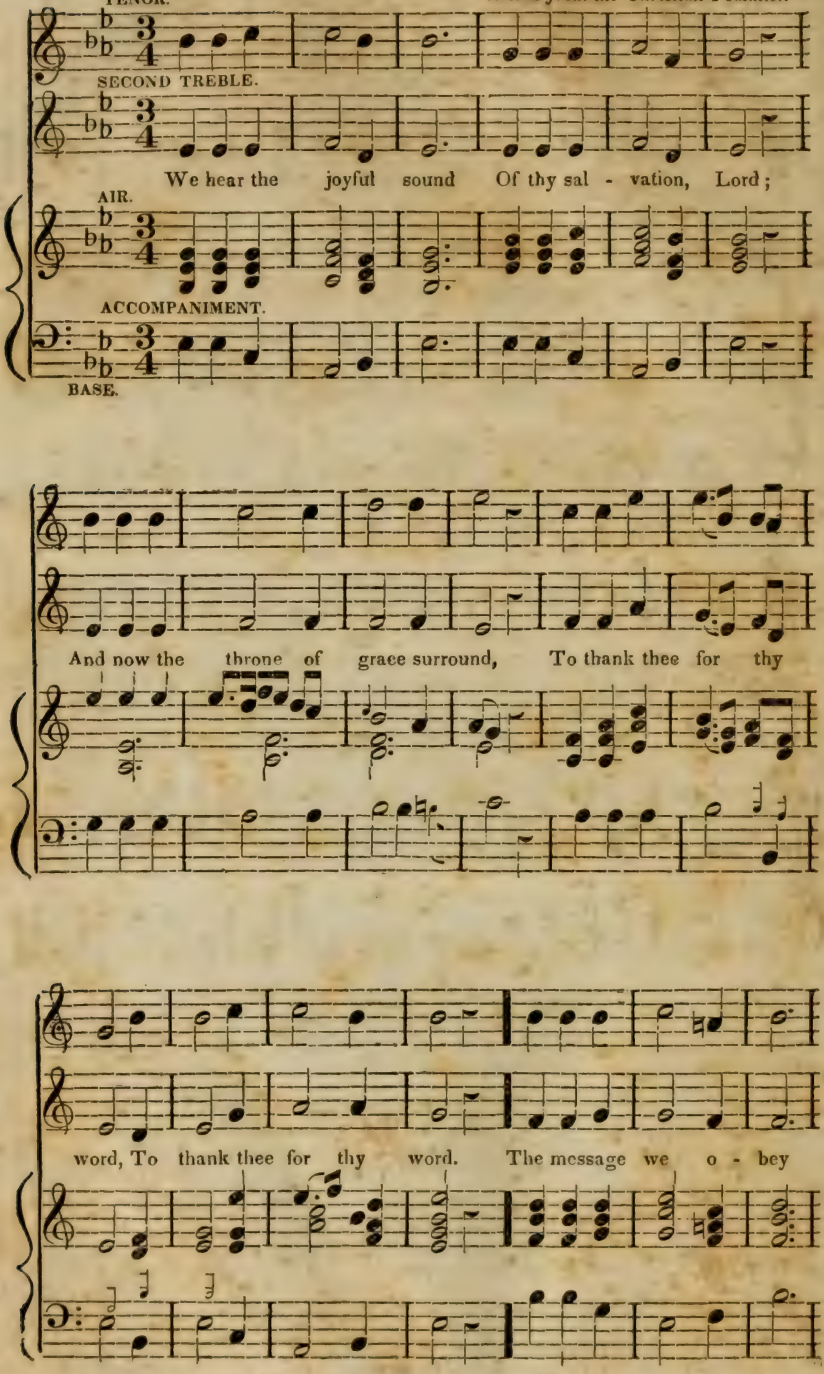
3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

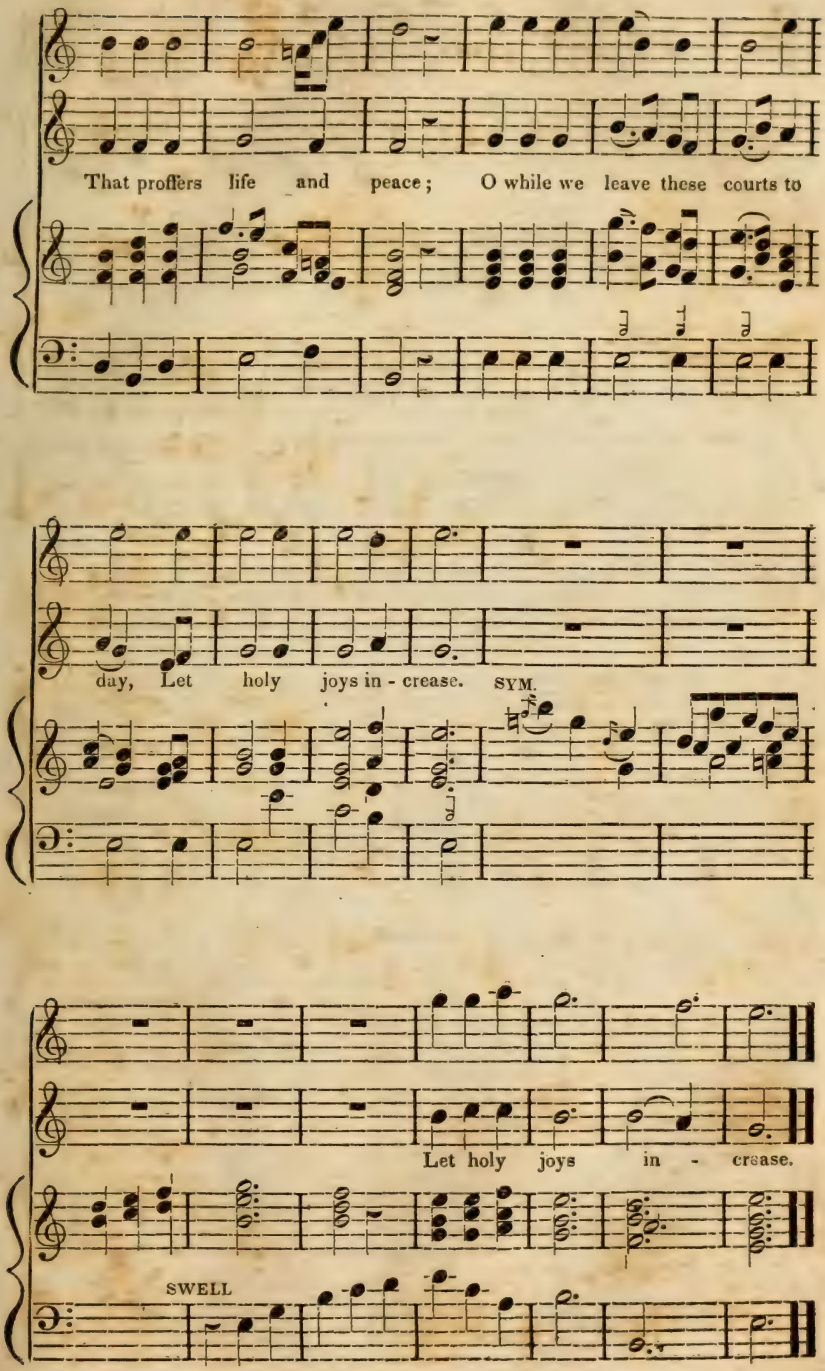
4 Oh let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart,
To meet death's trying hour.

NO. 44. WE HEAR THE JOYFUL SOUND. H.

Words from the Christian Psalmist.

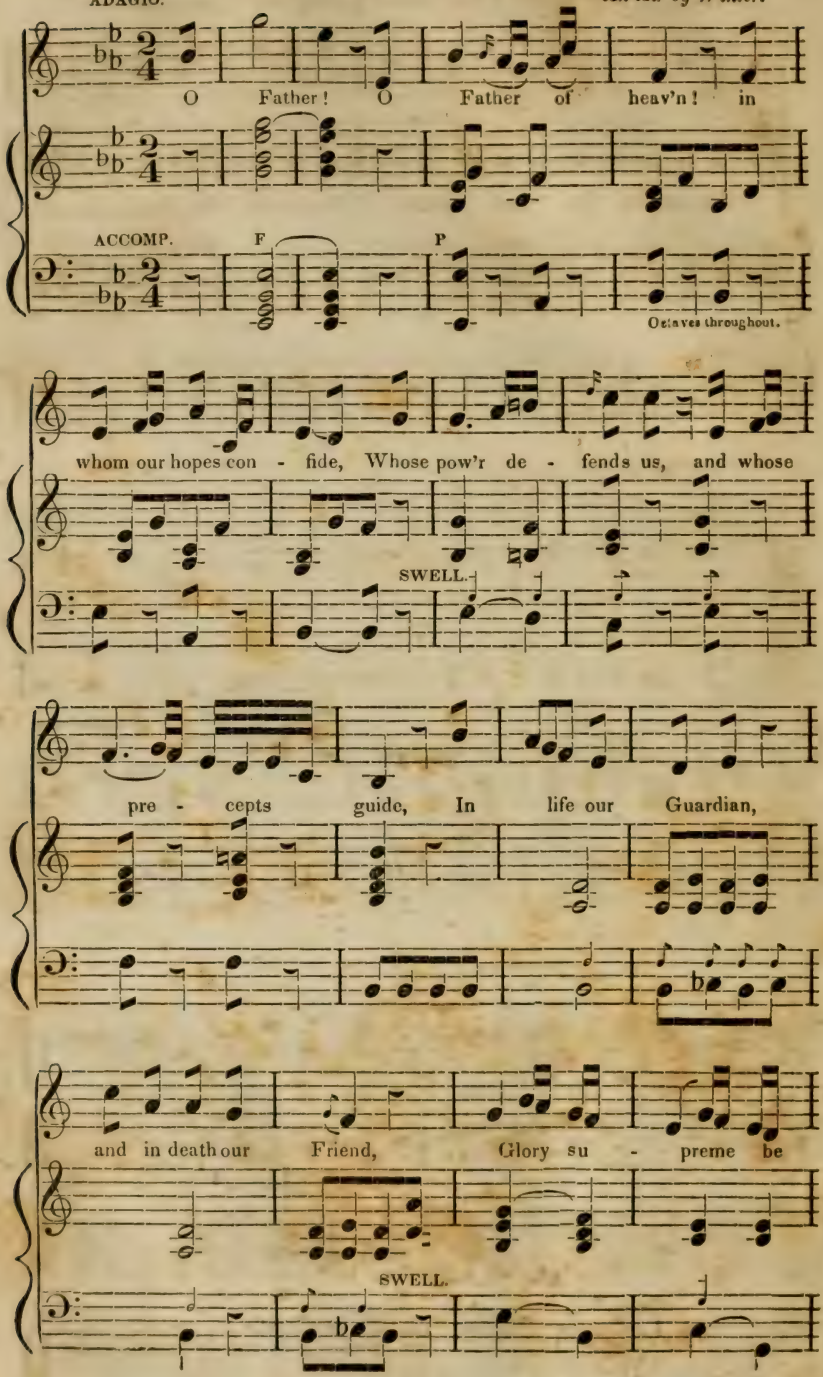


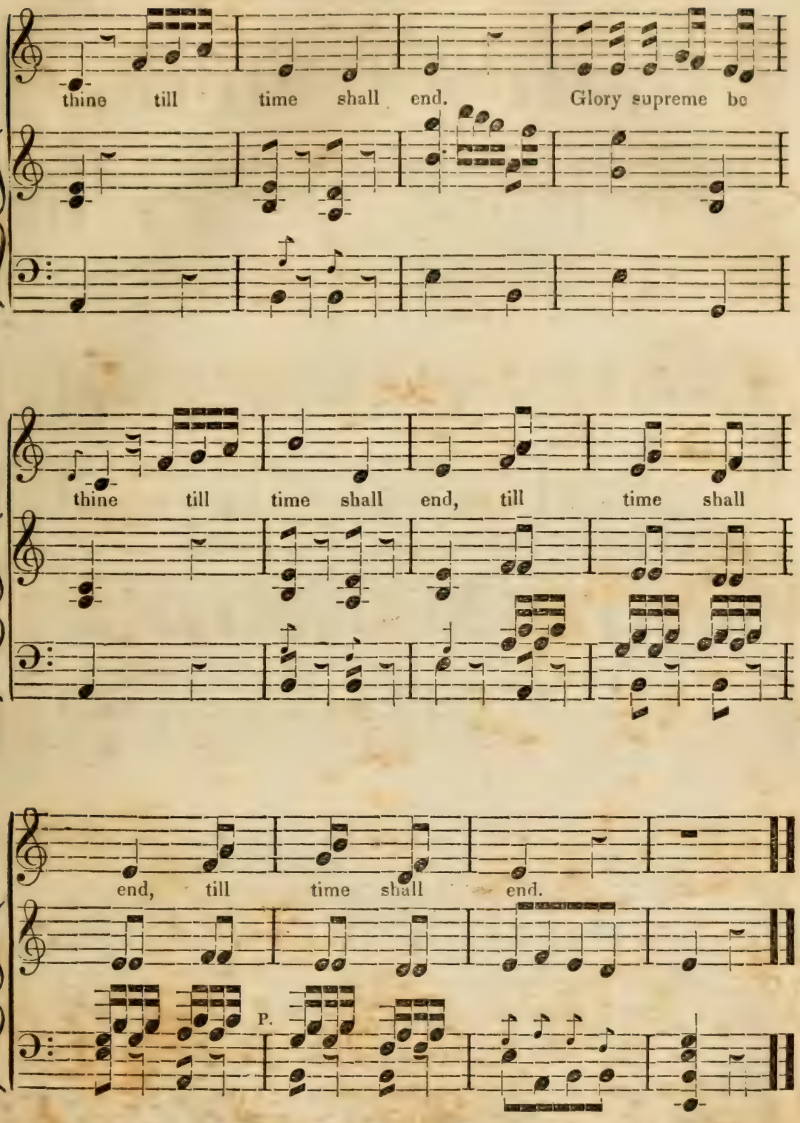

That proffers life and peace; O while we leave these courts to
day, Let holy joys in - crease.
SYM.
Let holy joys in - crease.
SWELL

NO. 45. FATHER OF HEAVEN!

ADAGIO.

An Air by Winter.

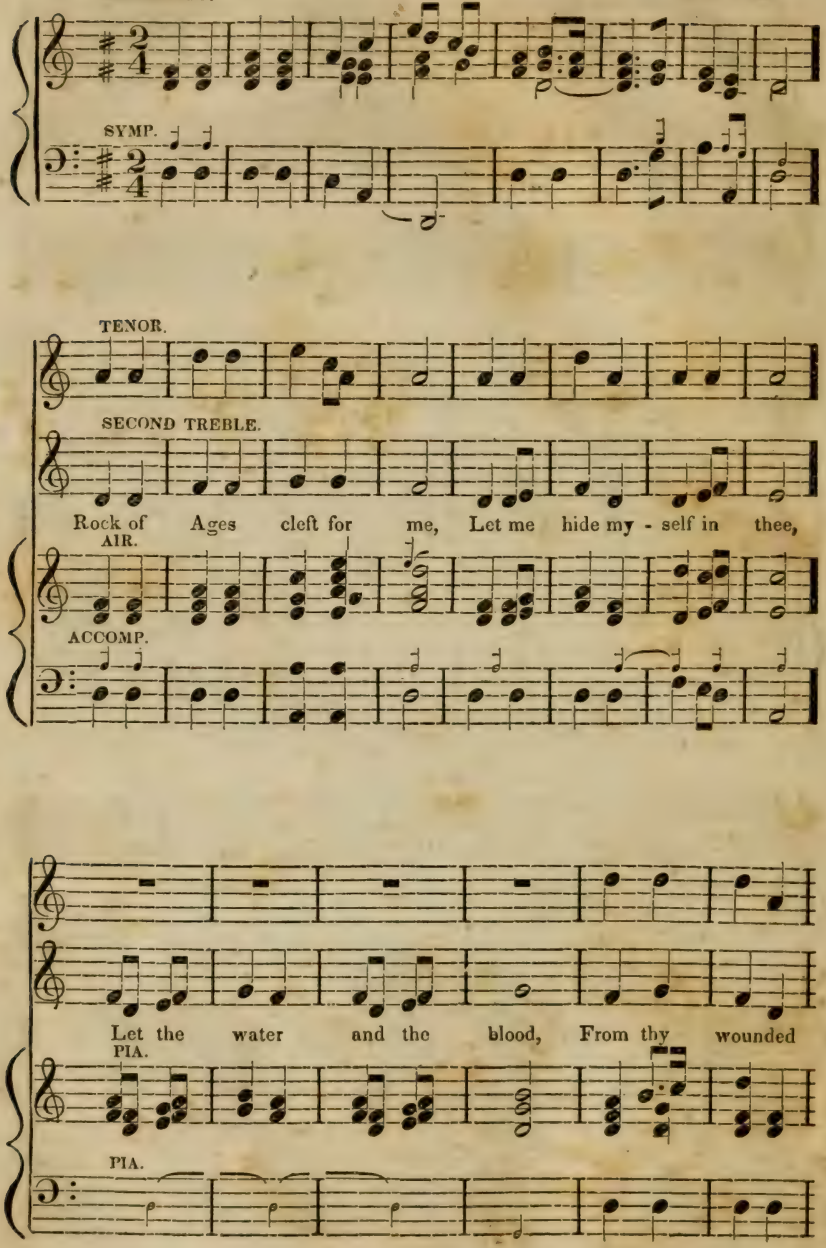


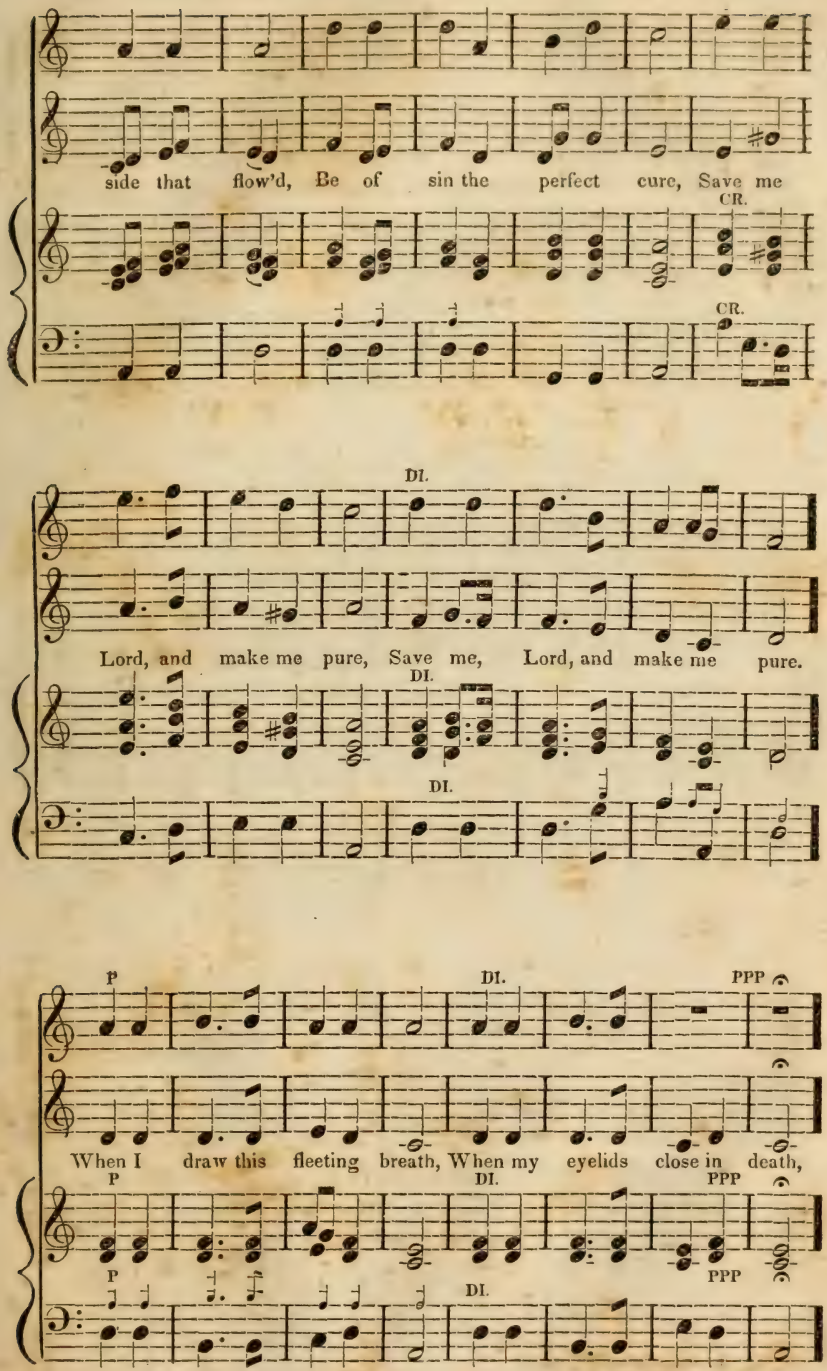


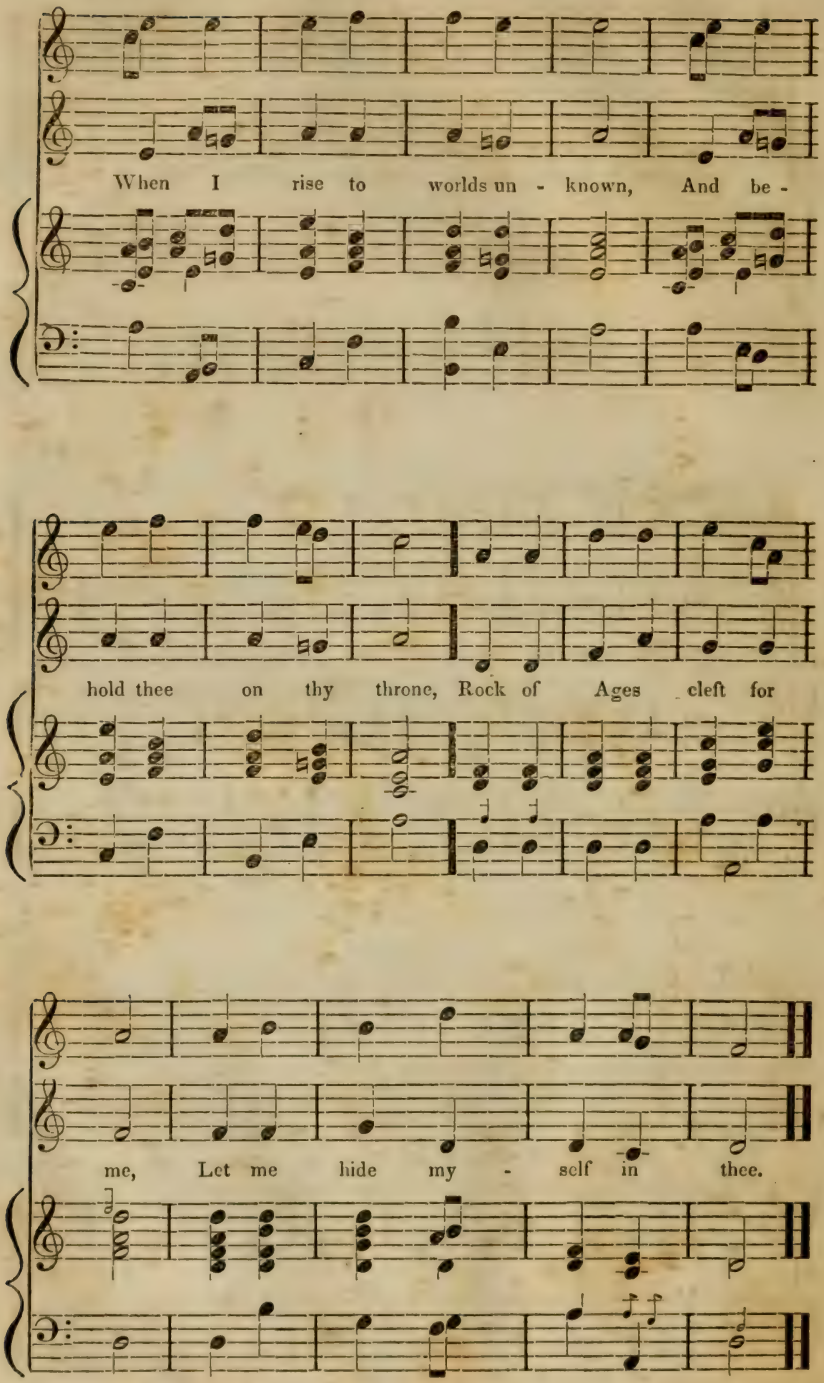
An air like the above, as copied from a late English work, requires great delicacy of execution. Each quaver receives one beat, equal to four in a measure. The style is legato, yet flowing and graceful. Such an air, though not remarkably difficult, ought to be studied as an exercise, at least by those who are *learners*.

NO. 46. ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME.

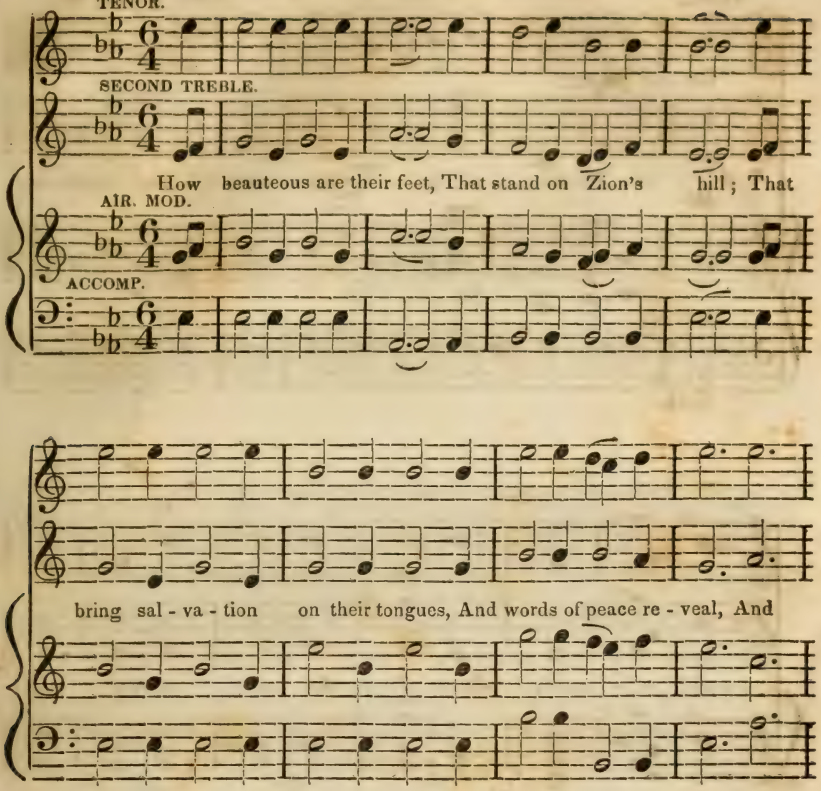
MODERATO. *S. B. Pond.*




side that flow'd, Be of sin the perfect cure, Save me
CR.
CR.
DI.
Lord, and make me pure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
DI.
DI.
P
DI.
PPP
When I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death,
P
DI.
PPP
P
PPP
DI.


When I rise to worlds un - known, And be -
hold thee on thy throne, Rock of Ages cleft for
me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

NO. 47. MOUNT ZION. S. M.



2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are;
Zion behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.

[3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

[4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.]

5 The watchmen join their voice
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

NO. 48. MONTGOMERY. 7's. D'ble.

Collier, of New York.

TENOR.

SECOND TREBLE.

People of the Living God, I have sought the

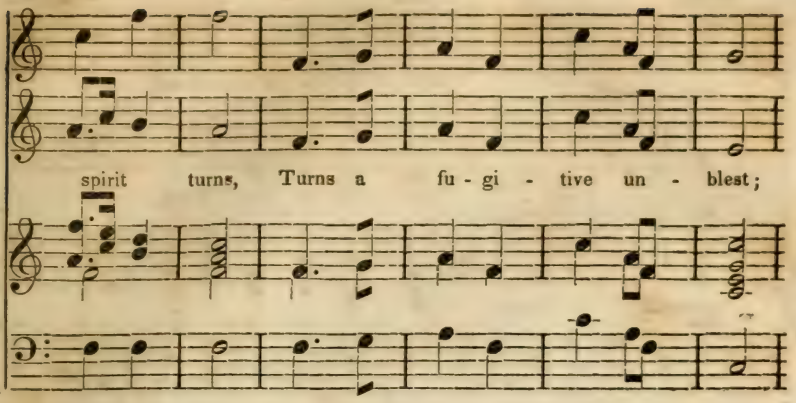
AIR.

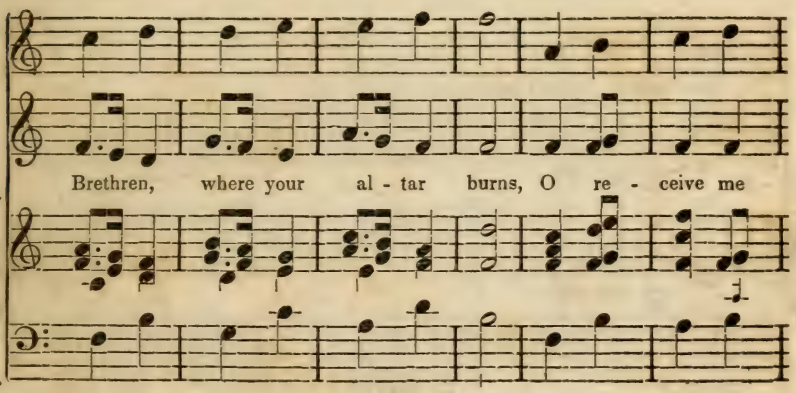
ACCOMP.

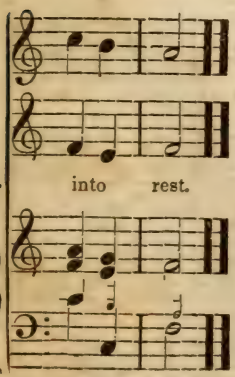
BASE.

world a - round, Paths of sin and sorrow trod,

Peace and comfort no where found; Now to you my

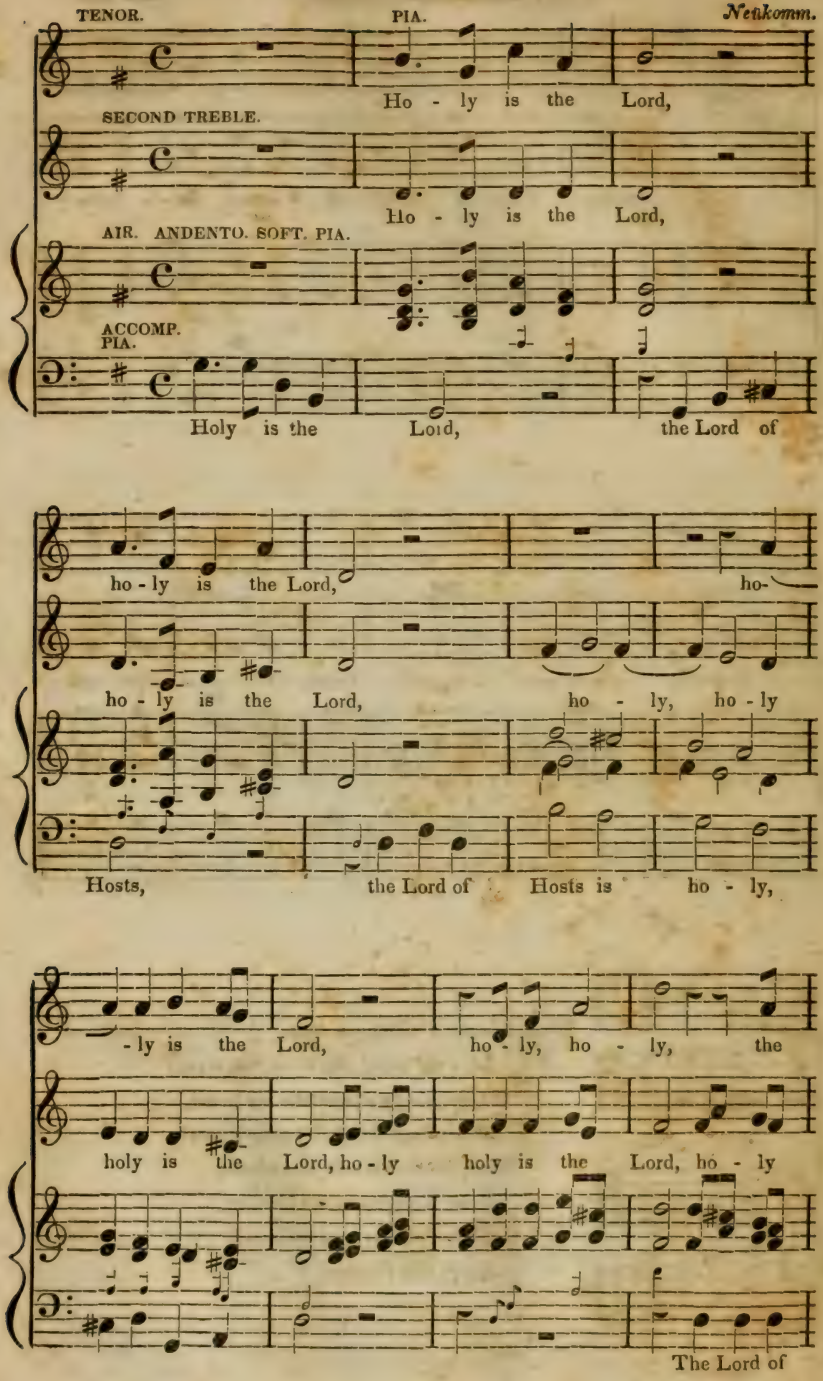


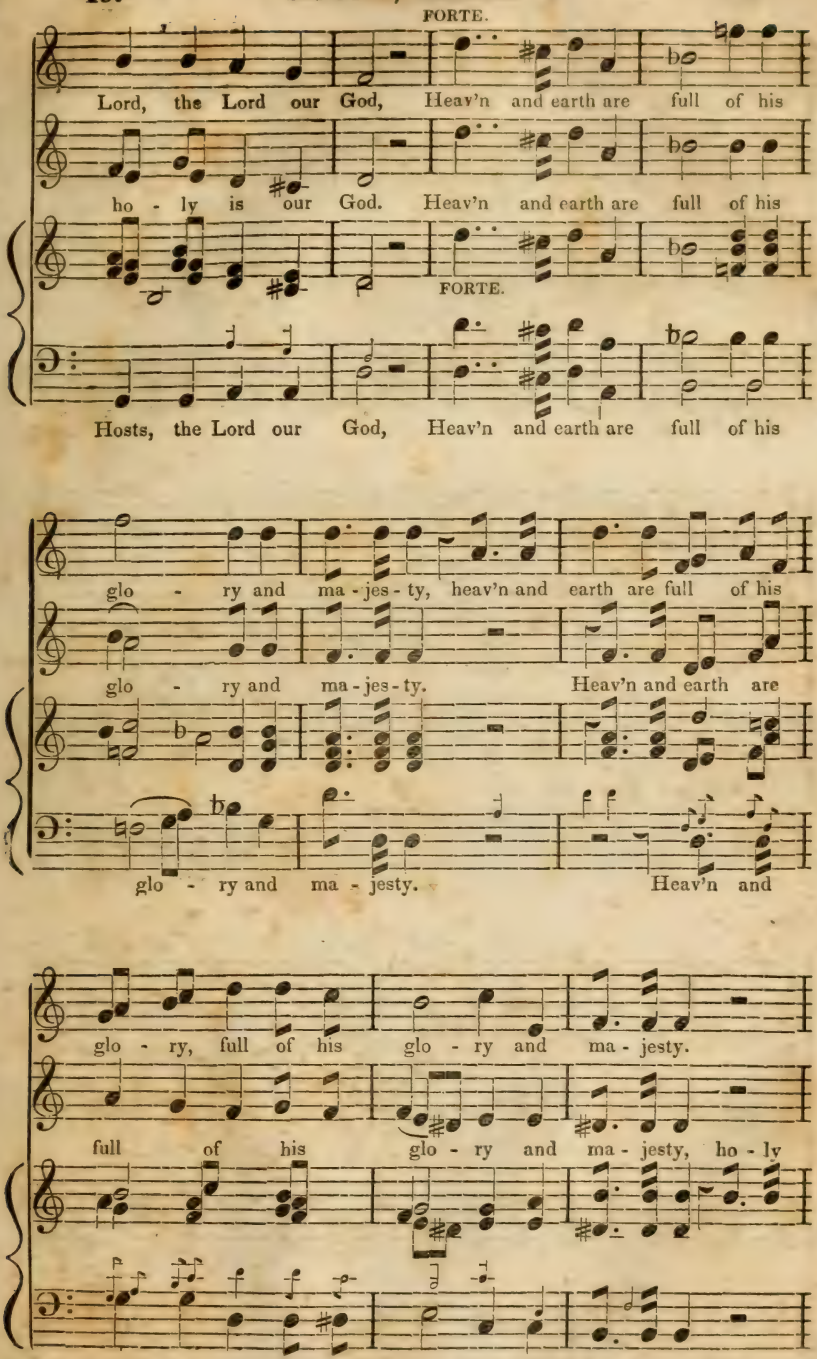
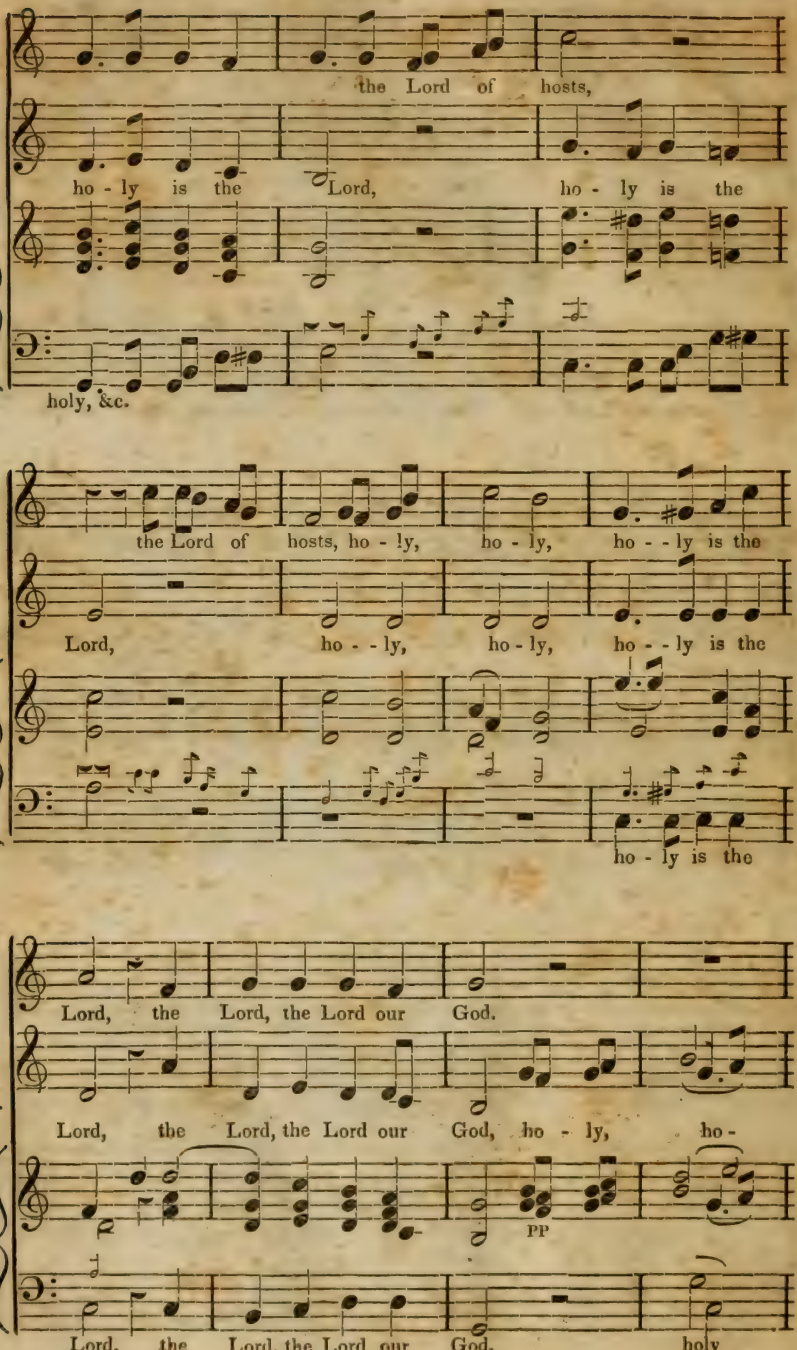


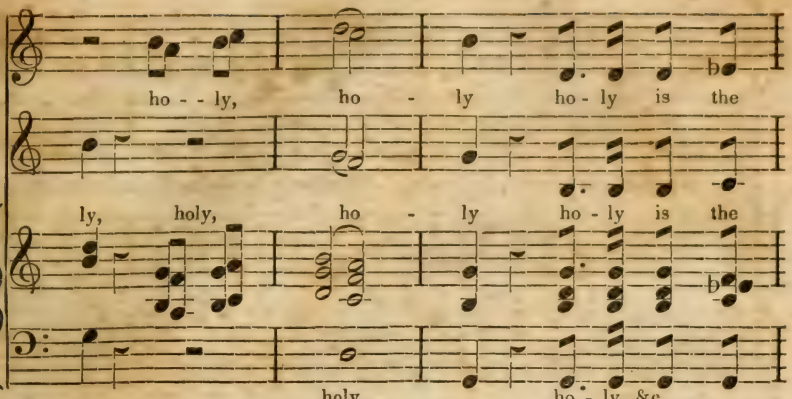
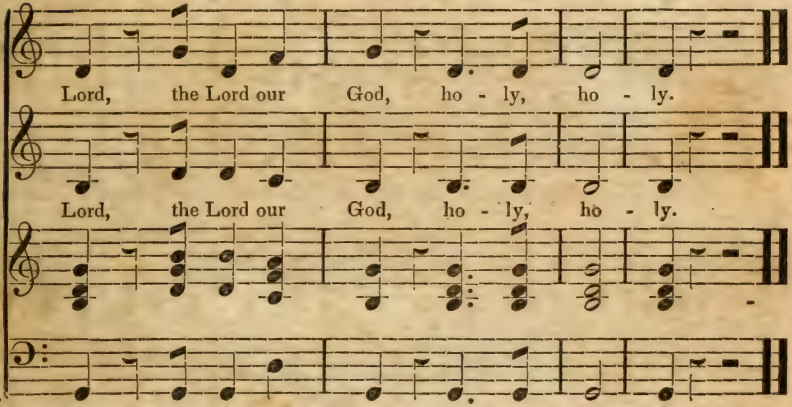


2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine,
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

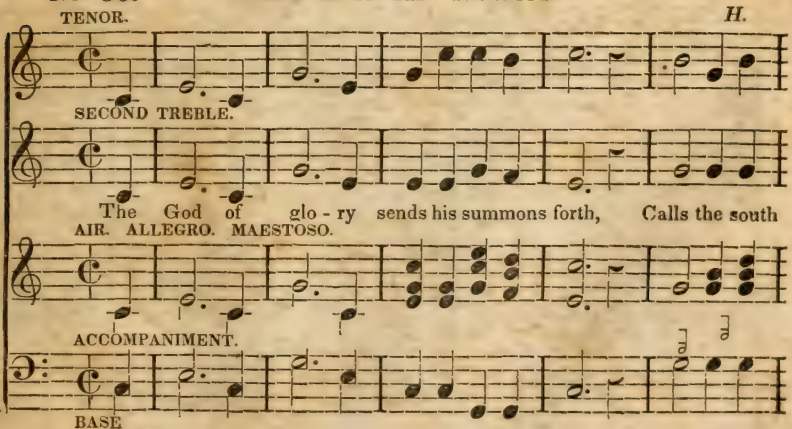
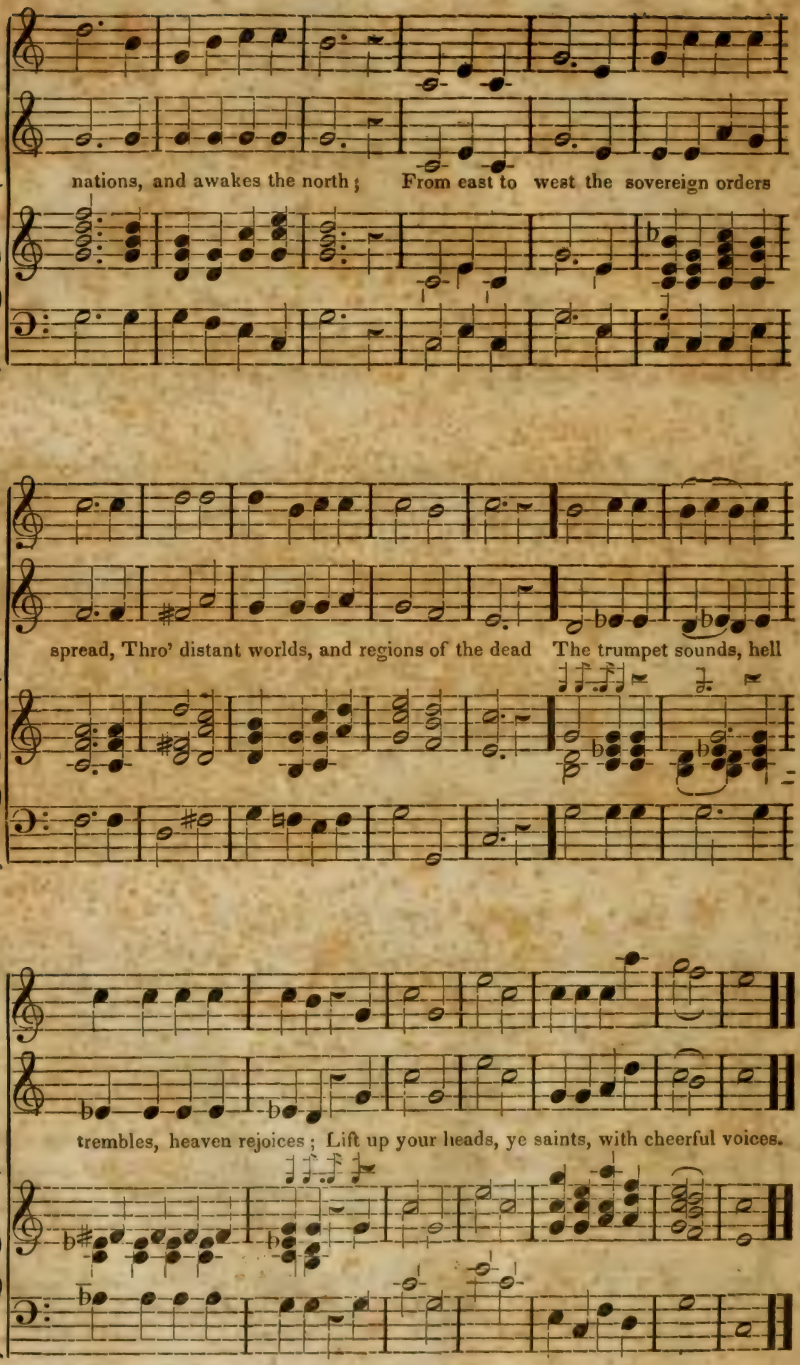
NO. 49. SANCTUS.




FORTE.
Lord, the Lord our God, Heav'n and earth are full of his
ho - ly is our God. Heav'n and earth are full of his
FORTE.
Hosts, the Lord our God, Heav'n and earth are full of his
glo - ry and ma - jes - ty, heav'n and earth are full of his
glo - ry and ma - jes - ty. Heav'n and earth are
glo - ry and ma - jesty. Heav'n and
glo - ry, full of his glo - ry and ma - jesty.
full of his glo - ry and ma - jesty, ho - ly

the Lord of hosts,
ho - ly is the Lord, ho - ly is the
holy, &c.
the Lord of hosts, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - - ly is the
Lord, ho - - ly, ho - ly, ho - - ly is the
ho - ly is the
Lord, the Lord, the Lord our God.
Lord, the Lord, the Lord our God, ho - ly, ho -
PP
Lord, the Lord, the Lord our God, holy

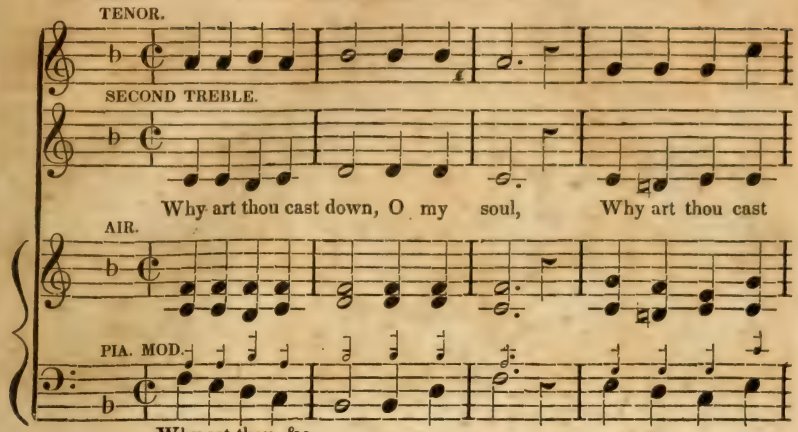


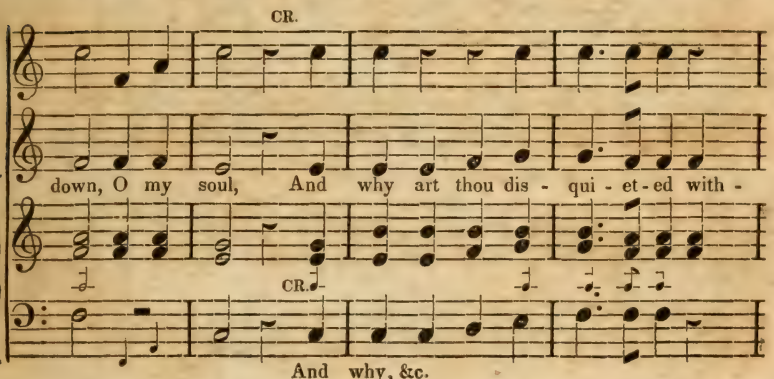
NO. 50. PSALM FIFTIETH. 10's & 11's.

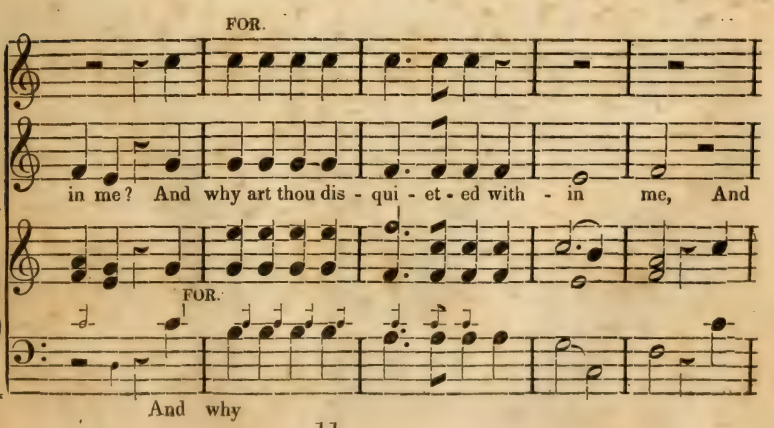


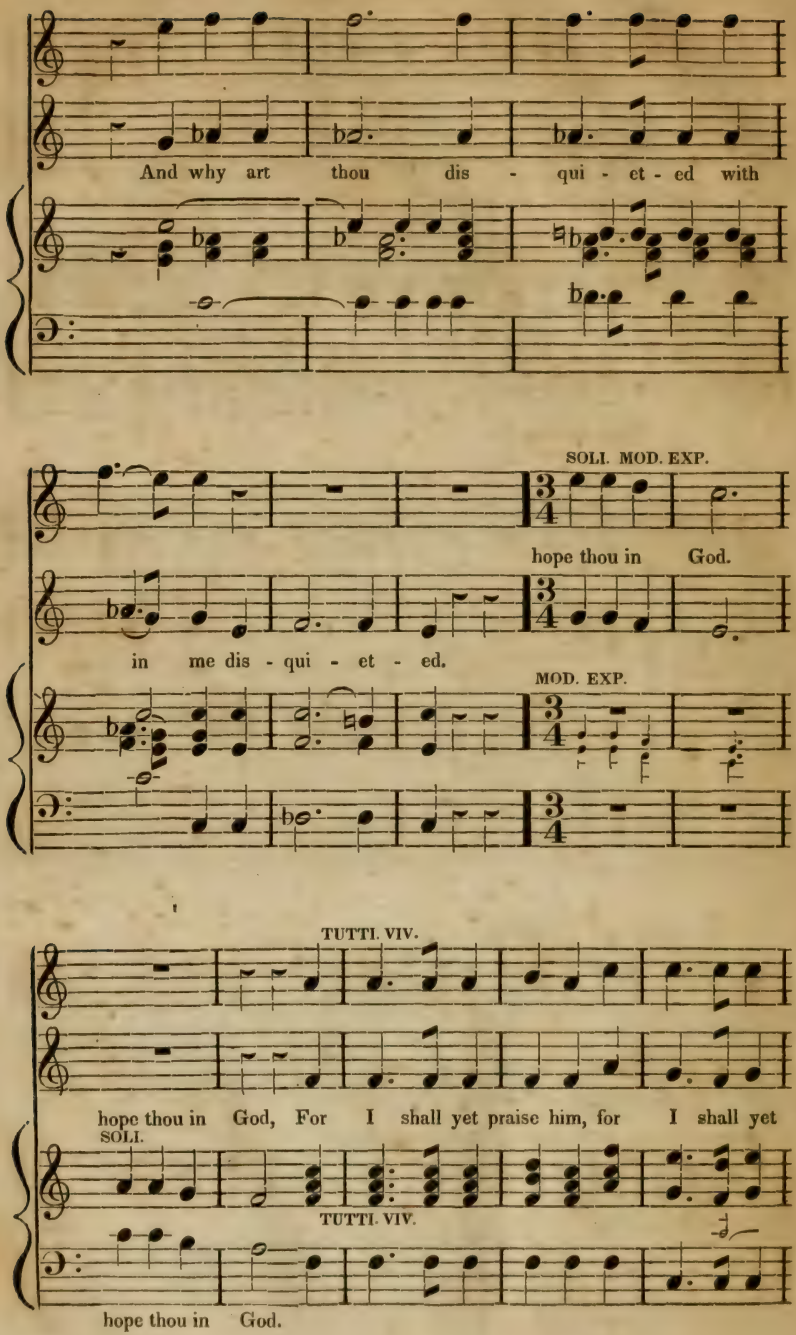
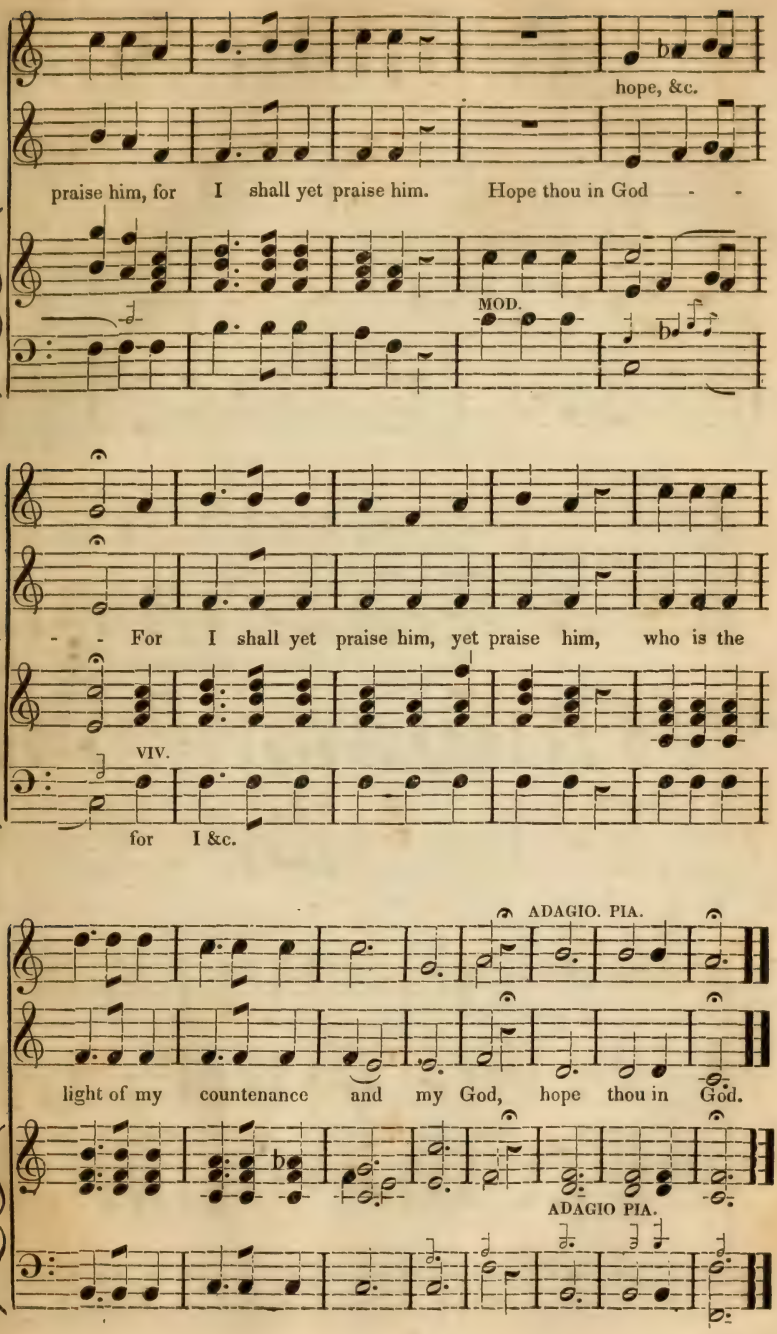
nations, and awakes the north; From east to west the sovereign orders
spread, Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead The trumpet sounds, hell
trembles, heaven rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

NO. 51. ANTHEM,—FROM PSALM 42.



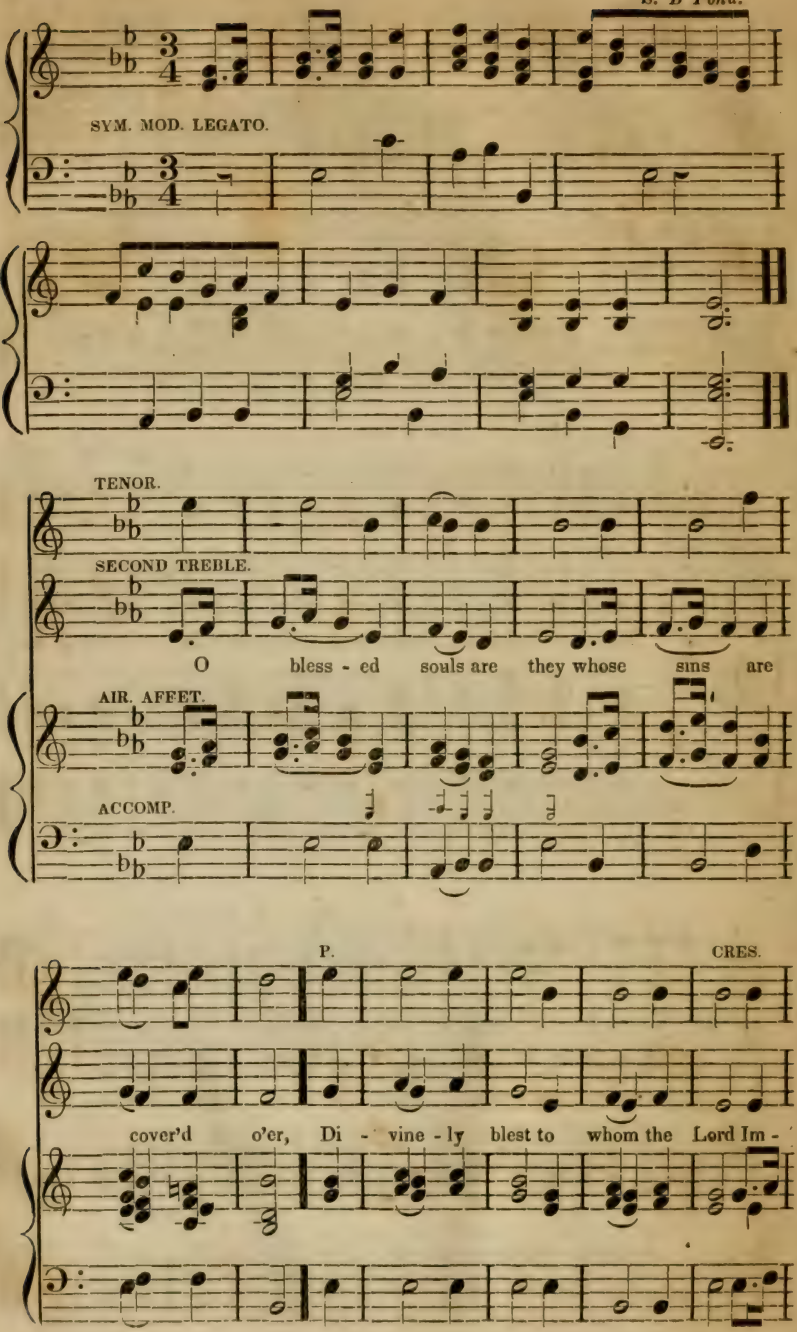


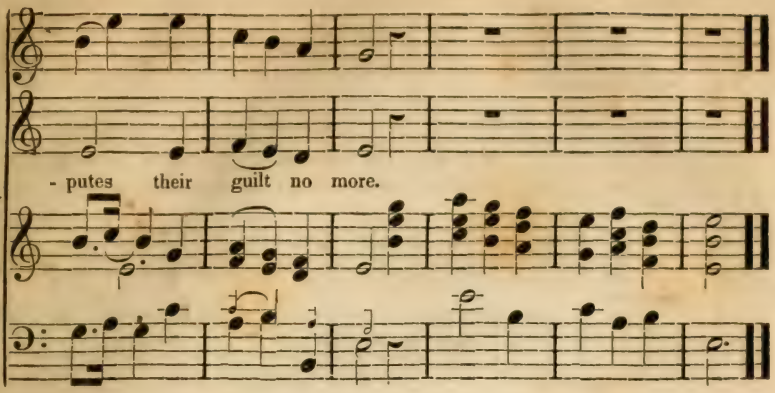



And why art thou dis - qui - et - ed with
SOLI. MOD. EXP.
hope thou in God.
in me dis - qui - et - ed.
MOD. EXP.
TUTTI. VIV.
hope thou in God, For I shall yet praise him, for I shall yet
SOLI.
TUTTI. VIV.
hope thou in God.

hope, &c.
praise him, for I shall yet praise him. Hope thou in God - -
MOD.
- - For I shall yet praise him, yet praise him, who is the
VIV.
for I &c.
ADAGIO. PIA.
light of my countenance and my God, hope thou in God.
ADAGIO PIA.

NO. 52. CATHARINE-STREET,—S. M.

S. B Pond.





1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their sins no more.

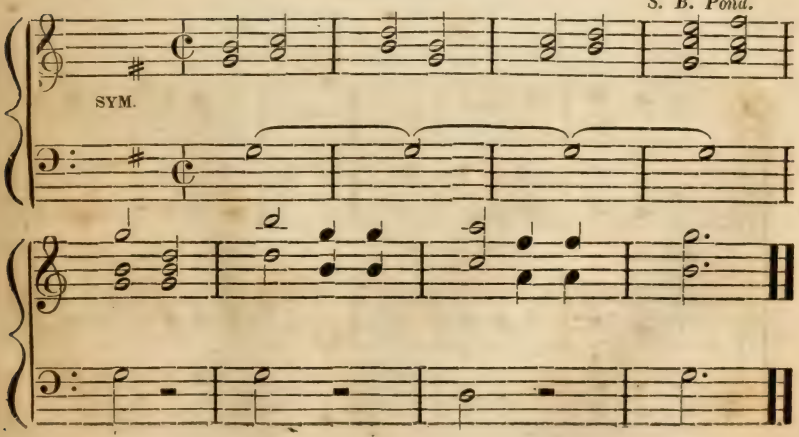
2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

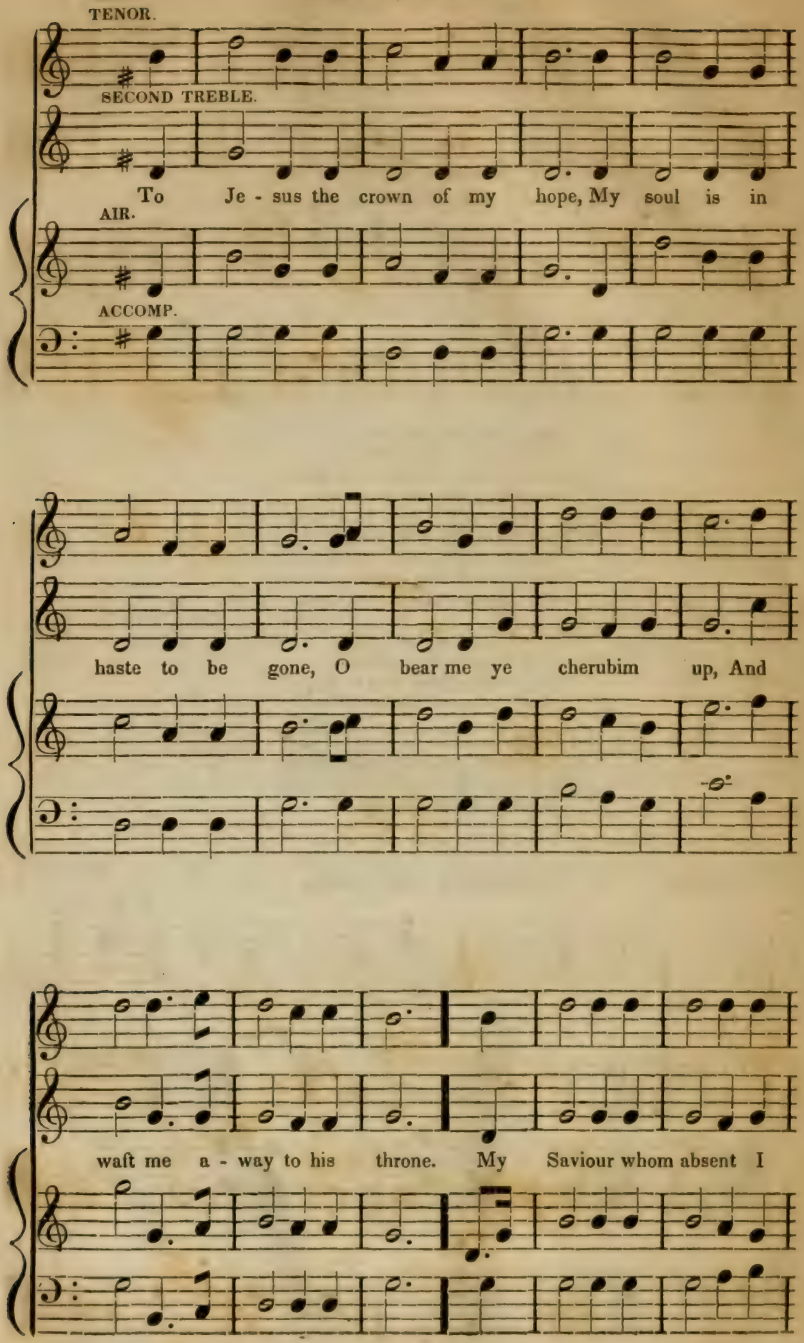
3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound:
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

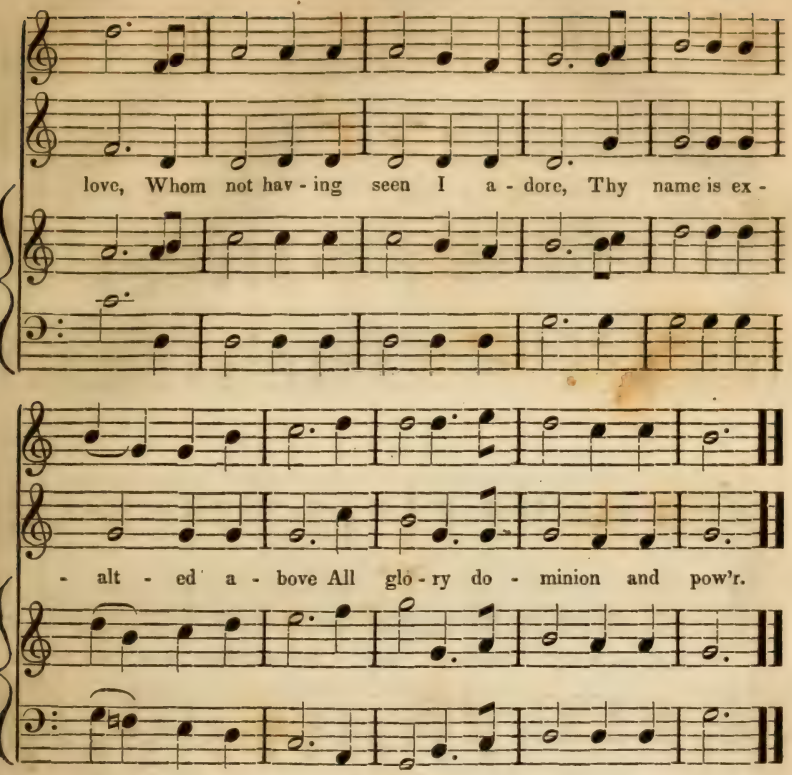
4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

NO. 53. MADISON. 8's. Double.

S. B. Pond.




TENOR.
SECOND TREBLE.
To Je - sus the crown of my hope, My soul is in
AIR.
ACCOMP.
haste to be gone, O bear me ye cherubim up, And
waft me a - way to his throne. My Saviour whom absent I



1 To Jesus the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and pow'r;

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

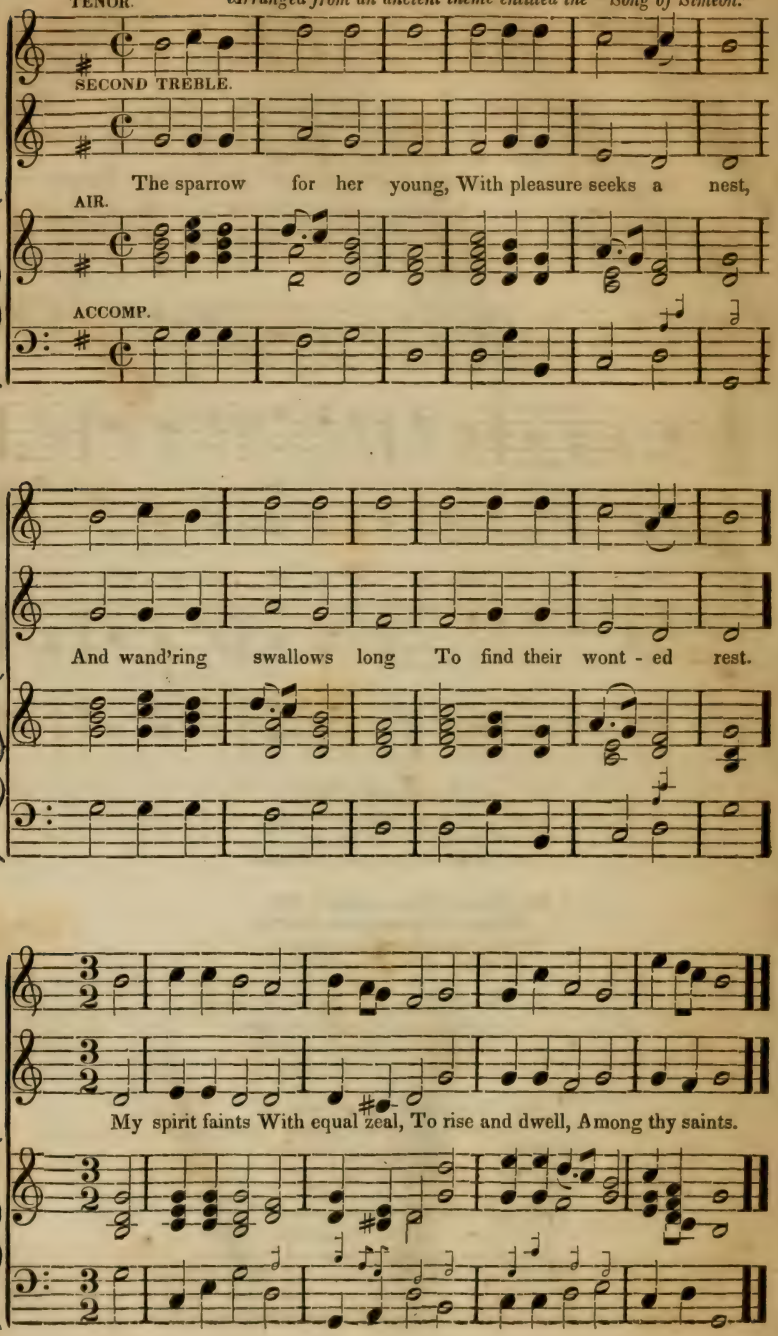
4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;

5 O, then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall see him whom absent I lov'd,
Whom not having seen I ador'd.—*Cowper.**

* His last hymn, finished by another hand subsequent to his decease.

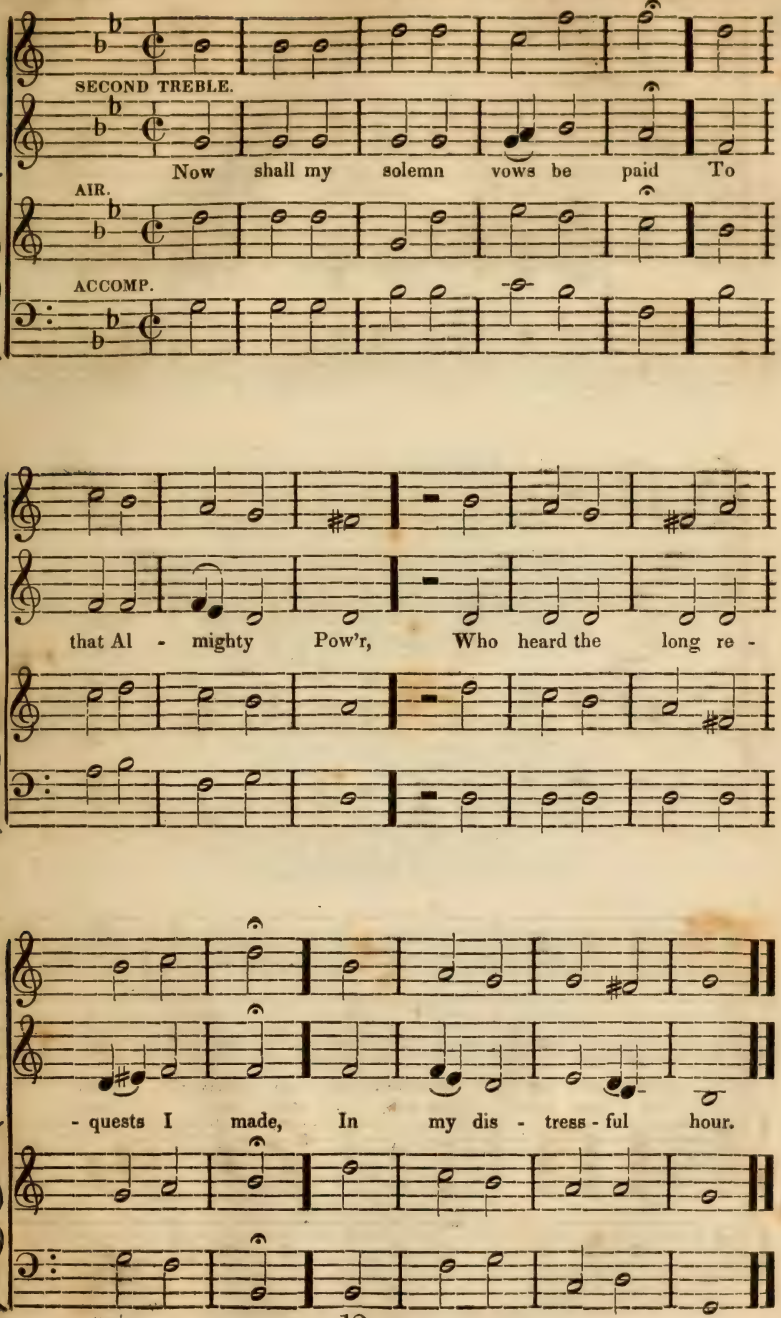
NO. 54. ROME. H. M.

Arranged from an ancient theme entitled the "Song of Simeon."



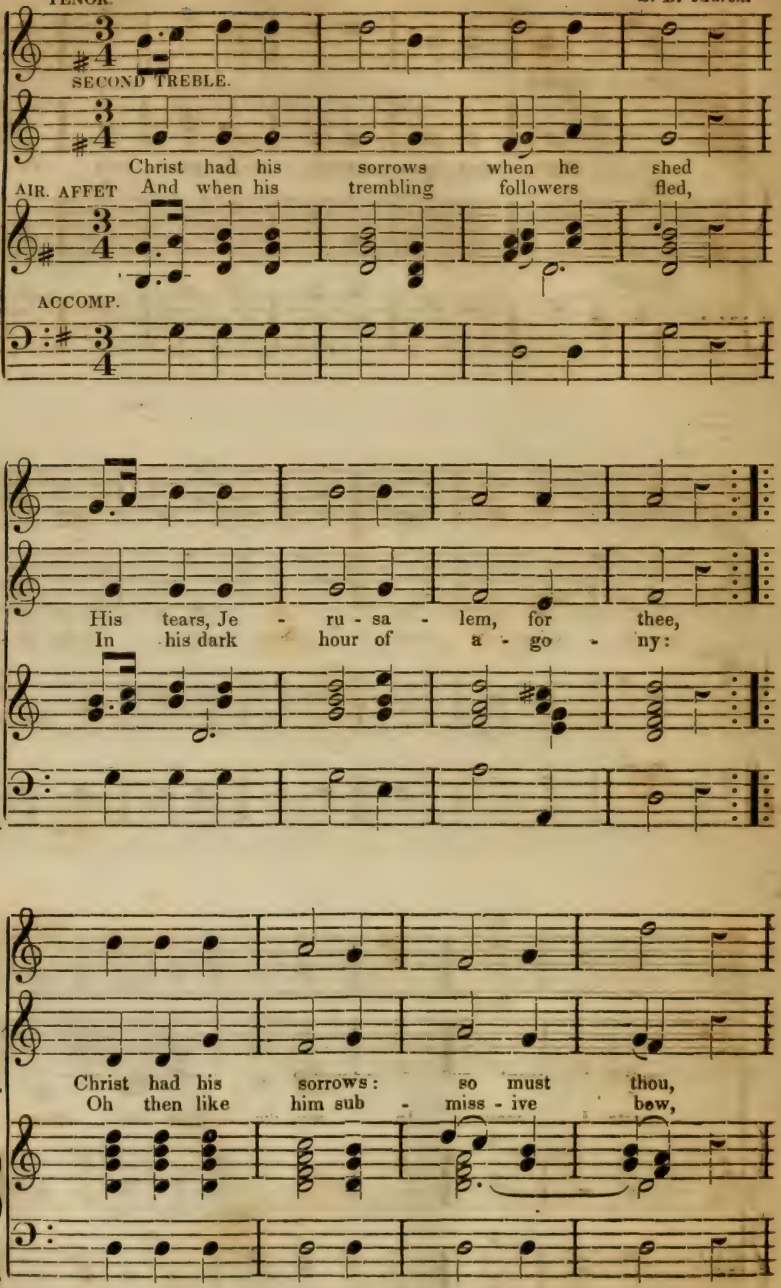
NO. 54. PSALM 66. C. M.

TENOR. *Arranged from an old melody of the Reformers.*

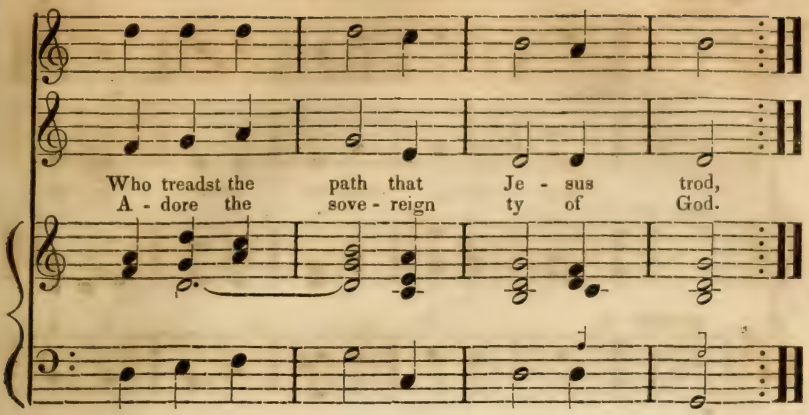


NO. 55. OLIVET. L. M. D.*

S. B. Marsh.



* Or 6 lines by omitting the last repeat.



CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

1 Christ had his sorrows: when he shed
His tears, Jerusalem, for thee!
And when his trembling followers fled,
In his dark hour of agony.
Christ had his sorrows: so must thou,
Who treads the path that Jesus trod:
Oh, then, like him submissive bow,
Adore the sovereignty of God.

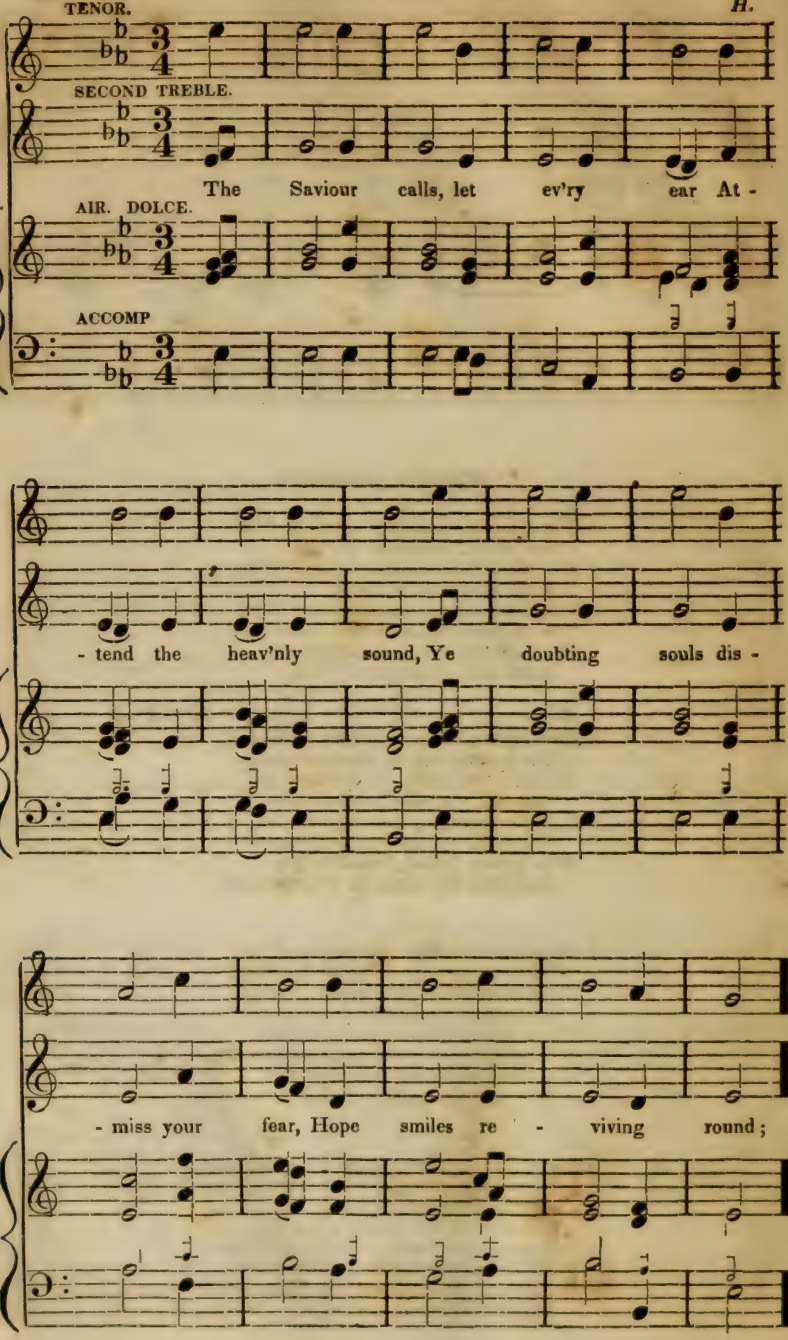
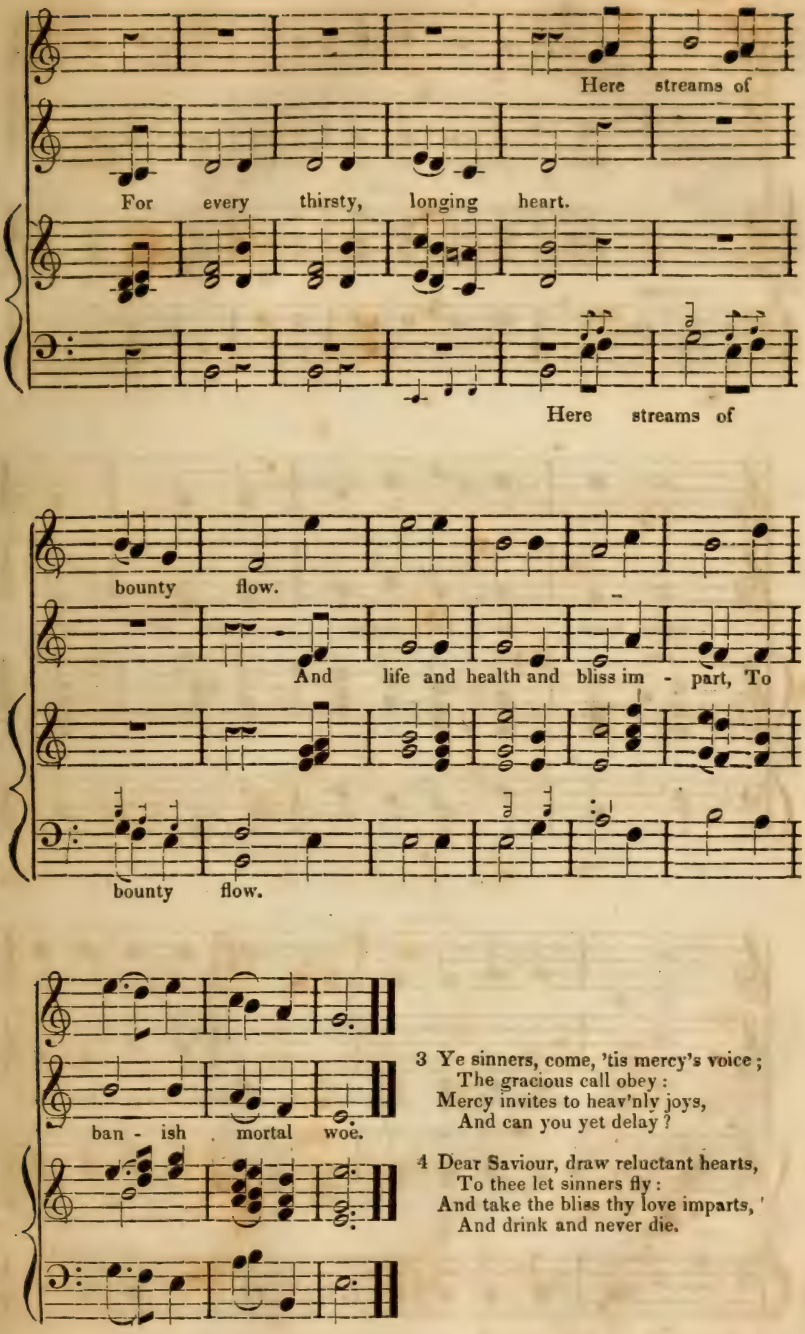
2 Christ had his joys: but they were not
The joys the son of pleasure boasts;
Oh no! 'twas when his spirit sought
Thy will, thy glory, God of hosts!
Christ had his joys: and so hath he
Who feels the spirit in his heart—
Who yields, O God, his all to thee,
And loves thy name for what thou art.

3 Christ had his foes: the prince of hell
With all his legions sought his death!
See human hearts with malice swell,
And murder feign affection's breath!
Christ had his foes: and so, if thou
Shalt with him walk and near him live,
The cruel world will hate thee now,
And *thou* shalt suffer—and forgive.

4 Christ had his friends: his eye could trace,
Through the long train of coming years,
The chosen children of his grace,
The full reward of all his tears!
Christ had his friends: and *his* are *thine*,
If thou to him hast bowed the knee;
And where those ransomed millions shine
Shall thy eternal mansion be.—*Christian Psalmist.*

NO. 56. BLACKBURN. C. M. D.

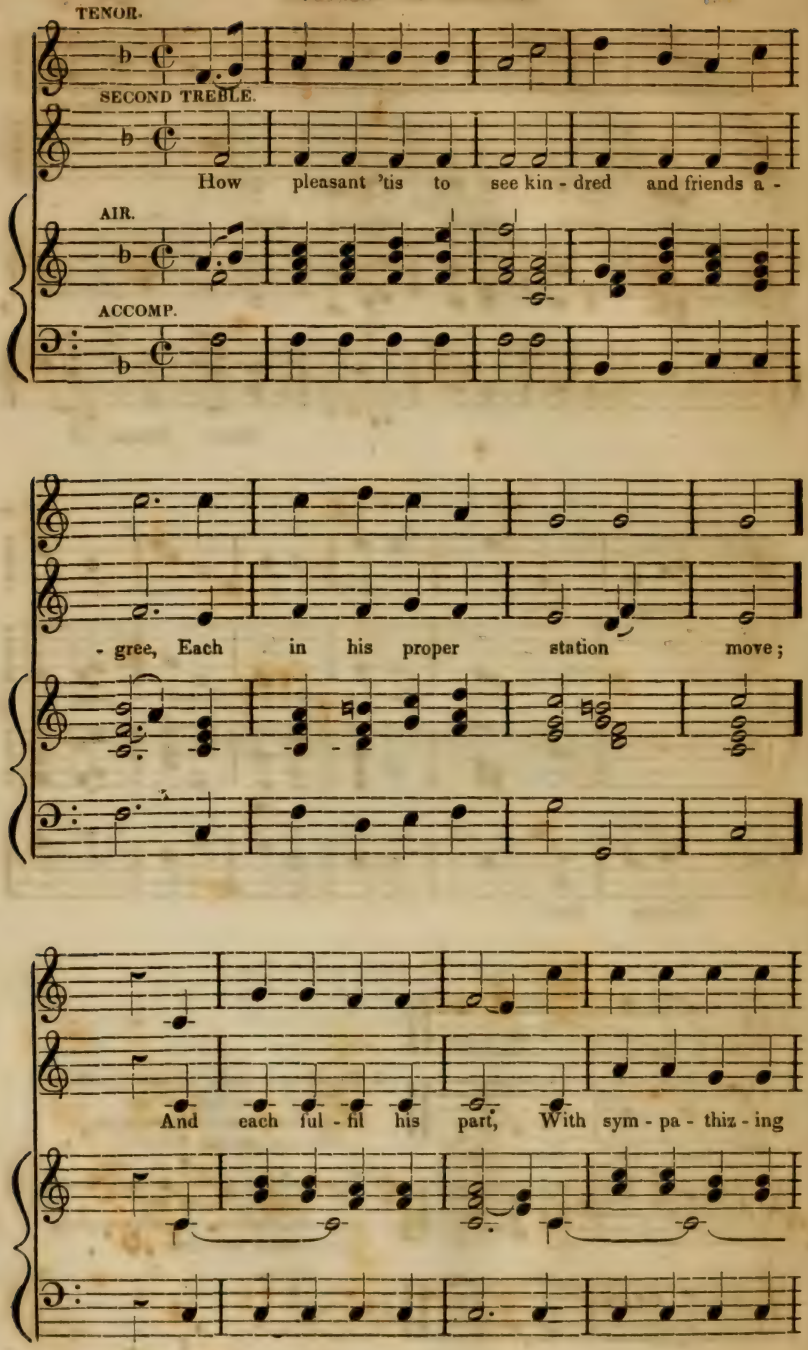
H.

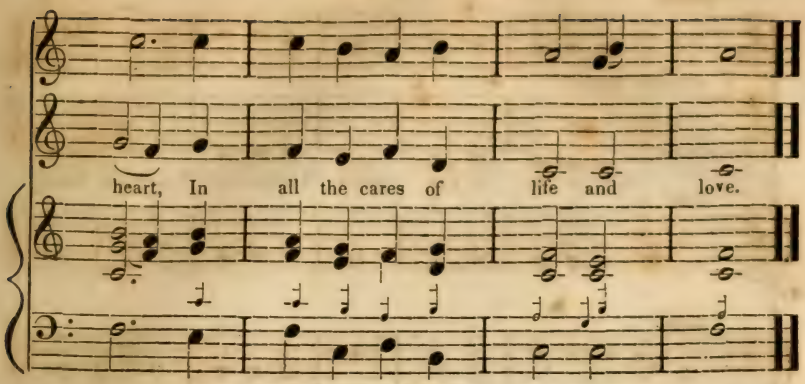


3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly:
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

NO. 57. PSALM 133. S. P. M.





CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

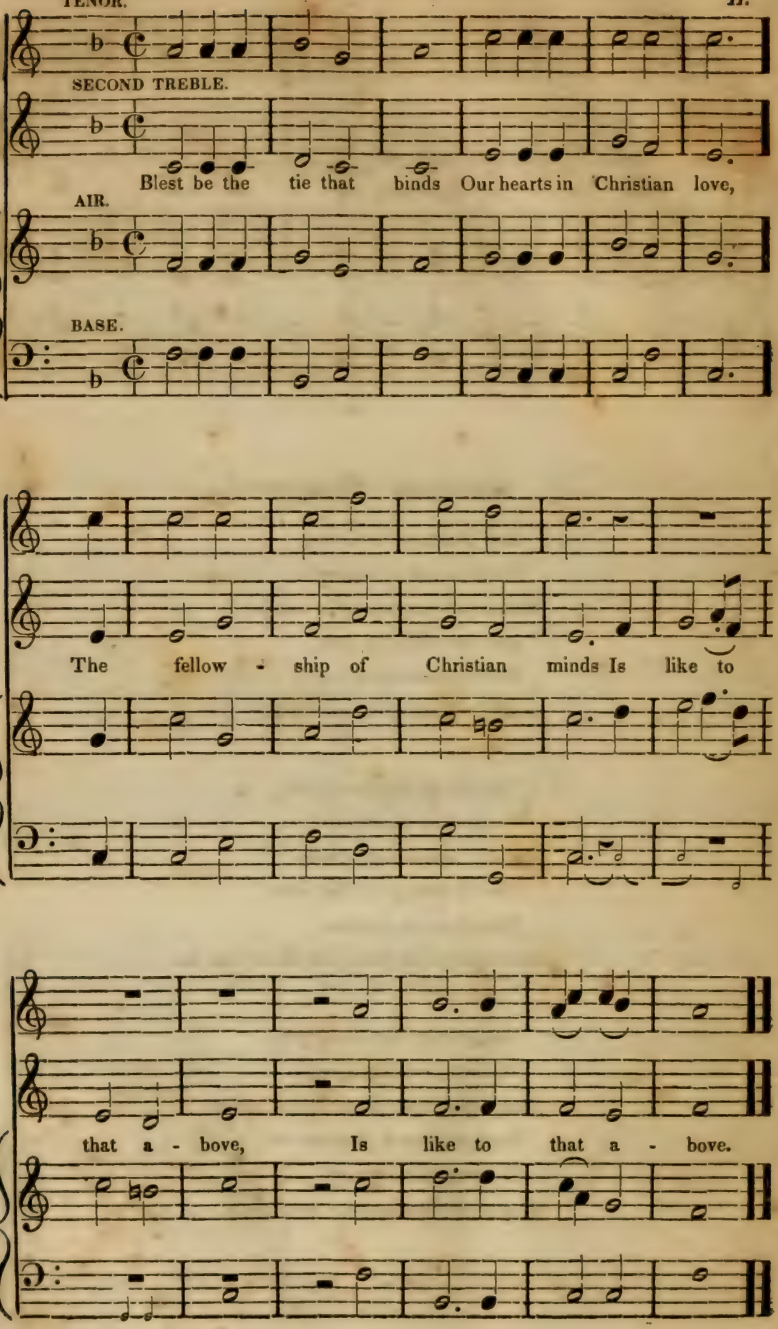
1 How pleasant 'tis to see,
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move:
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a rich perfume,
Ran through his robes, and bless'd his feet.

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills:
Such streams of pleasure roll,
To every friendly soul,
Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

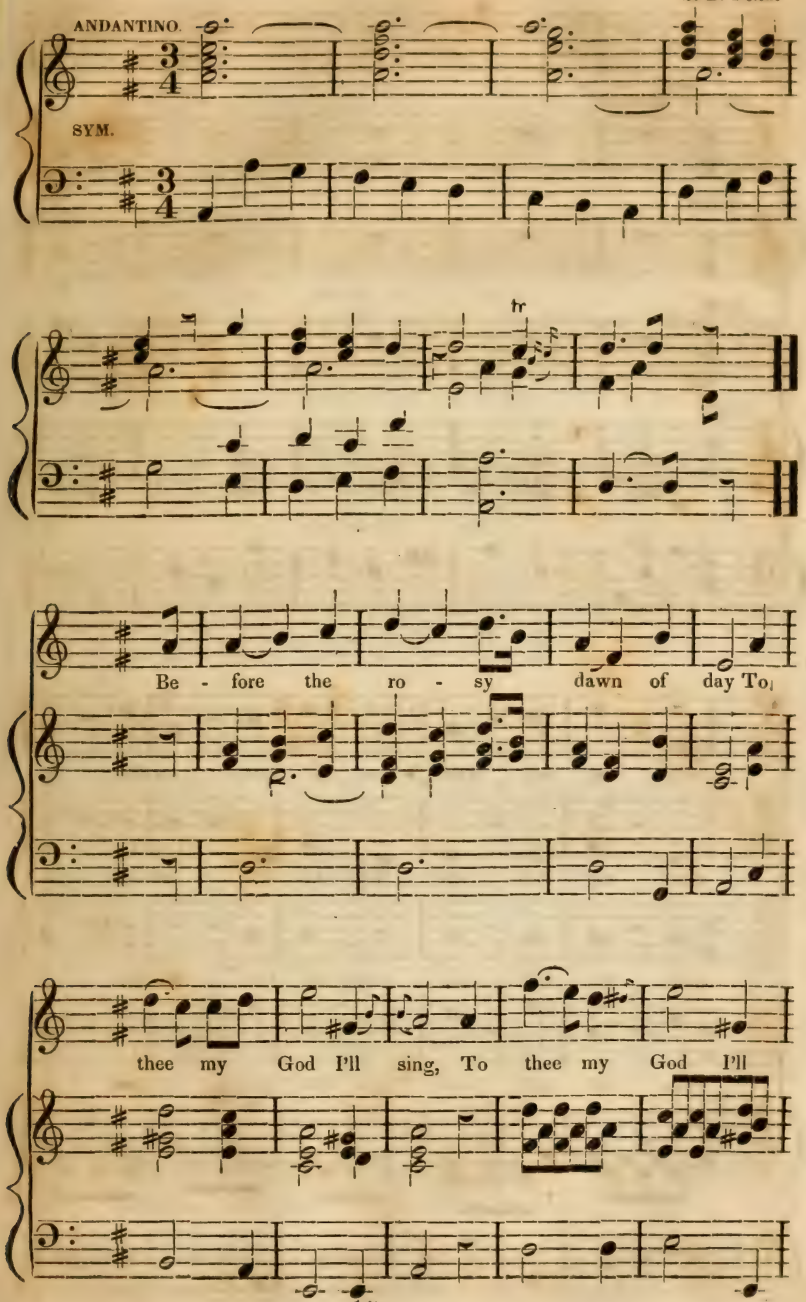
NO. 58. UNION. S. M.

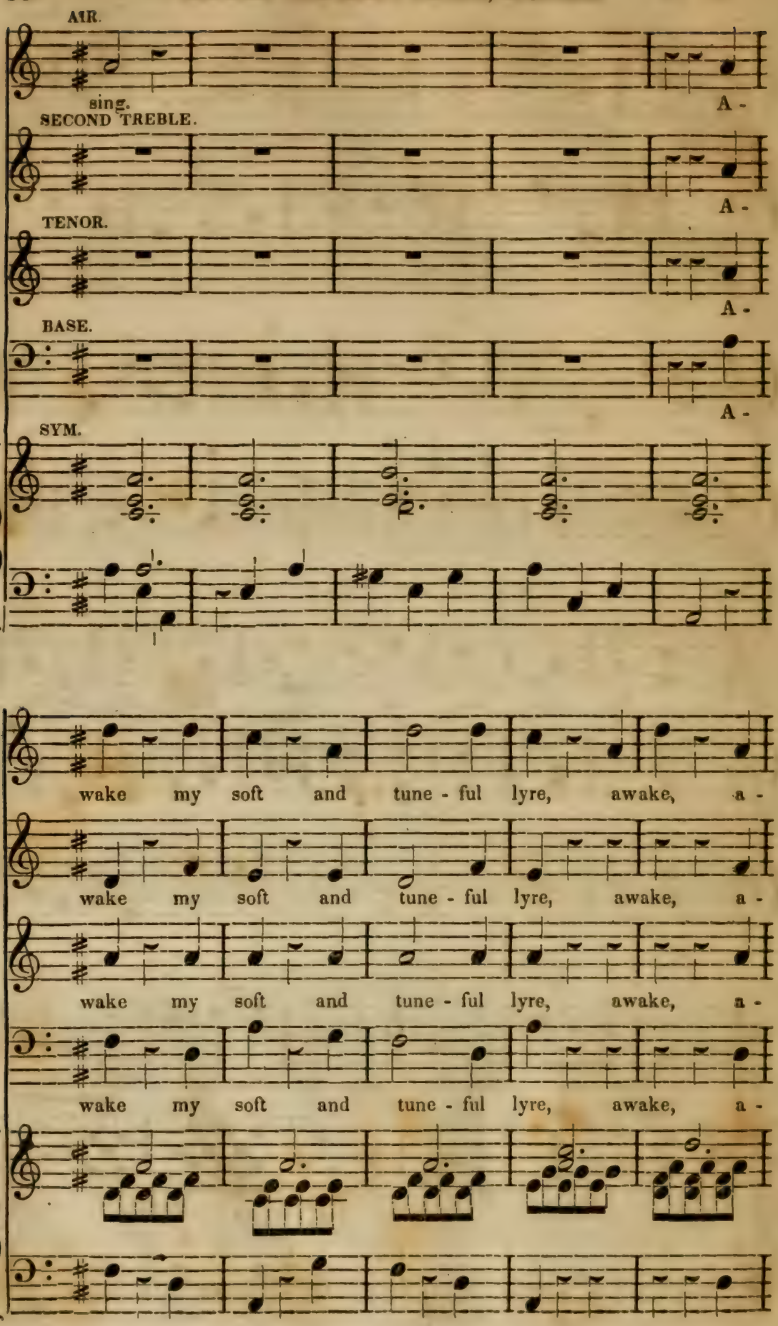
H.

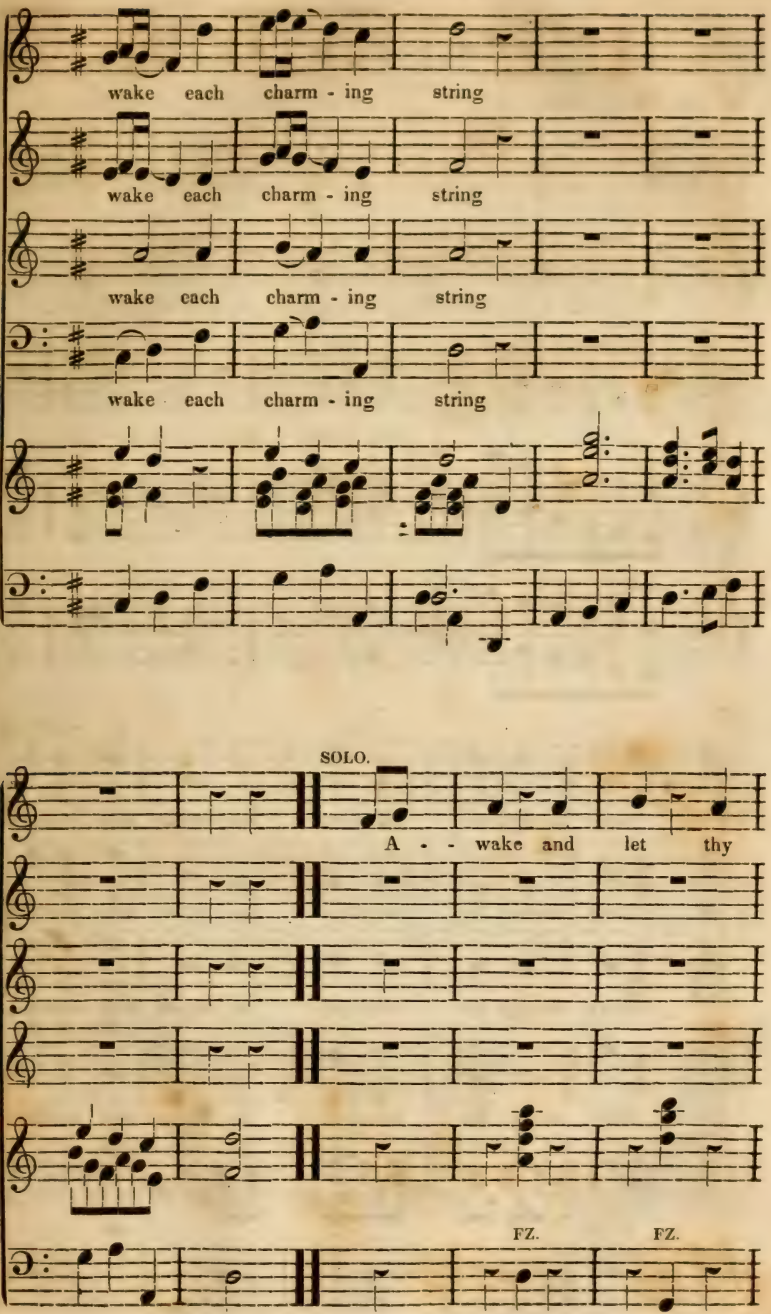


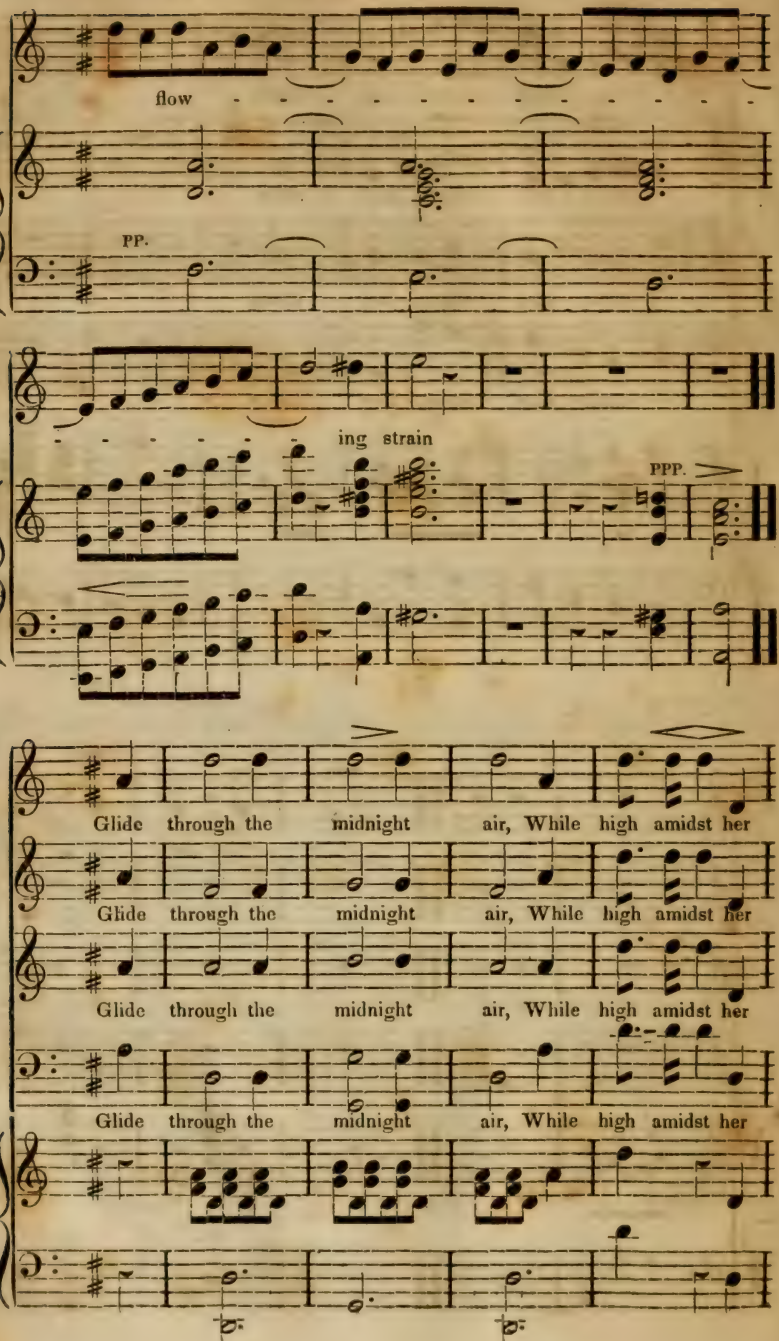
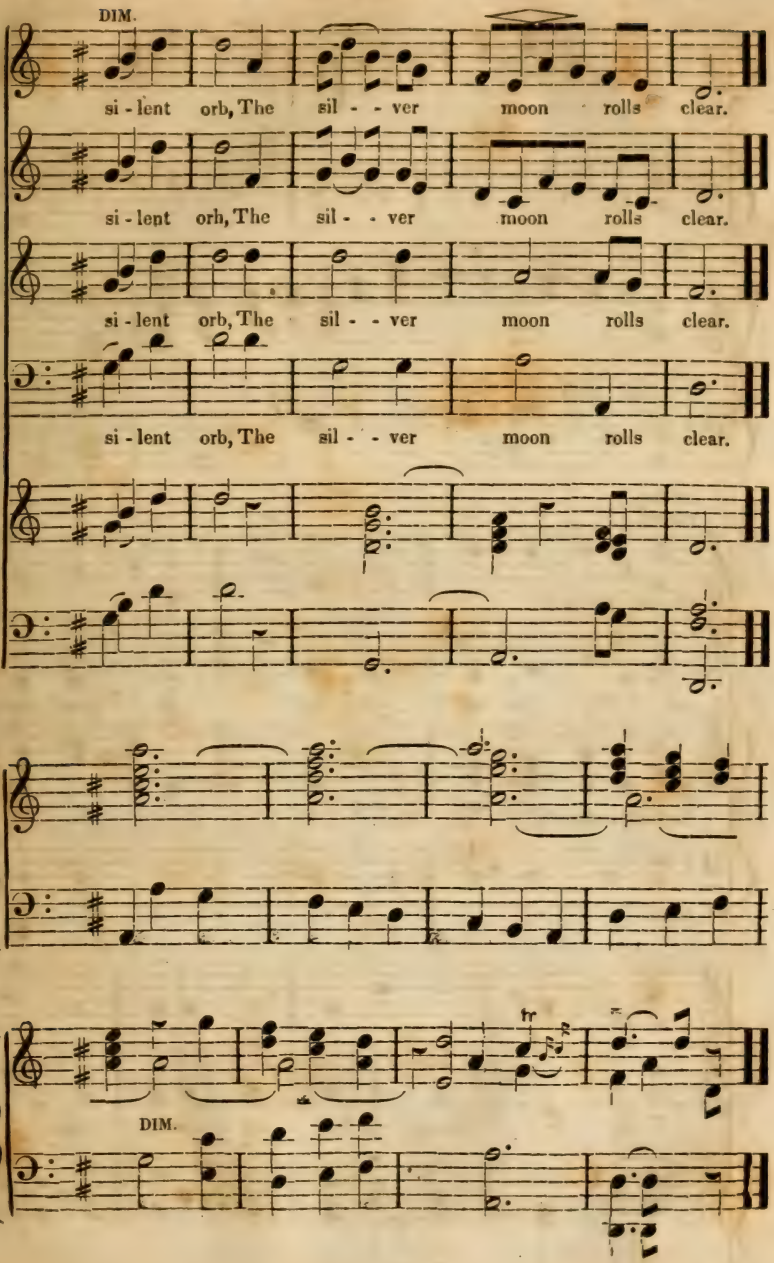
NO. 39. BEFORE THE ROSY DAWN, *A QUARTETTE.*

S. B. Pond.



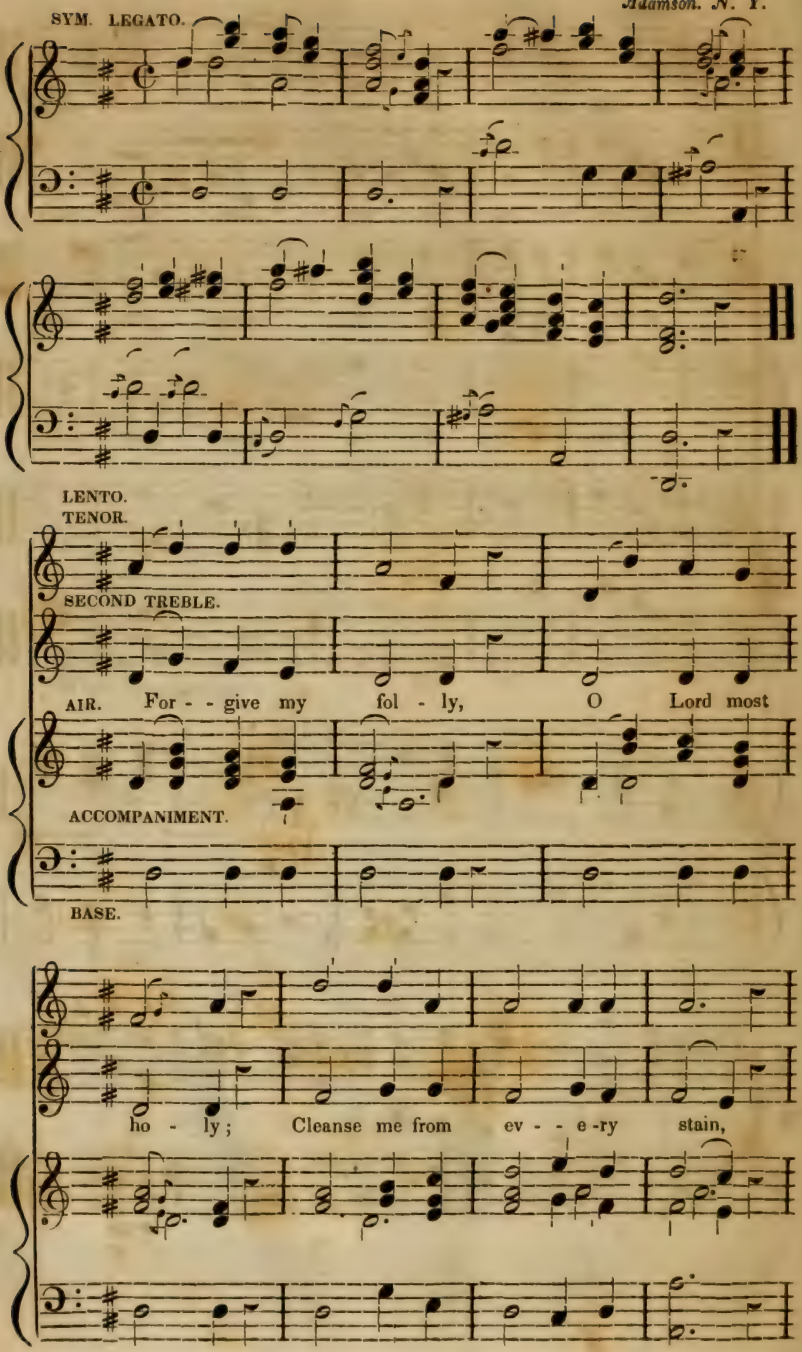
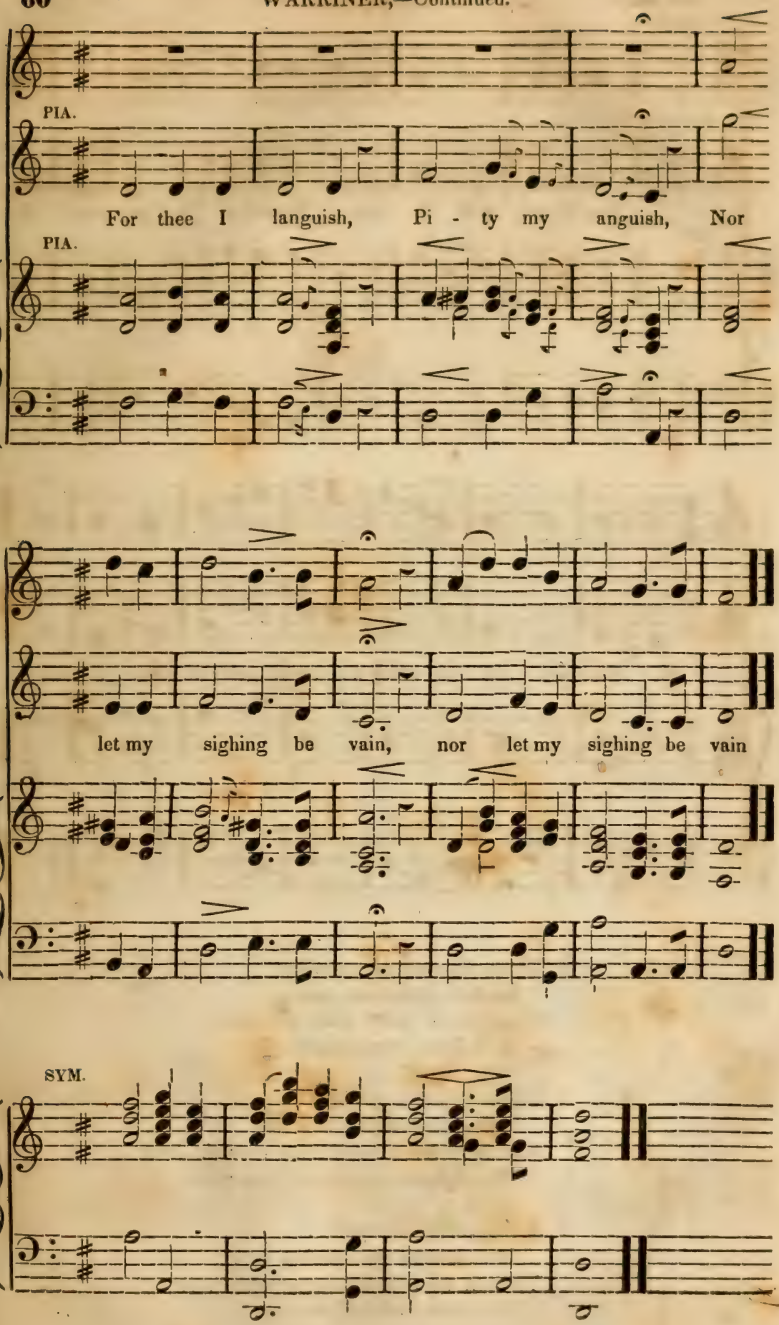

AIR.
sing.
A -
SECOND TREBLE.
A -
TENOR.
A -
BASE.
A -
SYM.
wake my soft and tune - ful lyre, awake, a -
wake my soft and tune - ful lyre, awake, a -
wake my soft and tune - ful lyre, awake, a -
wake my soft and tune - ful lyre, awake, a -


wake each charm - ing string
wake each charm - ing string
wake each charm - ing string
wake each charm - ing string
SOLO.
A - - wake and let thy
FZ.
FZ.


flow
PP.
ing strain
PPP.
Glide through the midnight air, While high amidst her
Glide through the midnight air, While high amidst her
Glide through the midnight air, While high amidst her
Glide through the midnight air, While high amidst her

DIM.
si - lent orb, The sil - - ver moon rolls clear.
si - lent orb, The sil - - ver moon rolls clear.
si - lent orb, The sil - - ver moon rolls clear.
si - lent orb, The sil - - ver moon rolls clear.
tr
DIM.

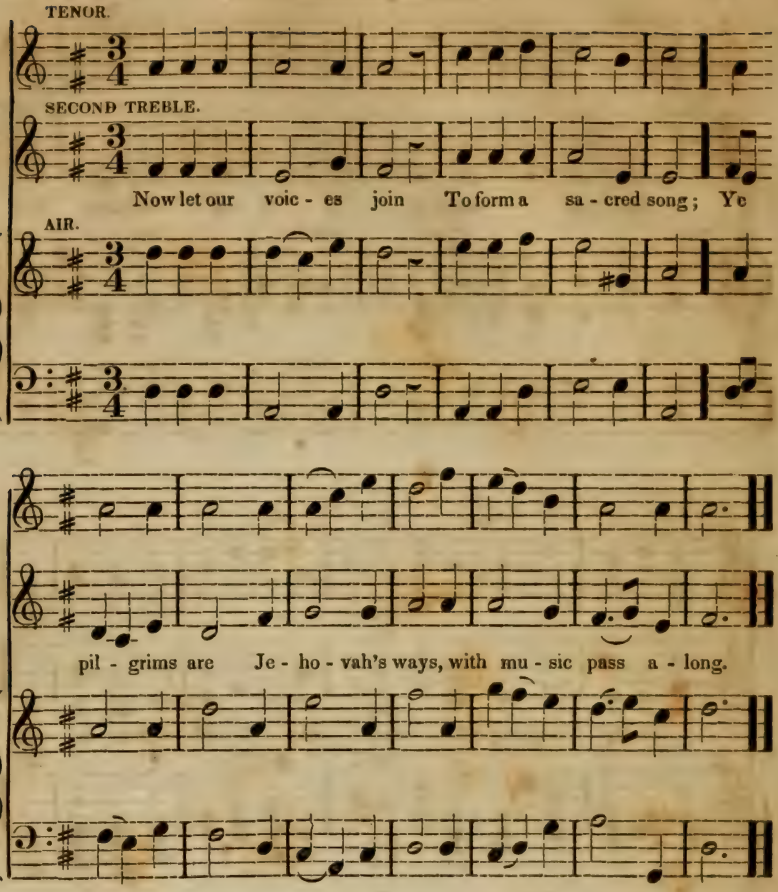
NO 60. WARRINER.

Adamson. N. Y.



PIA.
For thee I languish, Pi - ty my anguish, Nor
PIA.
let my sighing be vain, nor let my sighing be vain
SYM.

NO. 61. KOLLMANN, L. M.

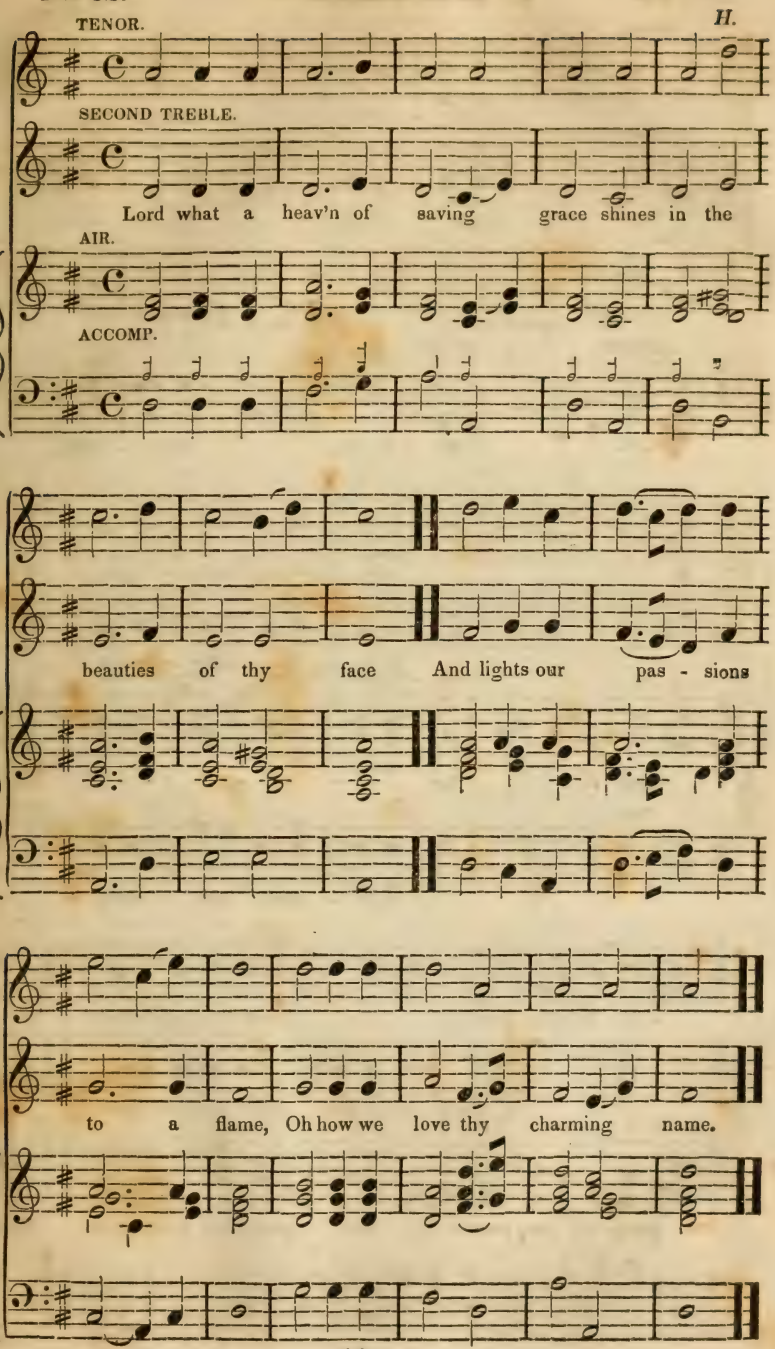


2 There flowers of paradize
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path
And dear companions sing.

3 There Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

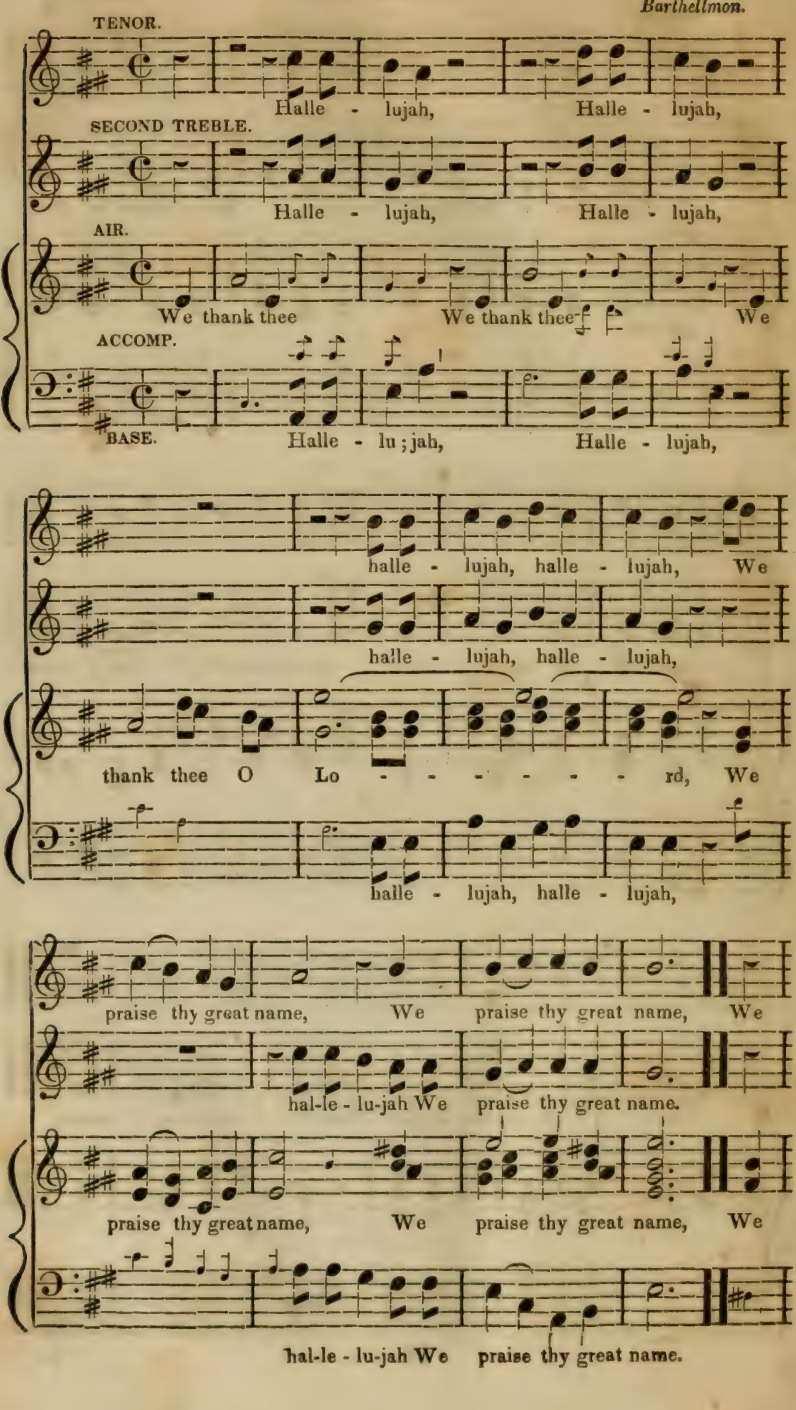
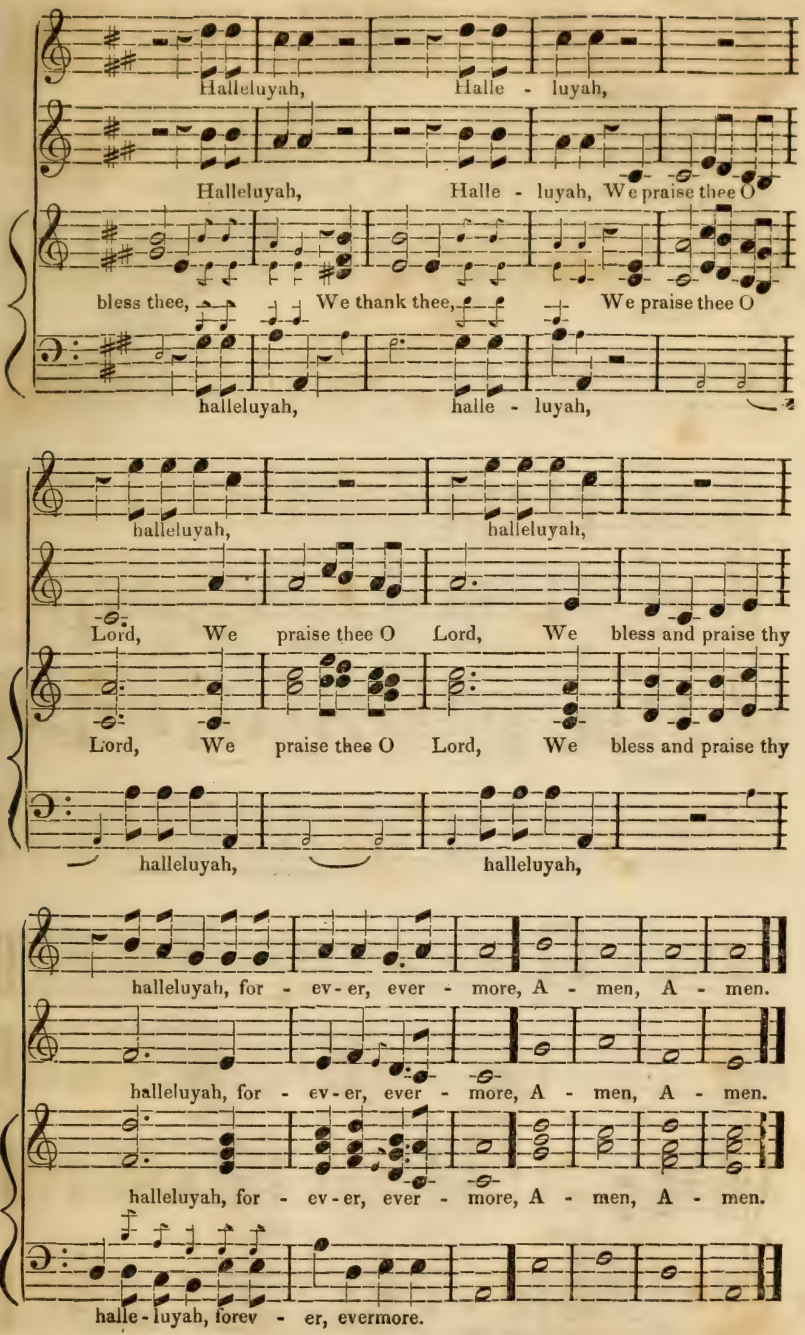
4 All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way;
To him who leads the wandrer's on,
To realms of endless day.

NO. 62. ACHAIA. L. M.



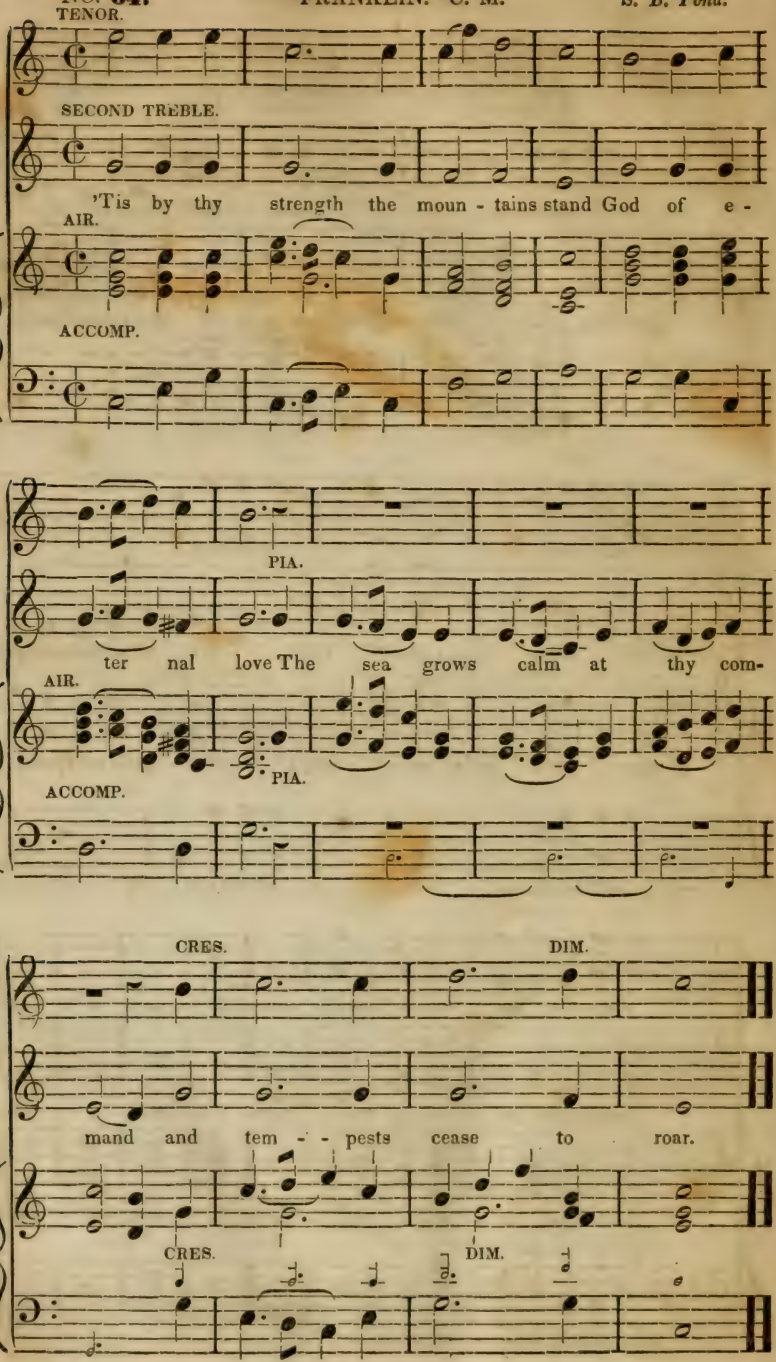
NO. 63. THANKSGIVING.

Barthellmon.

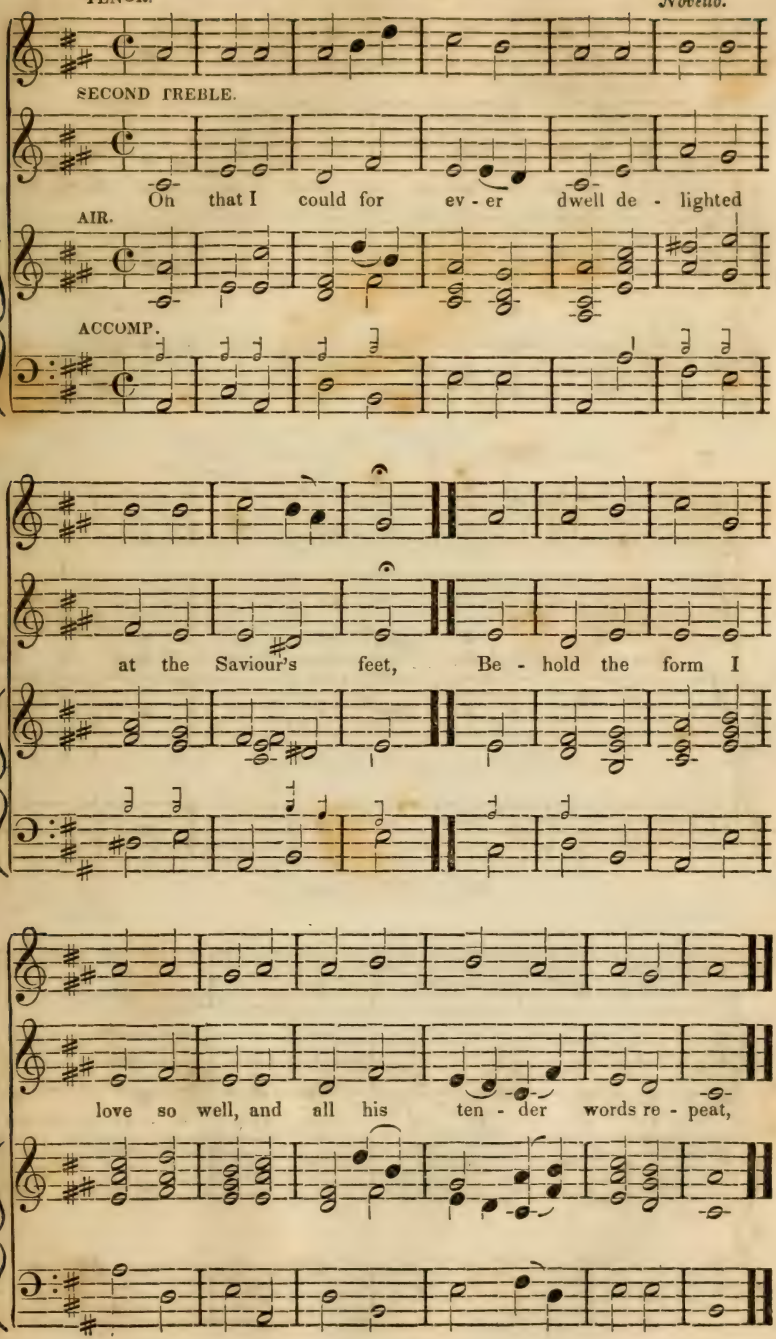


Halleluyah, Halle - luyah,
Halleluyah, Halle - luyah, We praise thee O
bless thee, We thank thee, We praise thee O
halleluyah, halle - luyah,
halleluyah, halleluyah,
Lord, We praise thee O Lord, We bless and praise thy
Lord, We praise thee O Lord, We bless and praise thy
halleluyah, halleluyah,
halleluyah, for - ev - er, ever - more, A - men, A - men.
halleluyah, for - ev - er, ever - more, A - men, A - men.
halleluyah, for - ev - er, ever - more, A - men, A - men.
halle - luyah, forev - er, evermore.

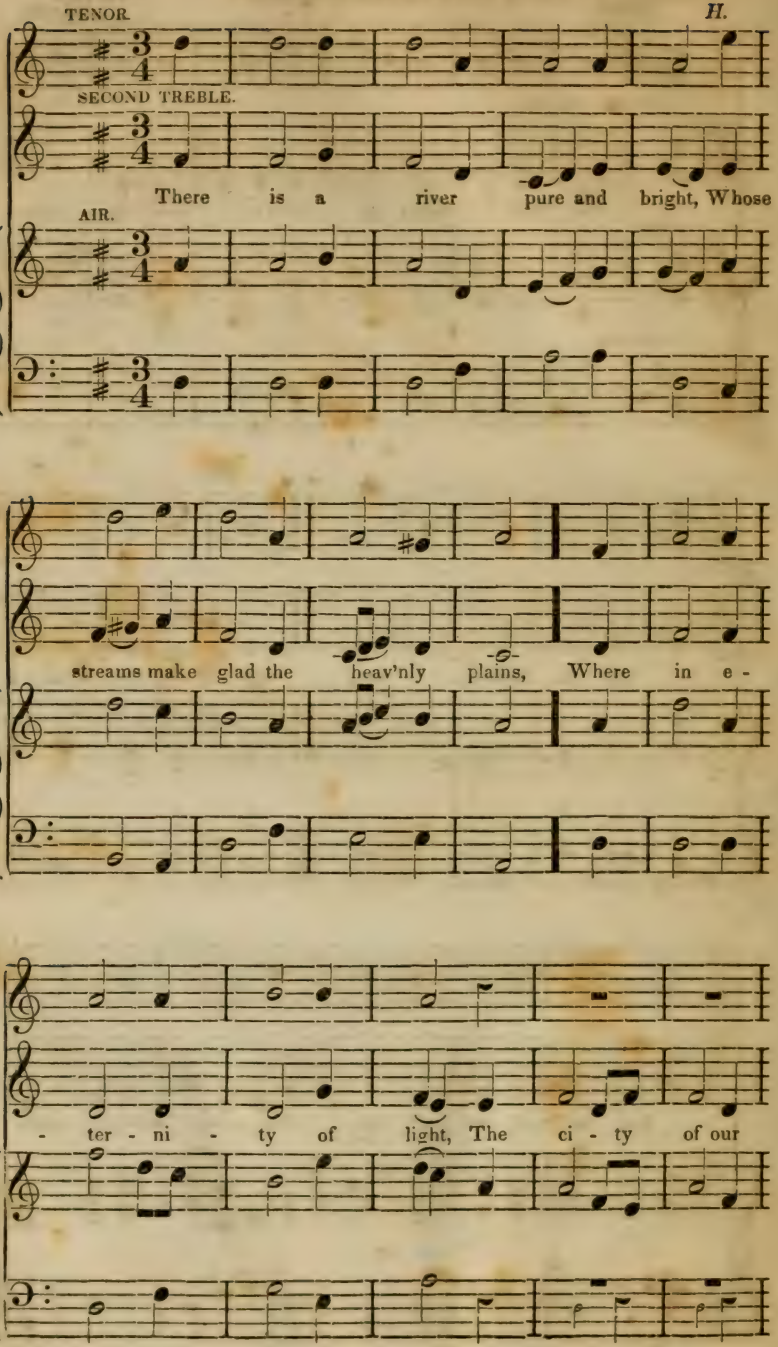
NO. 64. FRANKLIN. C. M. *S. B. Pond.*

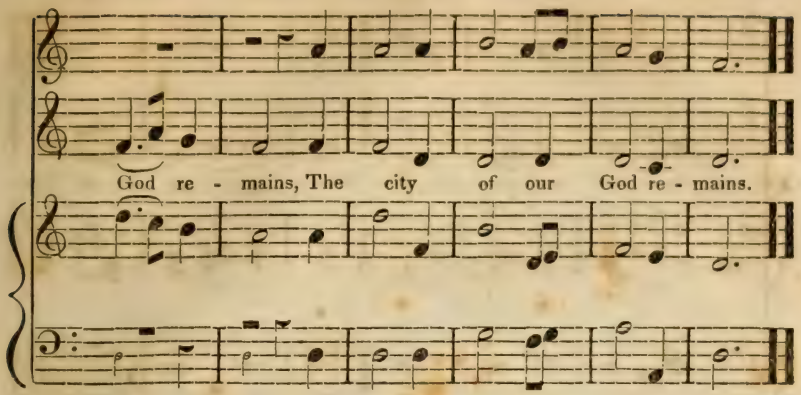


NO. 65. ST. ALBANS. L. M.



NO. 66. PSALM FOURTY-SIX. L. M.





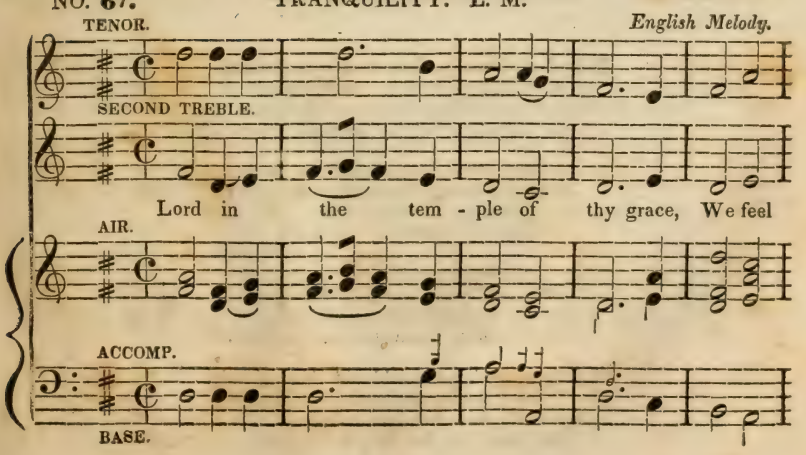
1 THERE is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heav'nly plains,
Where, in eternity of light
The city of our God remains.

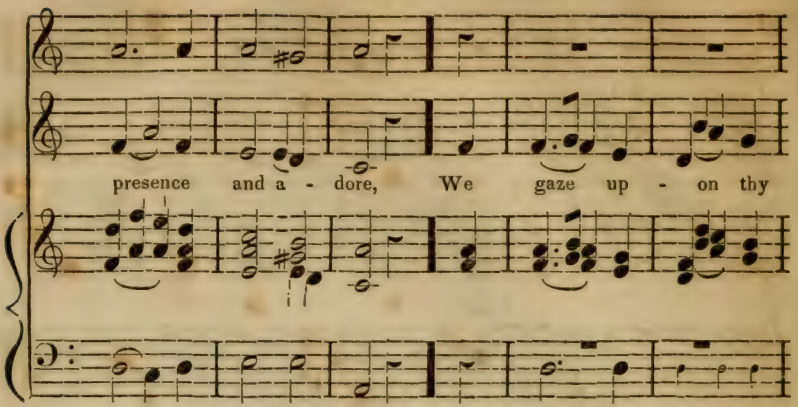
2 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand:
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

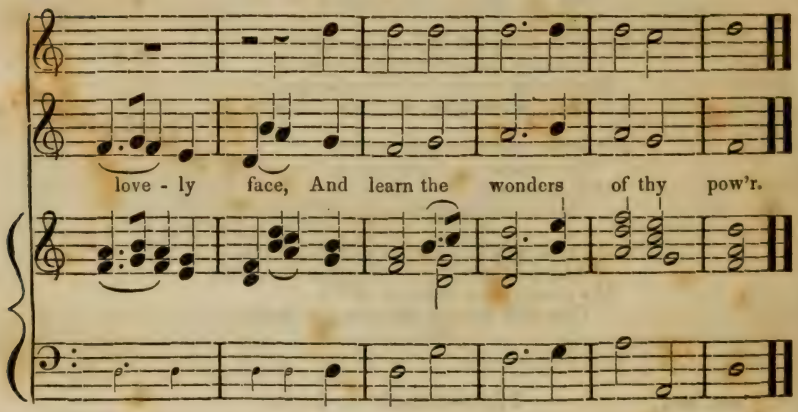
3 Thither let fervent faith aspire,
Our treasure and our heart be there;
O for a seraph's wing of fire!
No—for the mightier wings of prayer!

4 Now, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulph be hurl'd;
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

NO. 67. TRANQUILITY. L. M.







2 And while our various wants we mourn,
And lift to heav'n the tearful eye;
Our prayers bring down a quick return
Of blessings from the boundless sky.

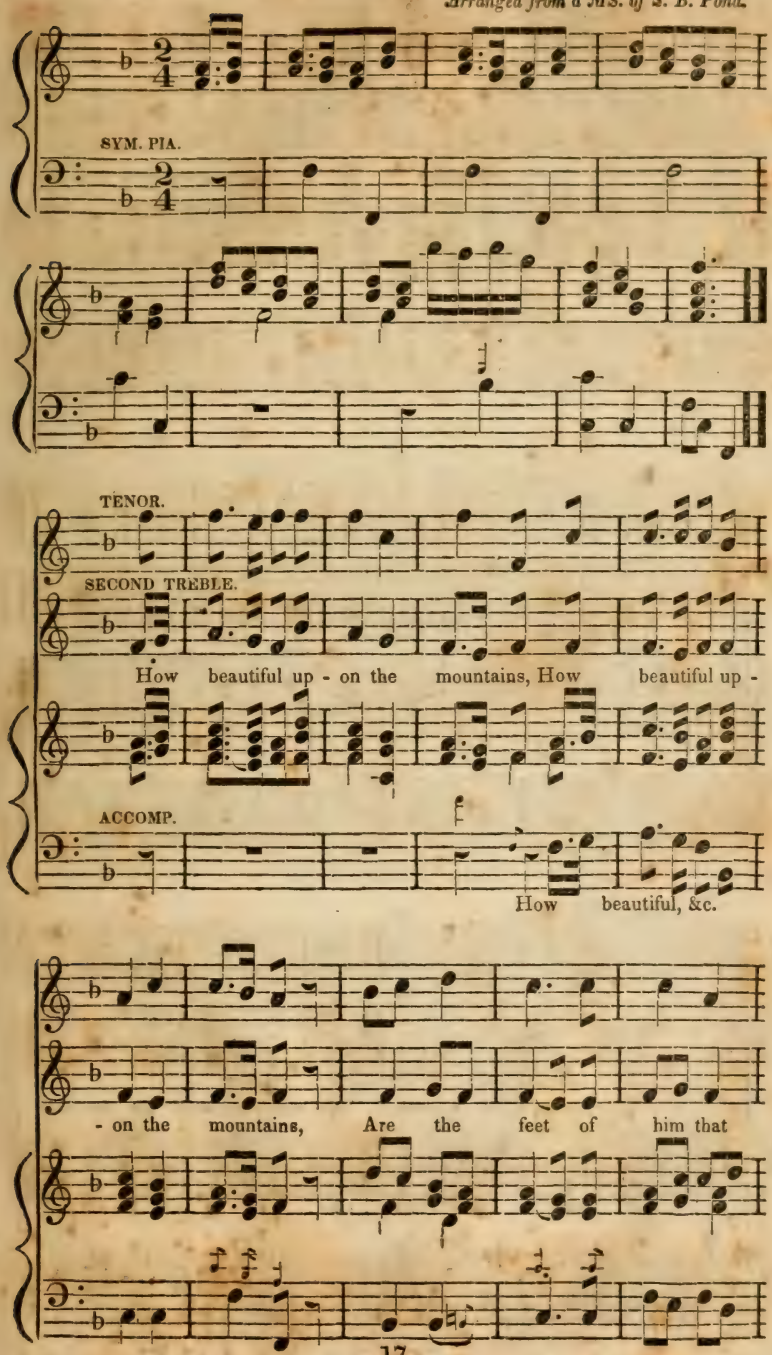
3 And when with inward strife we groan,
Here we receive some cheering word:
And gird the gospel armor on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

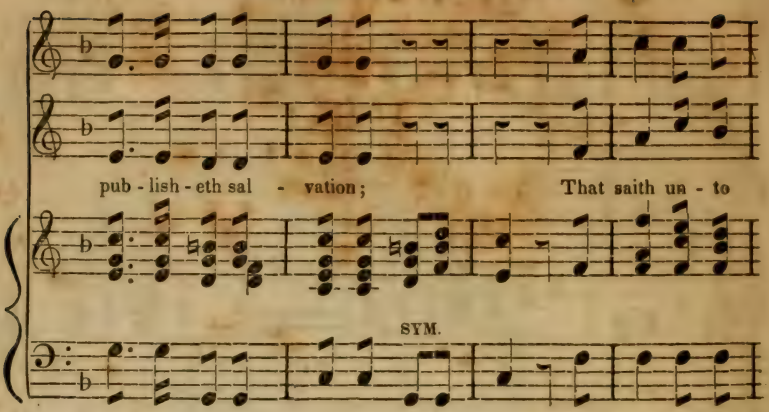
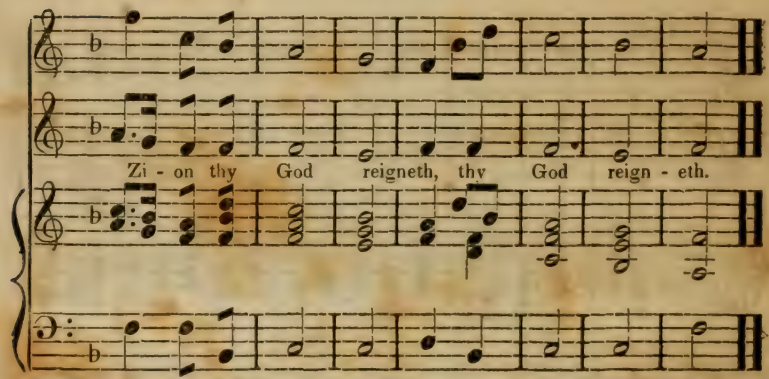
4 Or if the fainting spirit lies
Burden'd by sin and fill'd with fear,
The sun of righteousness will rise,
With healing beams the soul to cheer.

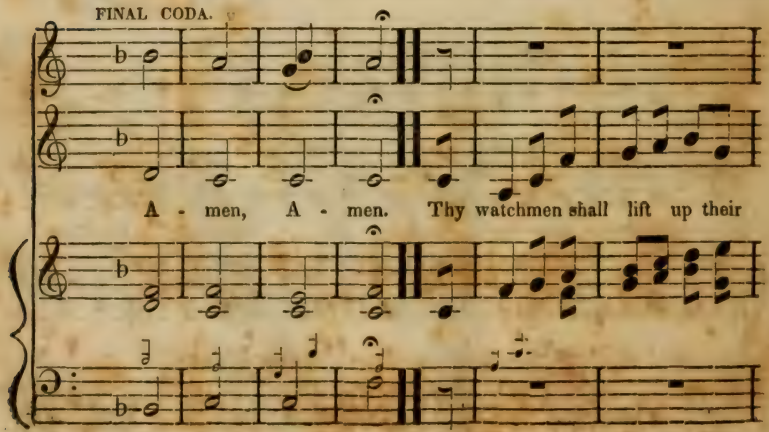
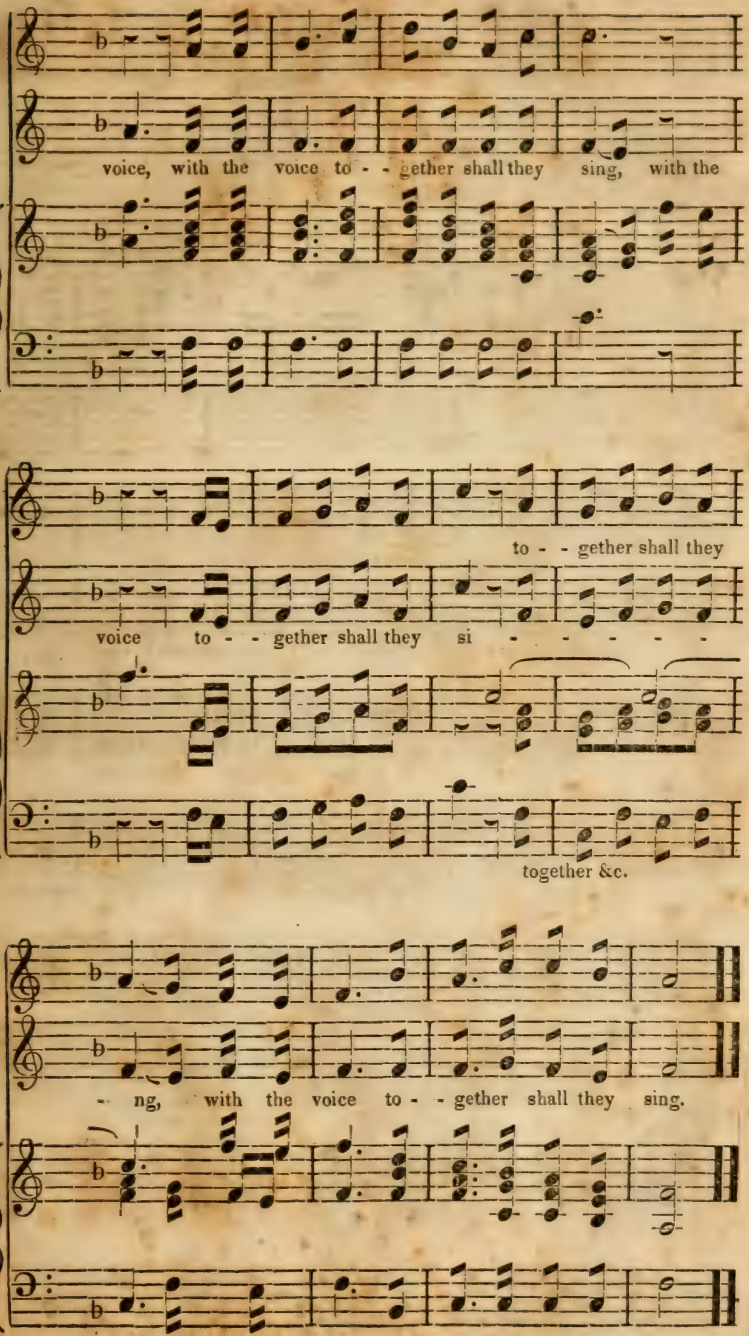
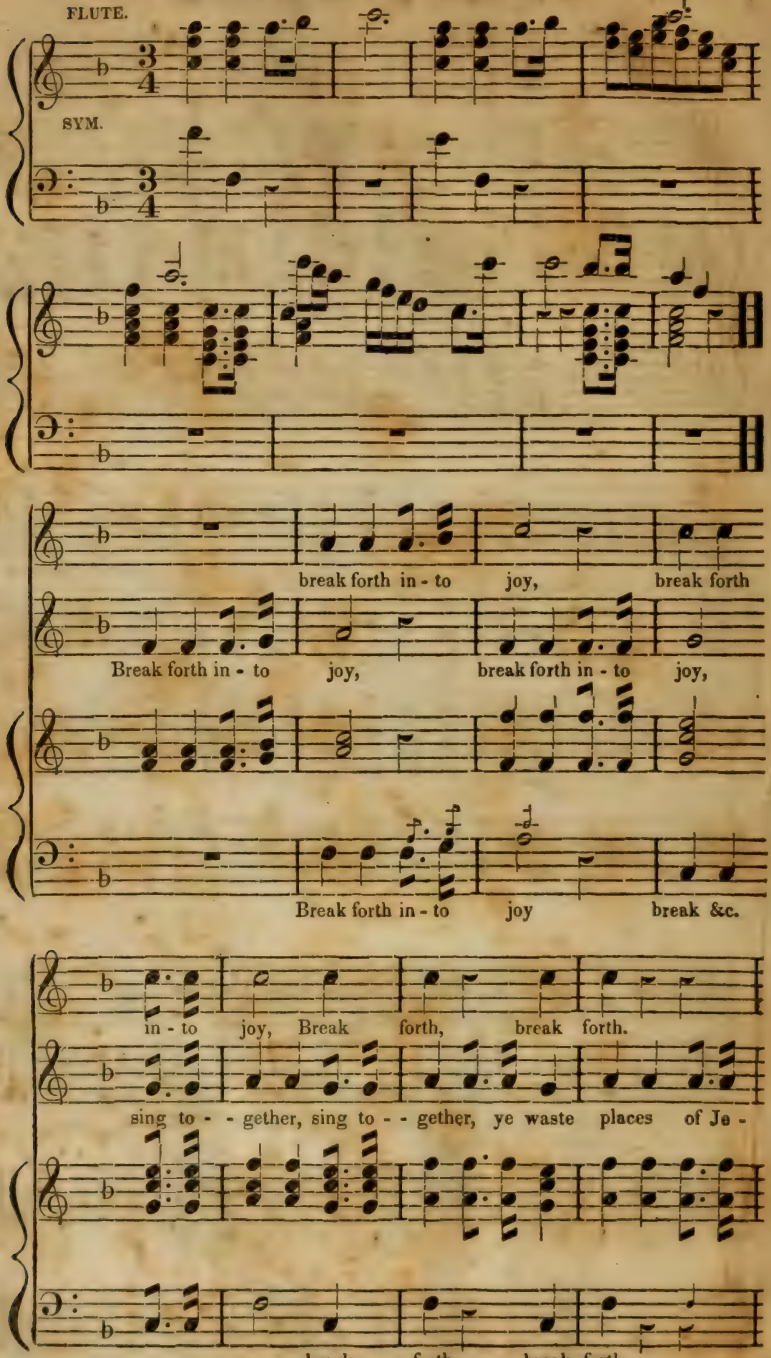
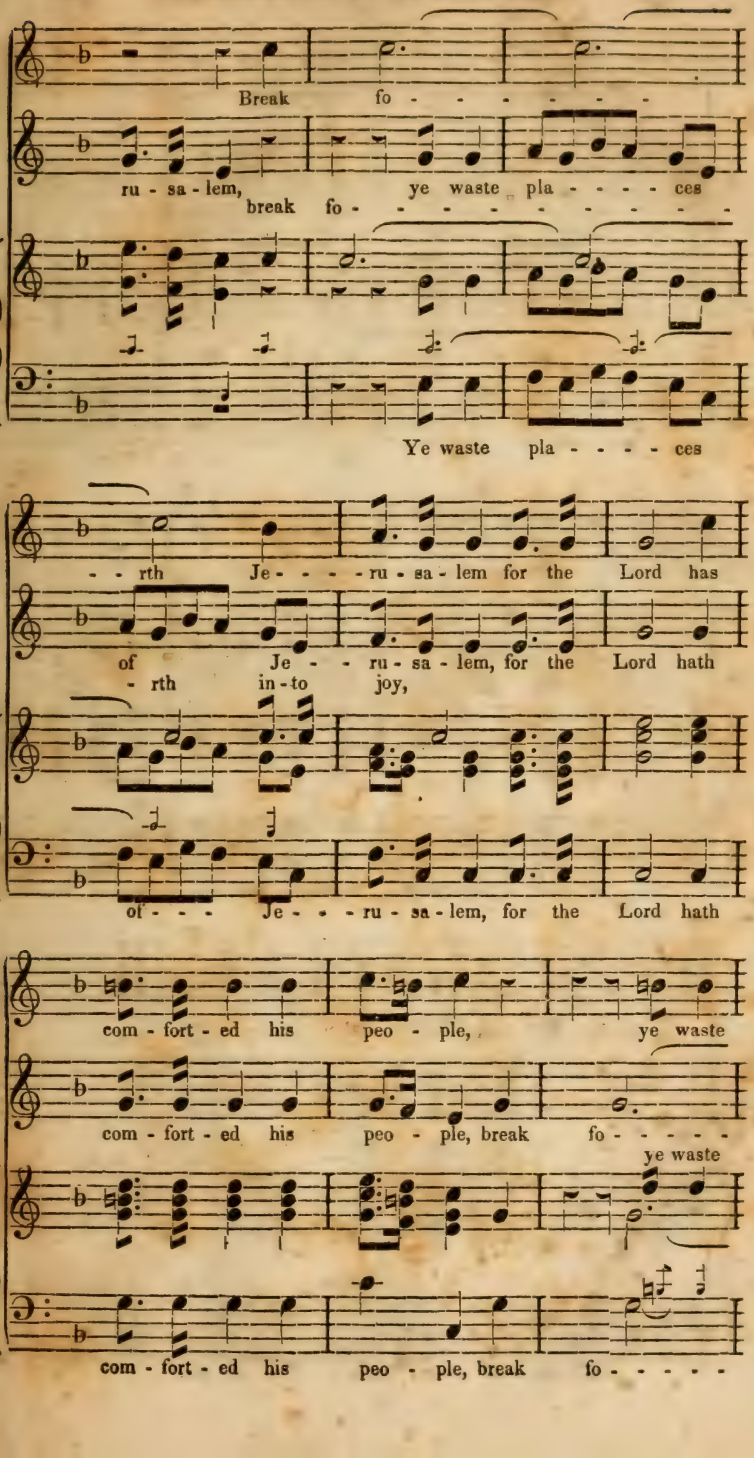
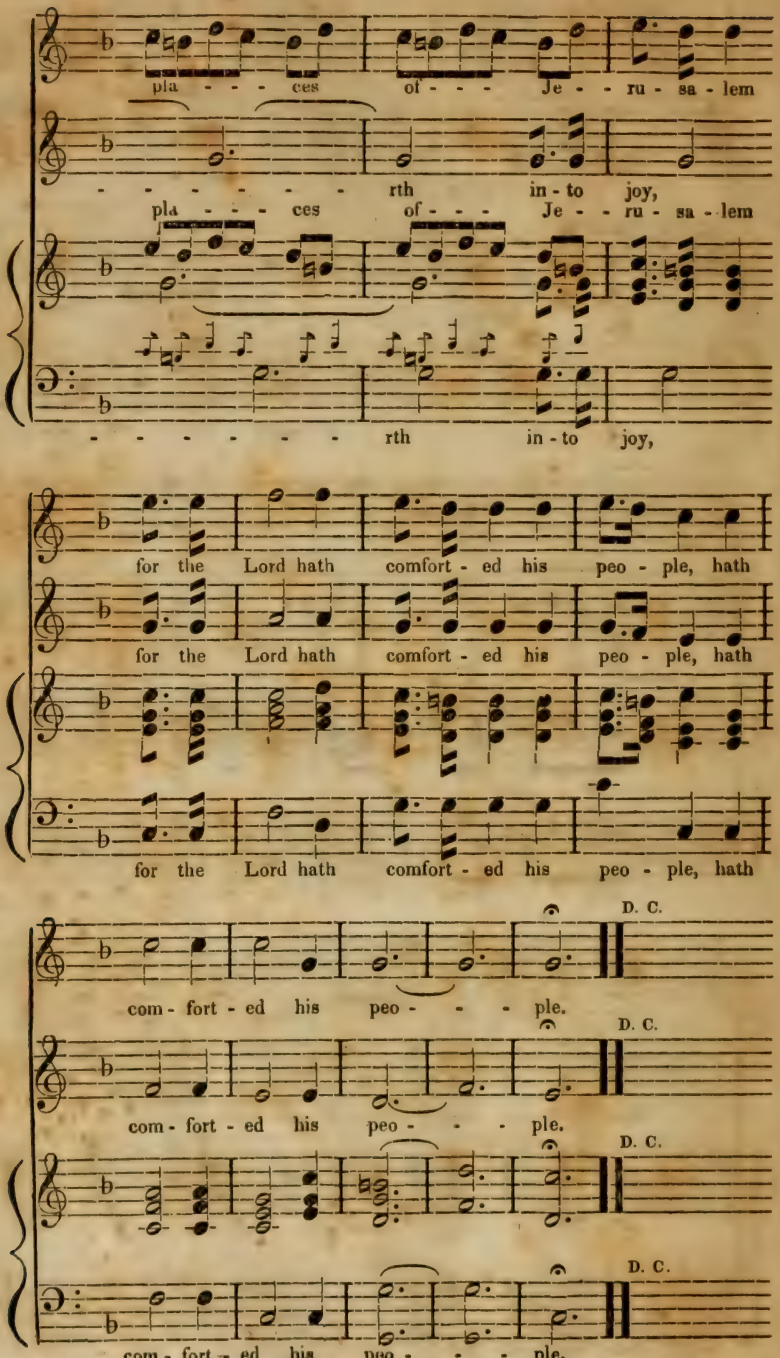
5 Father, my heart would still abide,
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

NO. 68. INSTALLATION ANTHEM.

Arranged from a MS. of S. B. Pond.

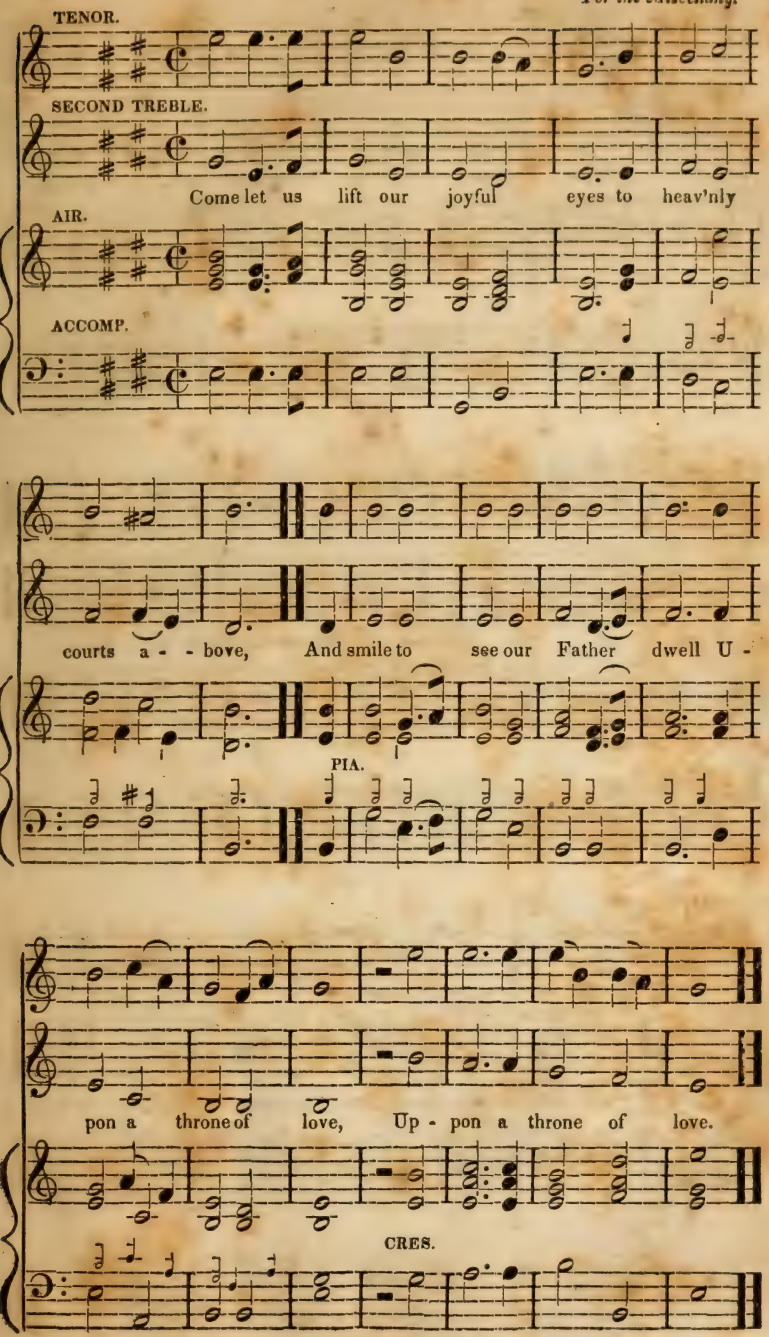



pub - lish - eth sal - vation; That saith un - to
SYM.

Zi - on thy God reigneth, thy God reign - eth.

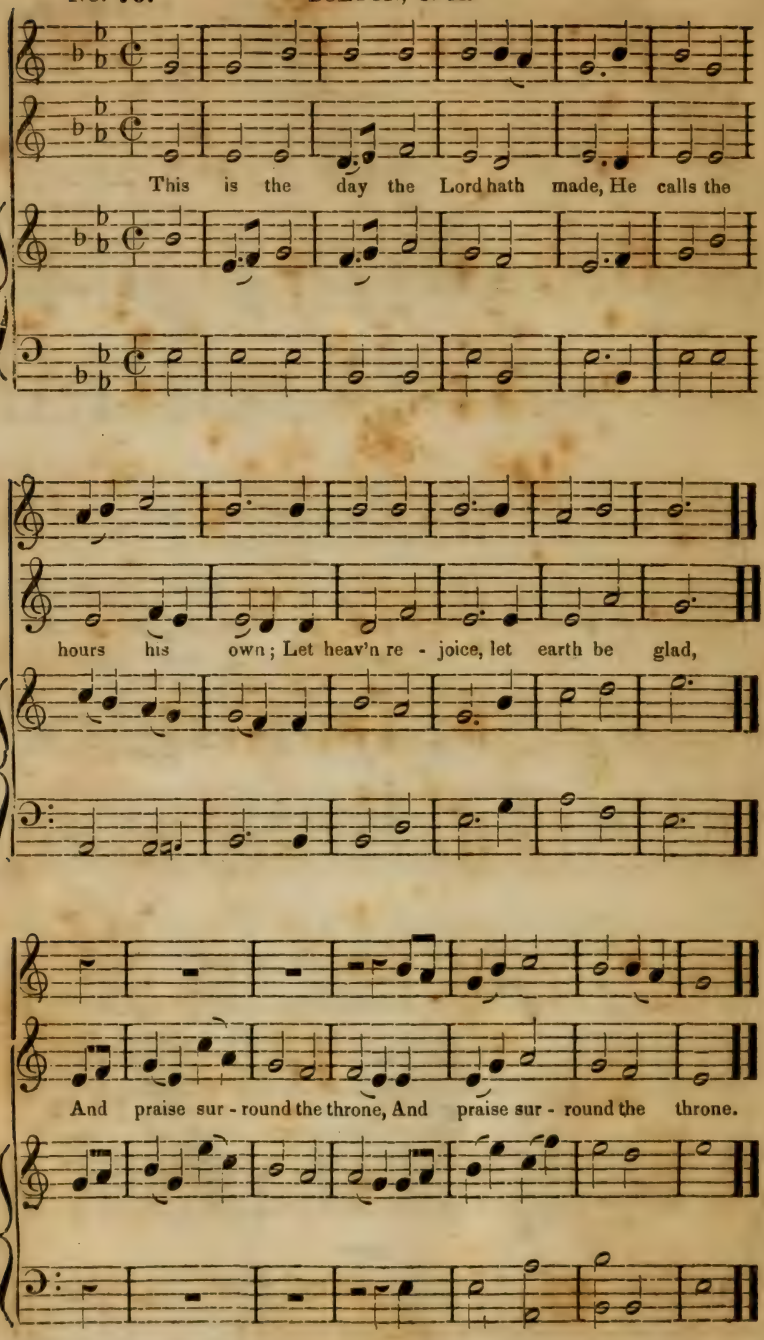

FINAL CODA.
A - men, A - men. Thy watchmen shall lift up their

voice, with the voice to - - gether shall they sing, with the
to - - gether shall they
voice to - - gether shall they si - - - - - -
together &c.
- ng, with the voice to - - gether shall they sing.

FLUTE.
SYM.
break forth in - to joy, break forth
Break forth in - to joy, break forth in - to joy,
Break forth in - to joy break &c.
in - to joy, Break forth, break forth.
sing to - - gether, sing to - - gether, ye waste places of Je -
break forth, break forth.

Break fo - - - - - -
ru - sa - lem, ye waste pla - - - - ces
break fo - - - - - - - - - -
Ye waste pla - - - - ces
- - rth Je - - - - ru - sa - lem for the Lord has
of Je - - ru - sa - lem, for the Lord hath
- rth in - to joy,
of - - - Je - - - ru - sa - lem, for the Lord hath
com - fort - ed his peo - ple, ye waste
com - fort - ed his peo - ple, break fo - - - - -
ye waste
com - fort - ed his peo - ple, break fo - - - - -

pla - - - ces of - - - Je - - ru - sa - lem
- - - - - - - rth in - to joy,
pla - - - ces of - - - Je - - ru - sa - lem
- - - - - - - rth in - to joy,
for the Lord hath comfort - ed his peo - ple, hath
for the Lord hath comfort - ed his peo - ple, hath
for the Lord hath comfort - ed his peo - ple, hath
D. C.
com - fort - ed his peo - - - ple.
D. C.
com - fort - ed his peo - - - ple.
D. C.
D. C.
com - fort - ed his peo - - - ple.

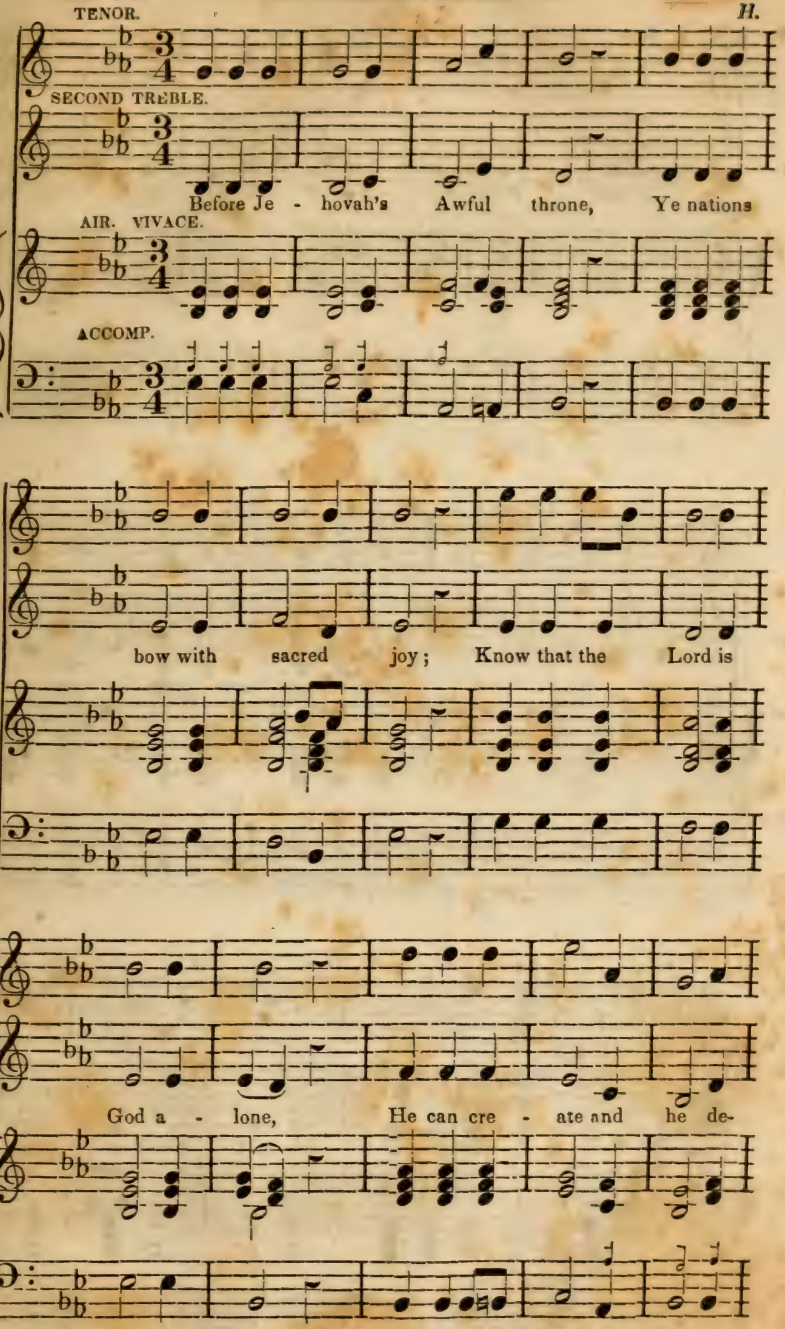
NO. 69. MEDITATION. C. M.

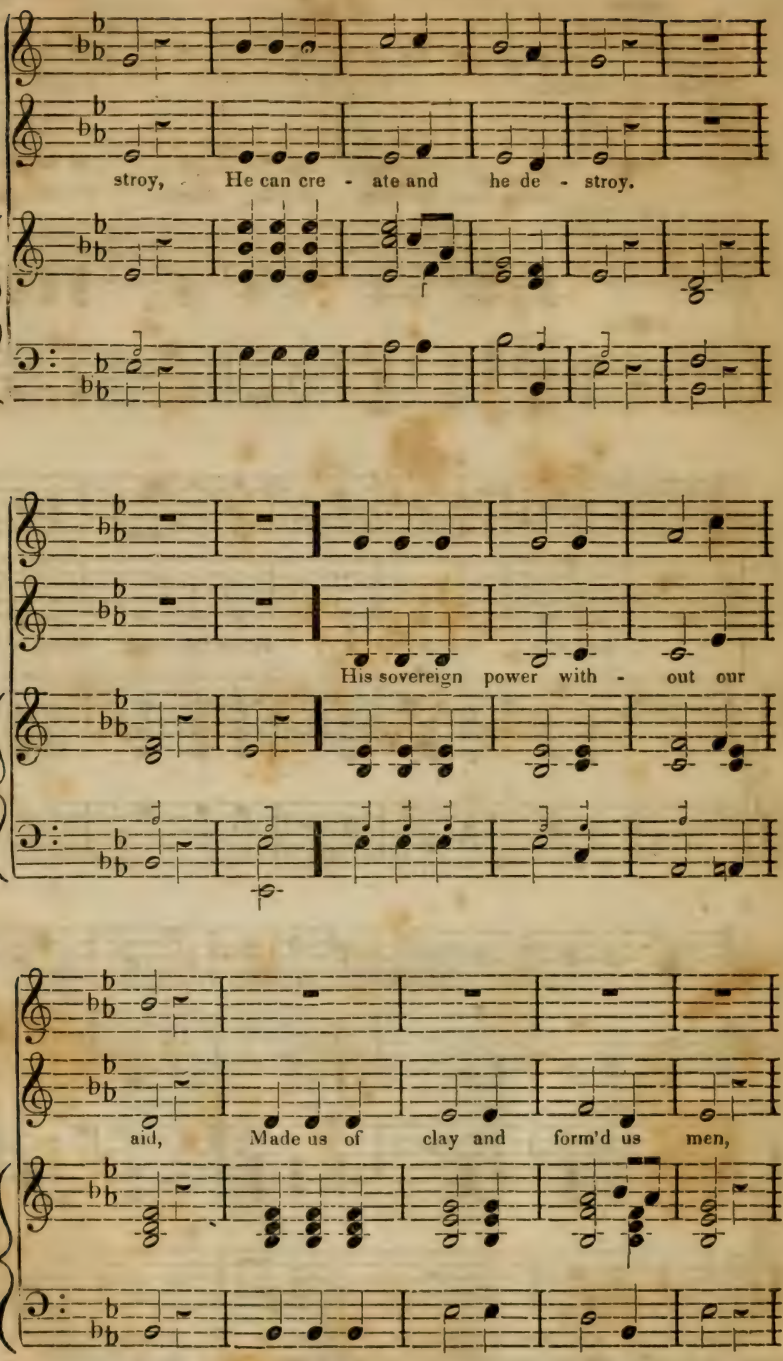
For the Miscellany.

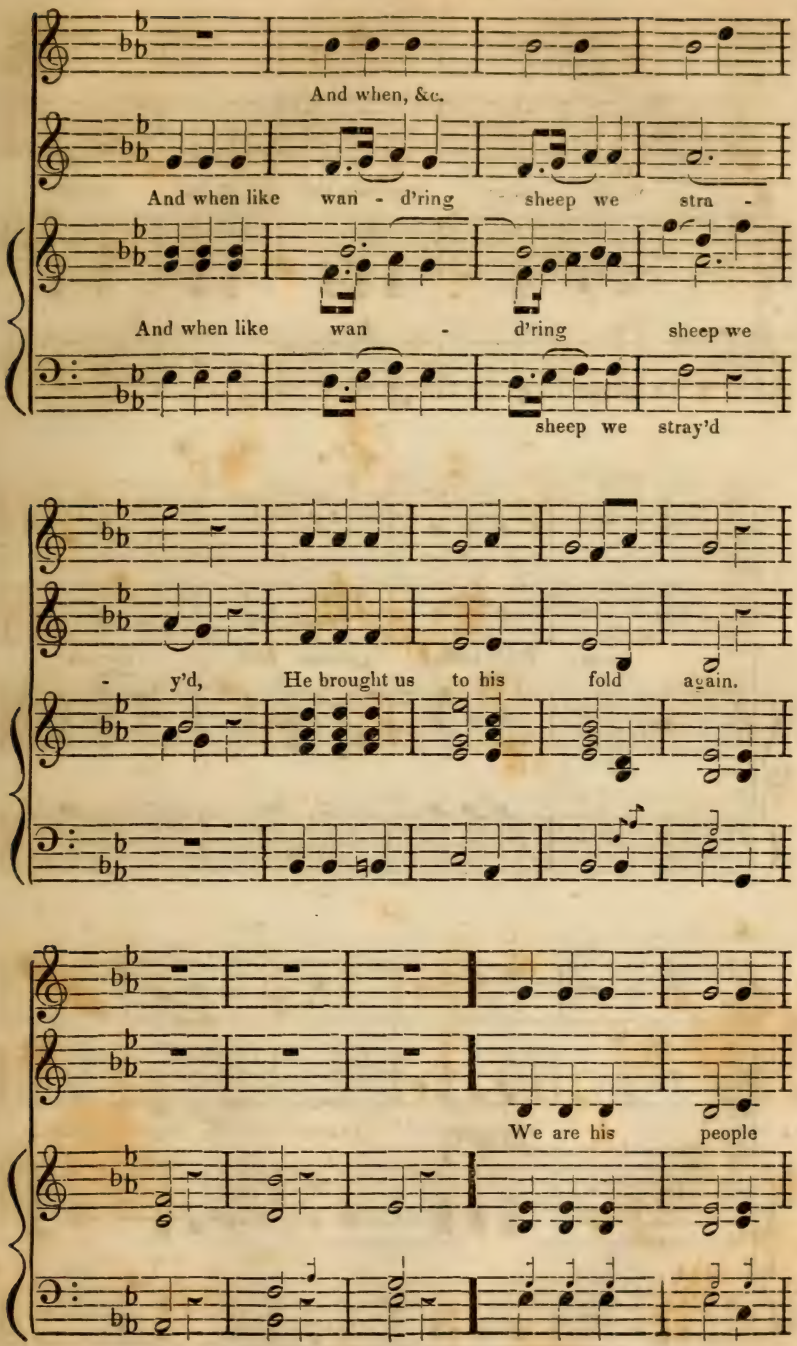


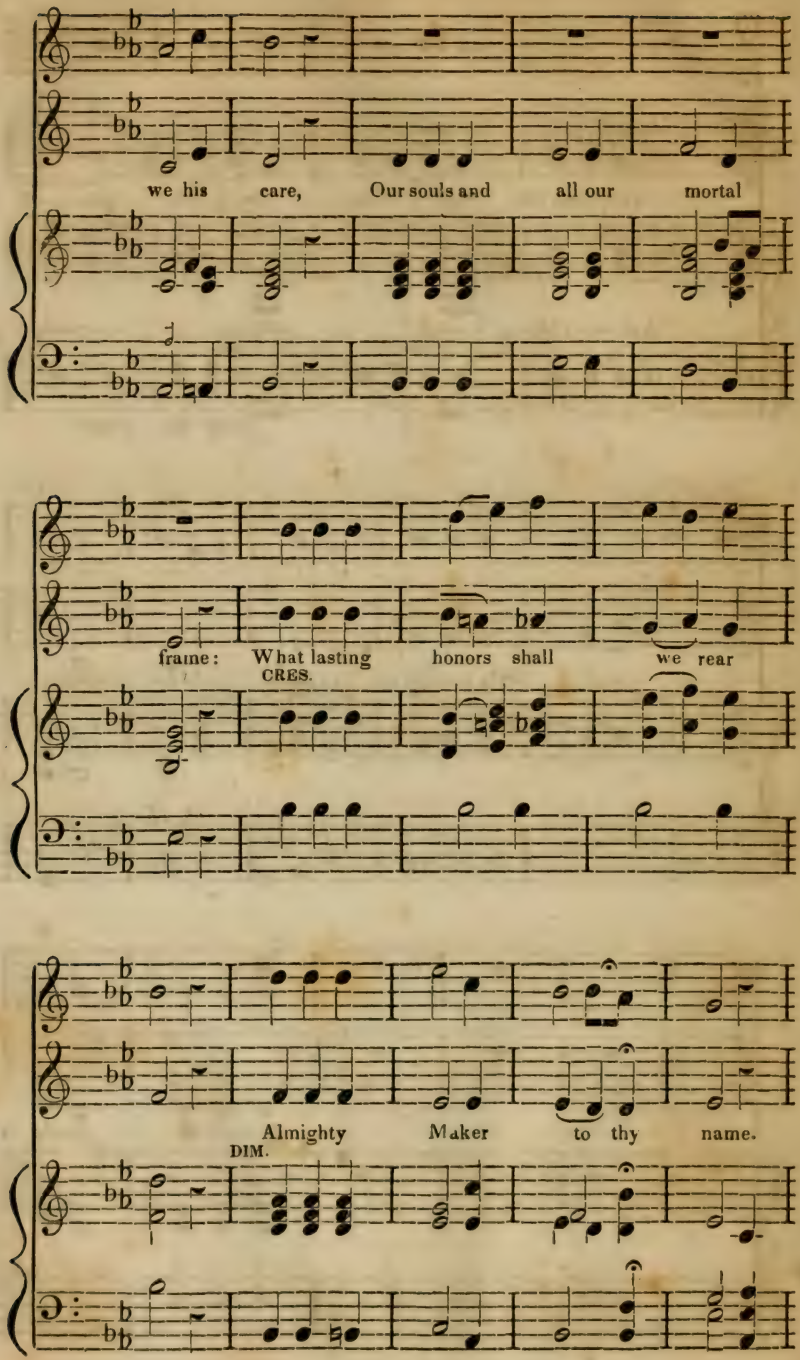
NO. 70. BOLTON, C. M.

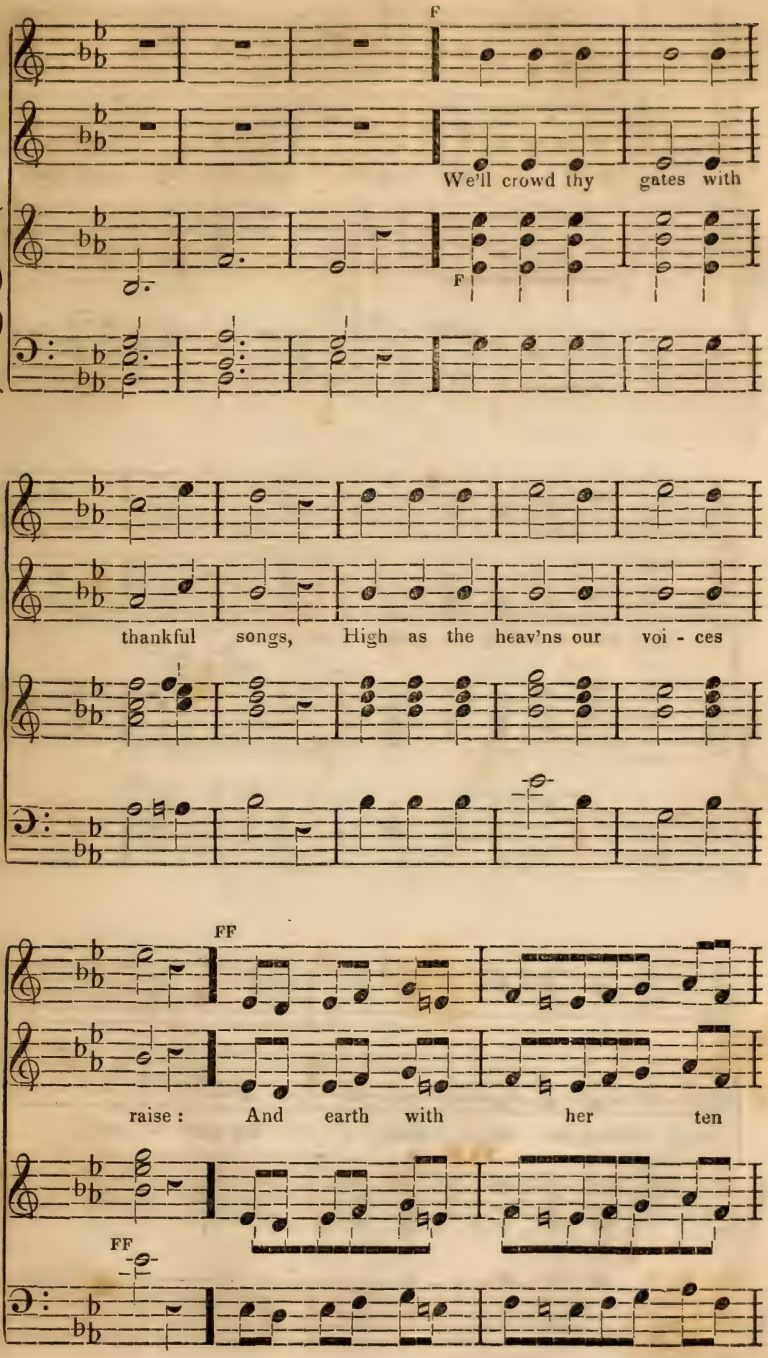


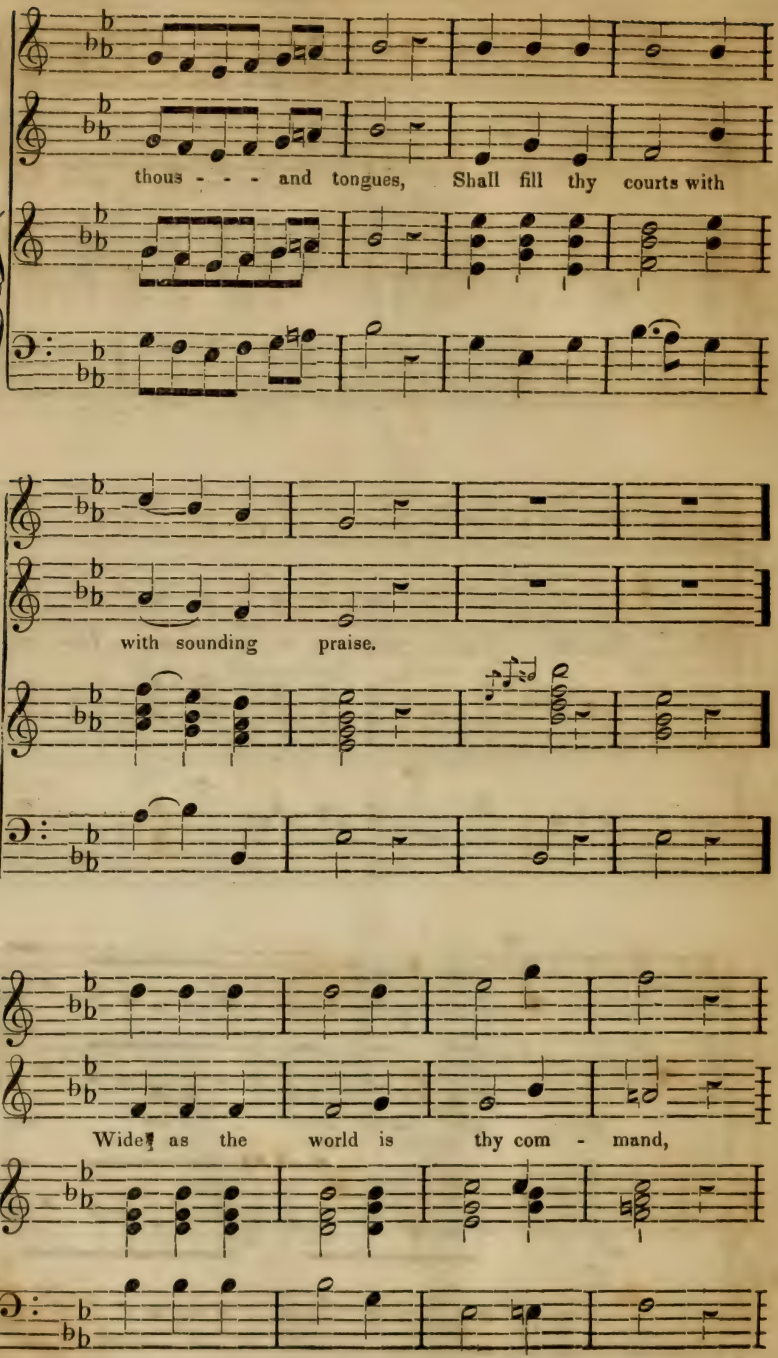
NO. 71. HUNDRETH PSALM. H.

* This piece has some what the character of a Rondeau. The subject was first suggested to the mind of the Composer by a single phrase in the first line of Denmark.

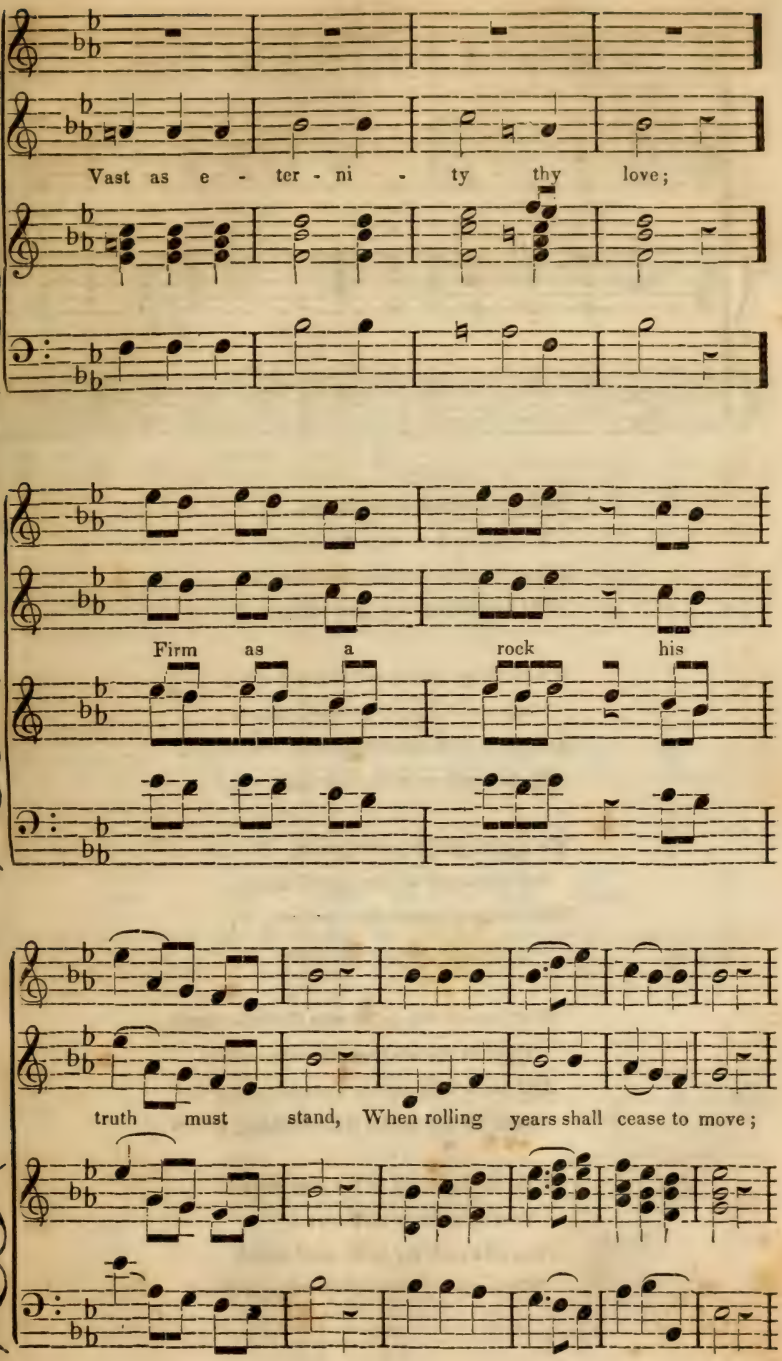

stroy, He can cre - ate and he de - stroy.
His sovereign power with - out our
aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men,

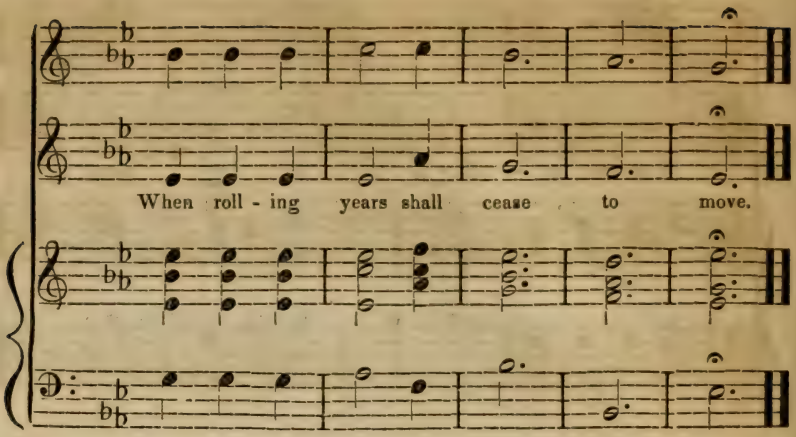

And when, &c.
And when like wan - d'ring sheep we stra -
And when like wan - d'ring sheep we
sheep we stray'd
- y'd, He brought us to his fold again.
We are his people


we his care, Our souls and all our mortal
frame: What lasting honors shall we rear
CRES.
Almighty Maker to thy name.
DIM.


F
We'll crowd thy gates with
F
thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces
FF
raise : And earth with her ten
FF


thous - - - and tongues, Shall fill thy courts with
with sounding praise.
Wide as the world is thy com - mand,


Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love;
Firm as a rock his
truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move;



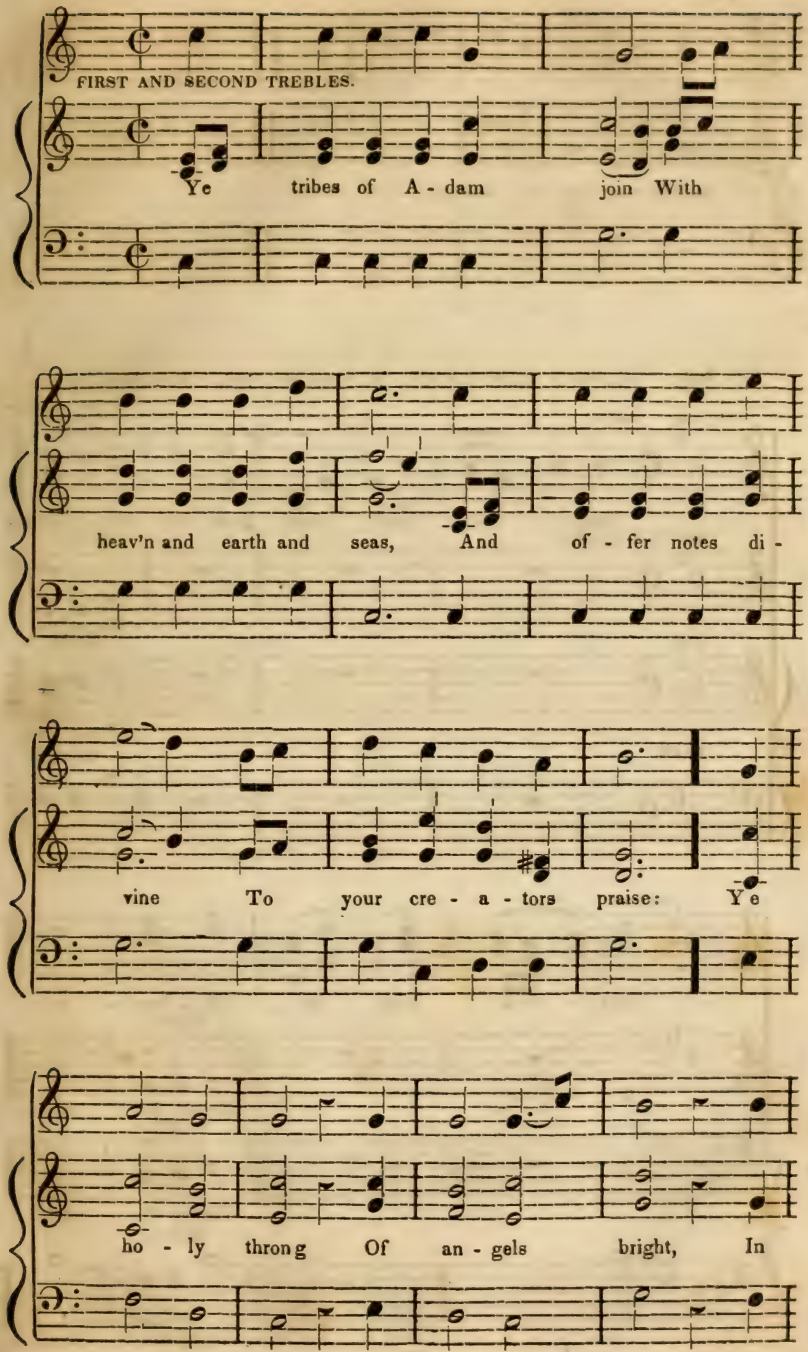
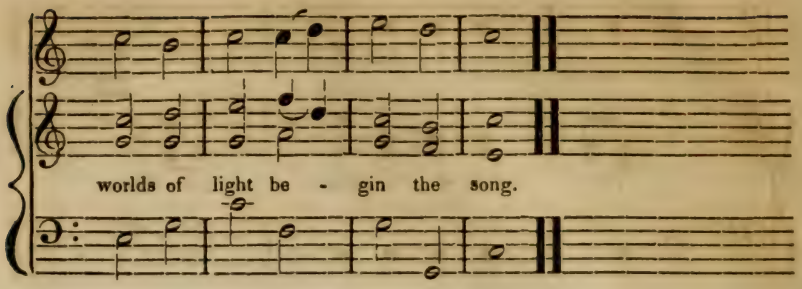
Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

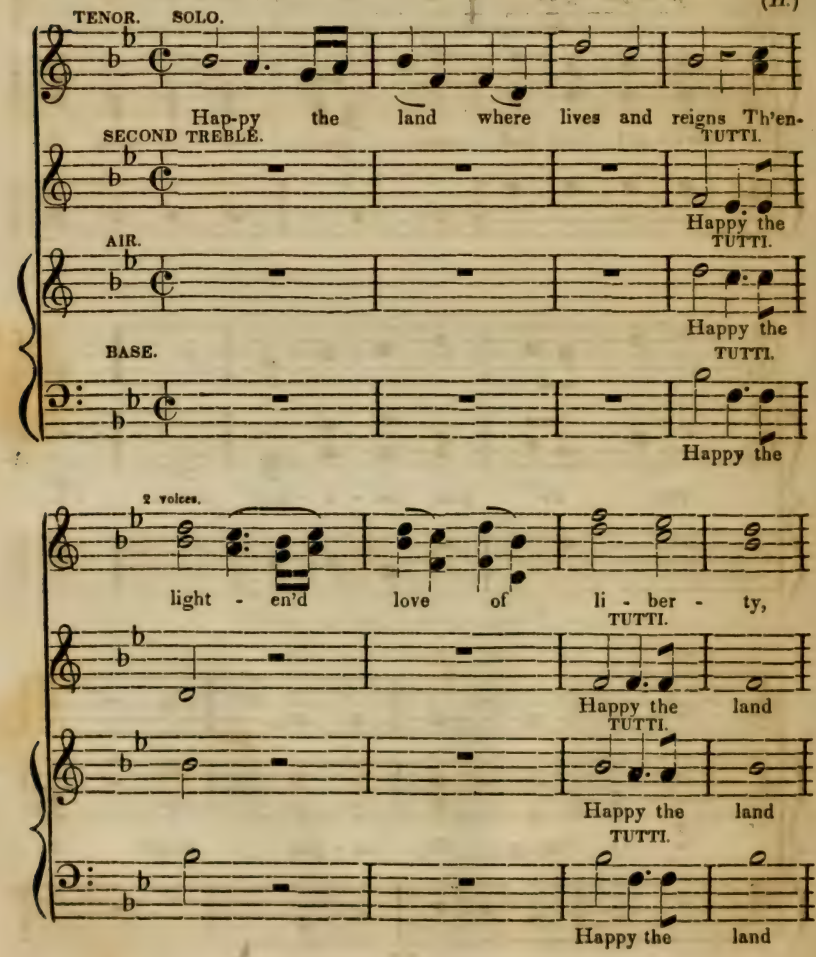
We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name.

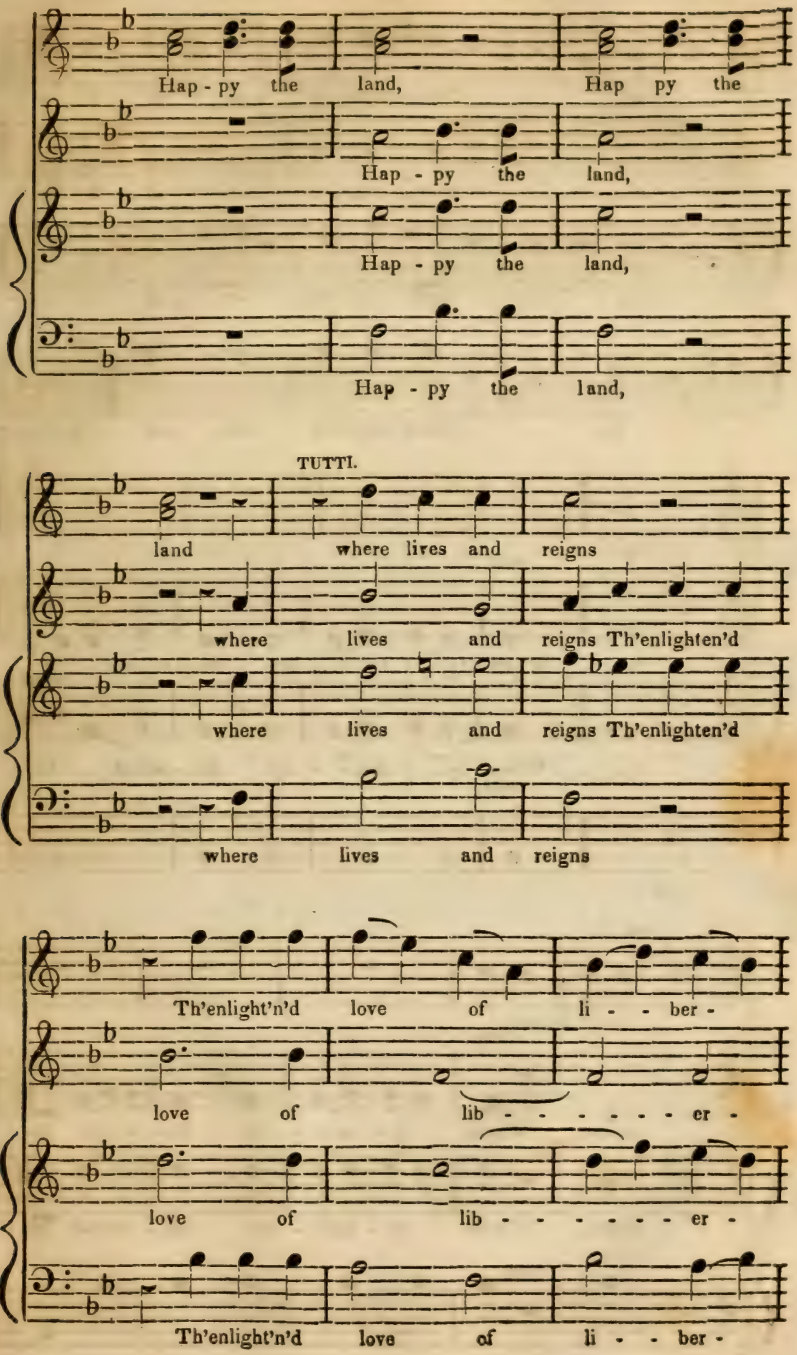
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise:
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

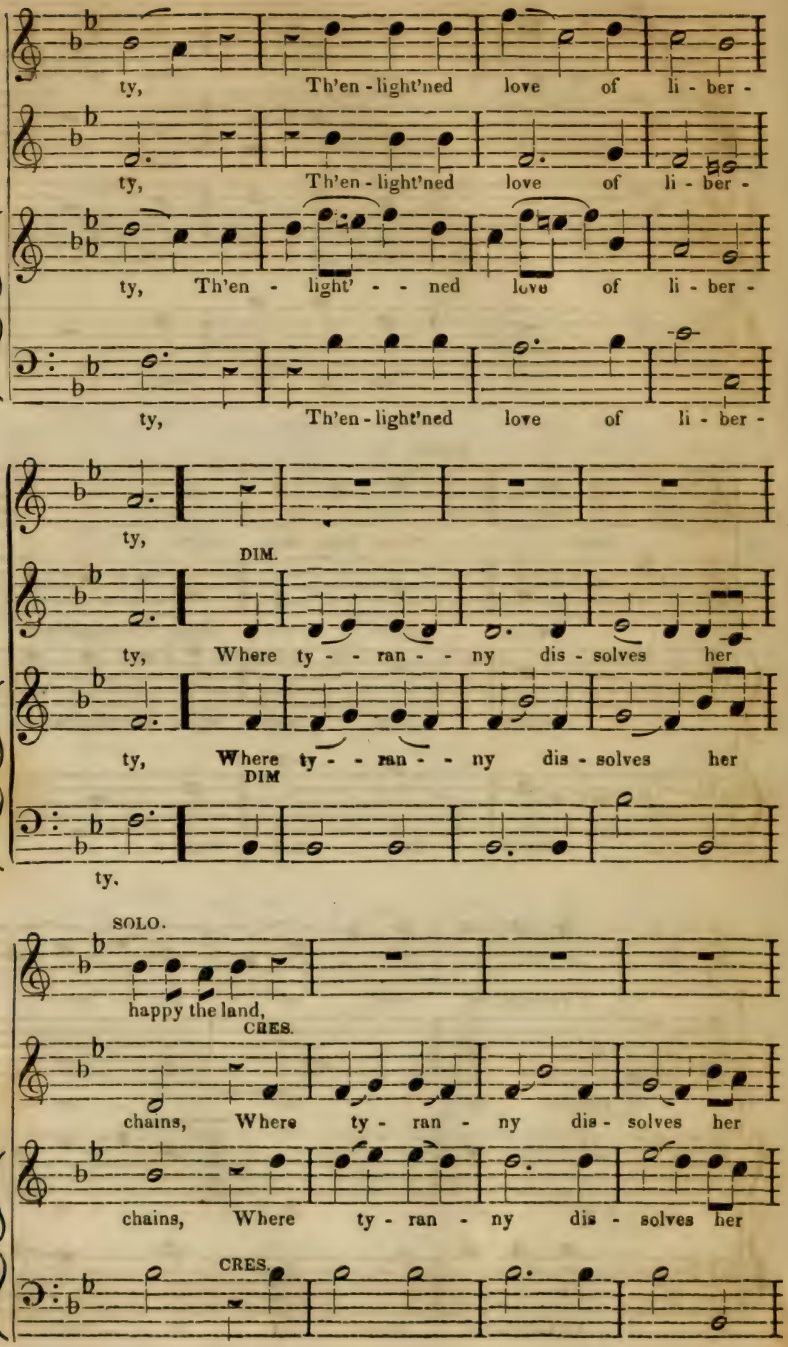
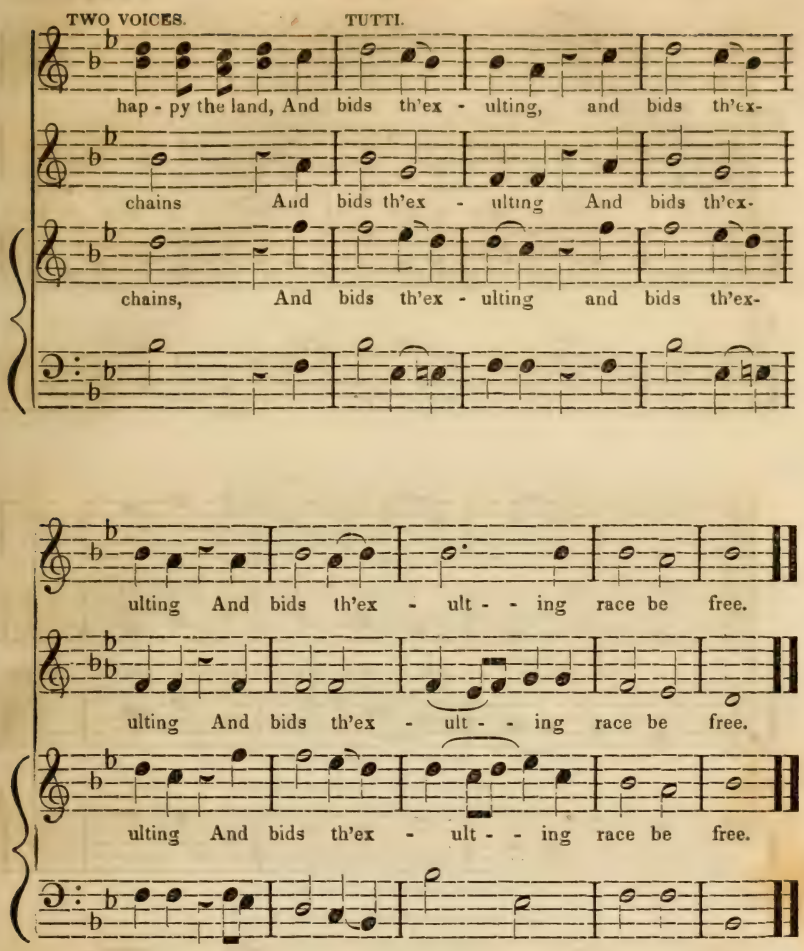
Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

NO. 72. PSALM 148TH. H. M.



NO. 73. HAPPY THE LAND. A SERIOUS GLEE. *New Arrangement.* (*H.*)



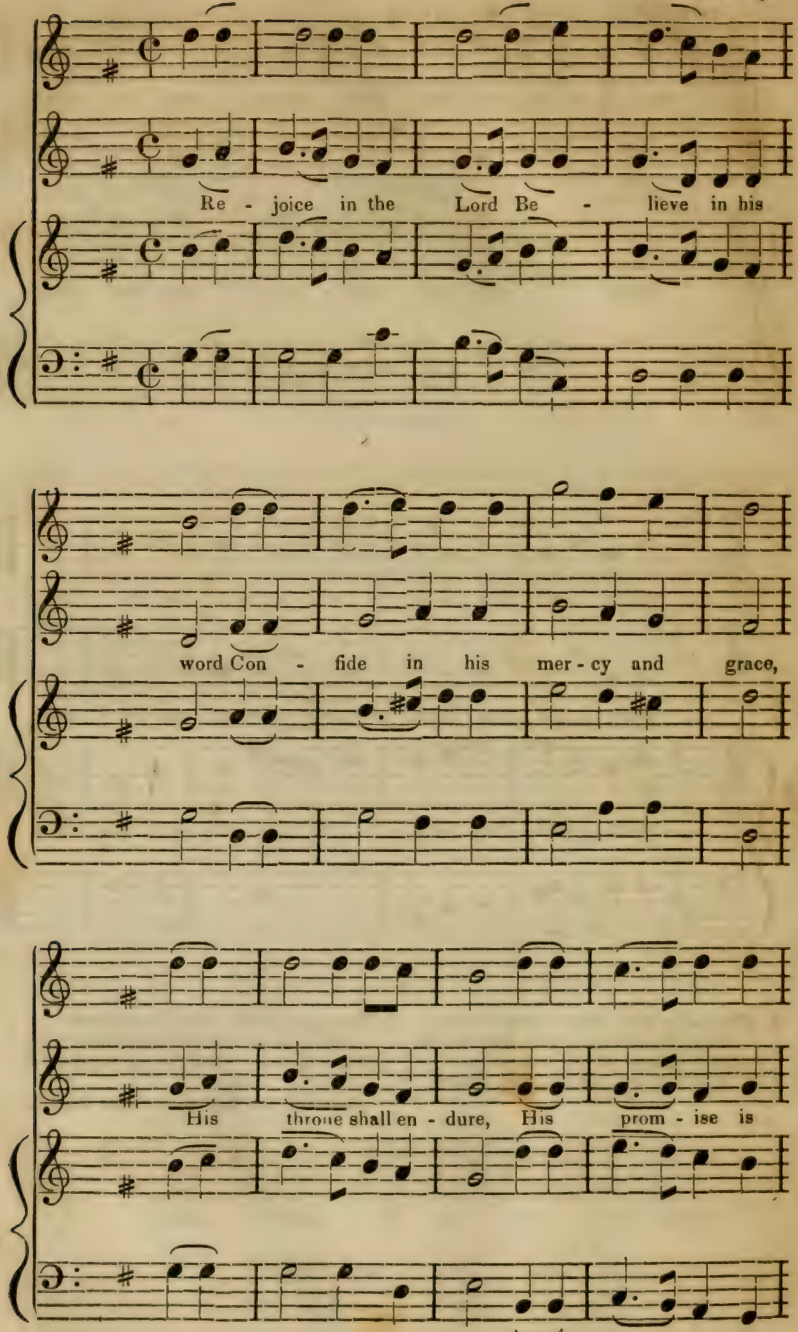

Hap - py the land, Hap py the
Hap - py the land,
Hap - py the land,
Hap - py the land,
TUTTI.
land where lives and reigns
where lives and reigns Th'enlighten'd
where lives and reigns Th'enlighten'd
where lives and reigns
Th'enlight'n'd love of li - - ber -
love of lib - - - - - - er -
love of lib - - - - - - er -
Th'enlight'n'd love of li - - ber -

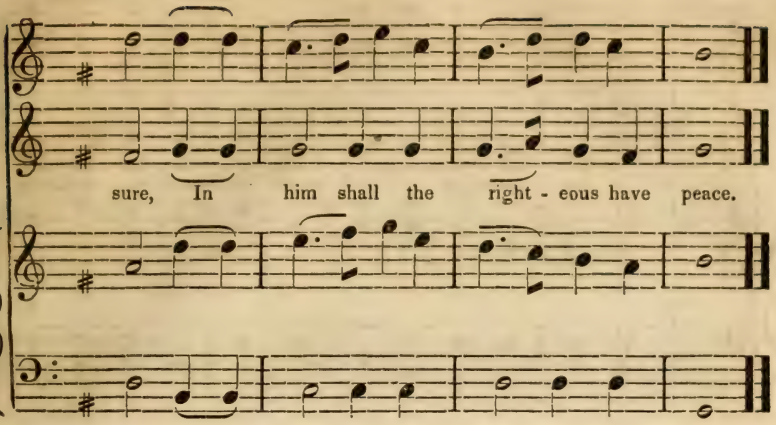

ty, Th'en-light'ned love of li-ber-
ty, Th'en-light'ned love of li-ber-
ty, Th'en - light' - - ned love of li-ber-
ty, Th'en-light'ned love of li-ber-
ty,
DIM.
ty, Where ty - - ran - - ny dis-solves her
ty, Where ty - - ran - - ny dis-solves her
DIM
ty.
SOLO.
happy the land,
CRES.
chains, Where ty-ran-ny dis-solves her
chains, Where ty-ran-ny dis-solves her
CRES.

2. Happy the land where virtue dwells ;
With cheerful enterprise and health,
Where science all her lore reveals
And industry her stores of wealth.

3. Happy the land where from above
The rays of heavenly truth descend ;
Where Israel's God his strength shall prove,
And still the righteous cause defend.

NO. 74. HURON.—5's & 8's.

Western Melody.





Rejoice in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace;
His throne shall endure,
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.

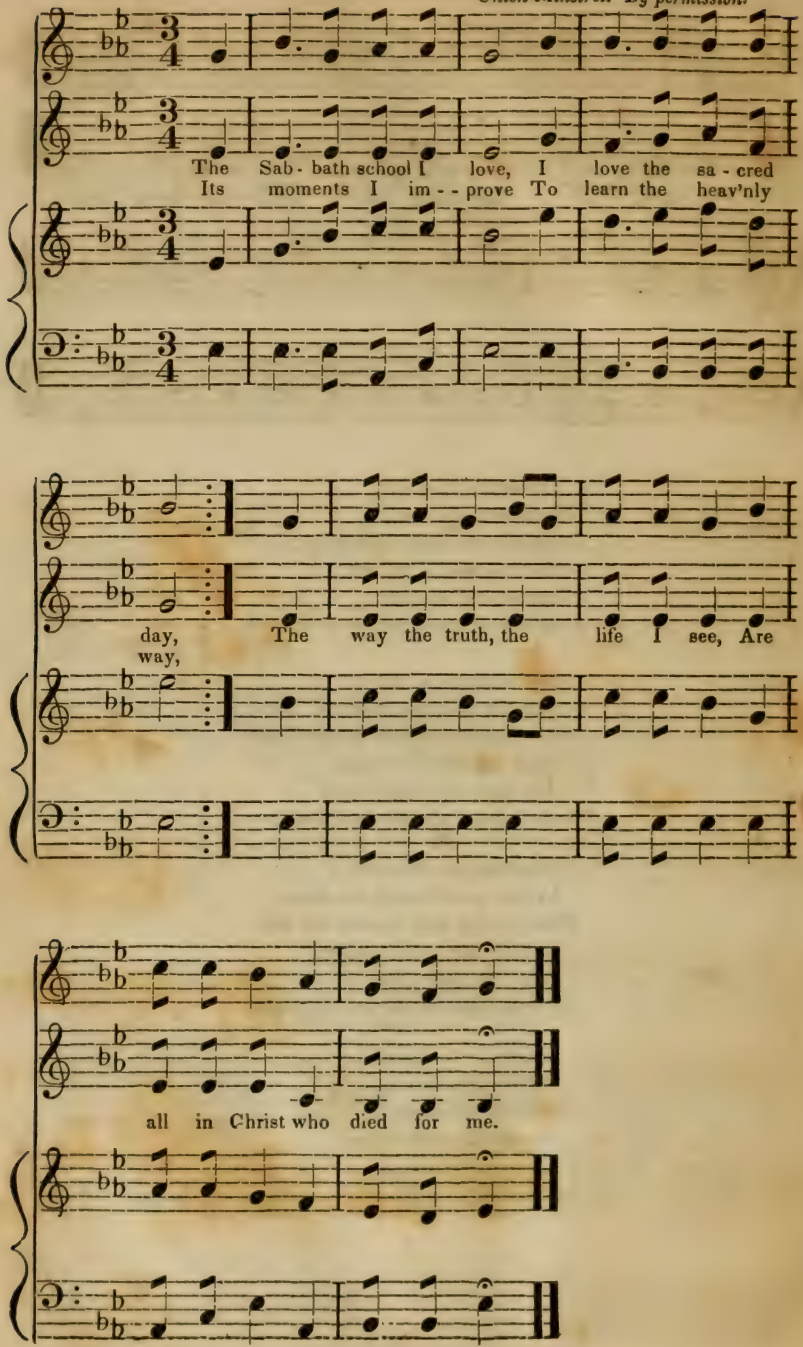
Thrice happy are they,
Who his precepts obey,
Who delight in the law of their God;
Their joys shall increase,
And their trials shall cease,
As they enter the heav'nly abode.

What scenes will arise,
As they pass through the skies,
What rapture their bosoms will fill,
As their harps they employ,
In the fulness of joy,
On the height of some heavenly hill!

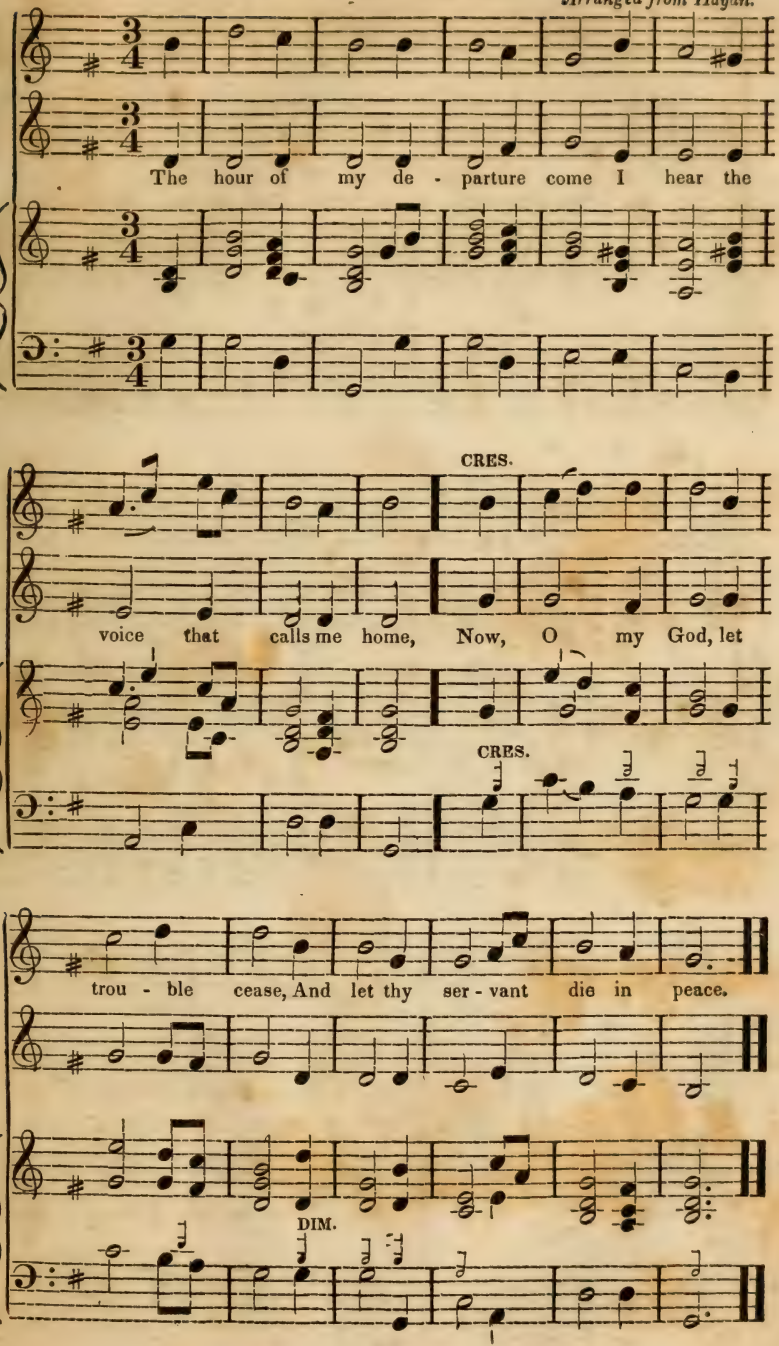
Rejoice in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace,
His throne shall endure
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.—*S. Songs.*

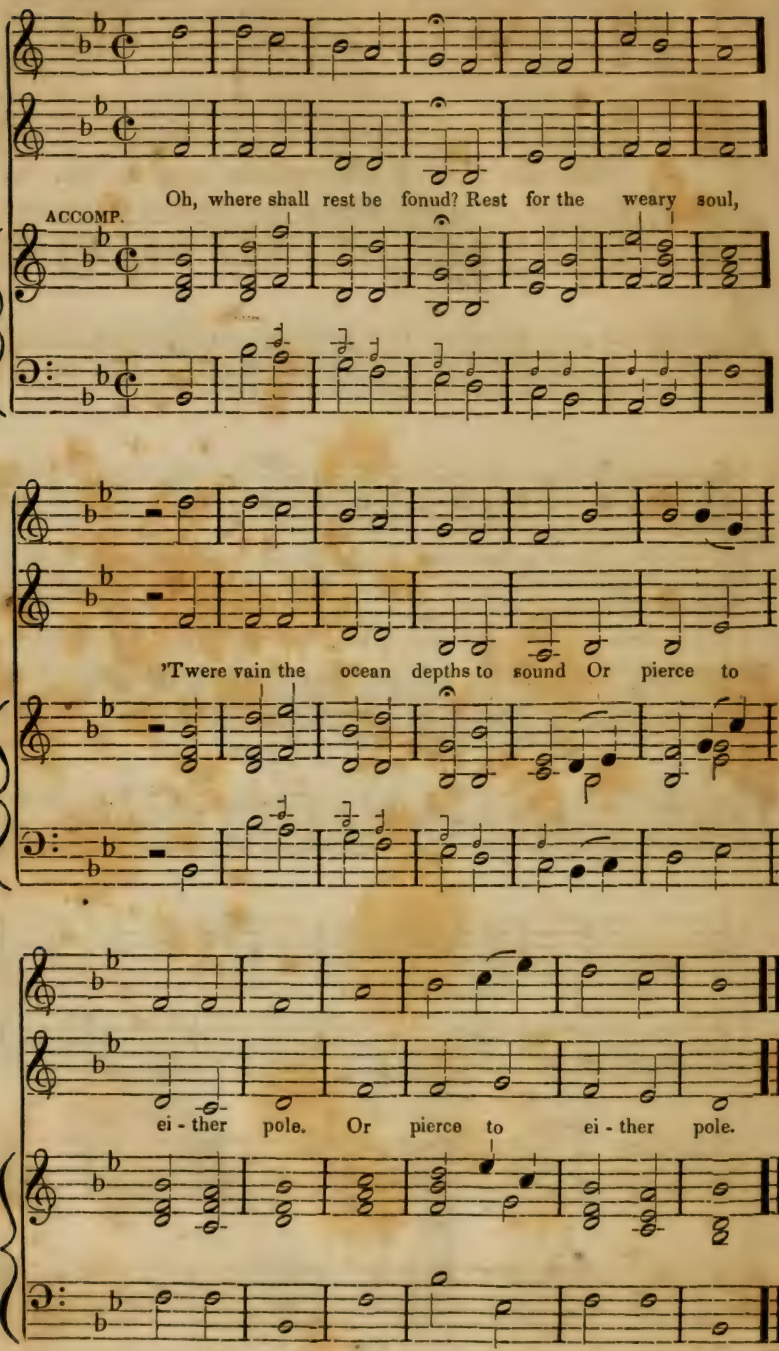
NO. 75. SANDFORD. H. M.

Union Minstrel. By permission.

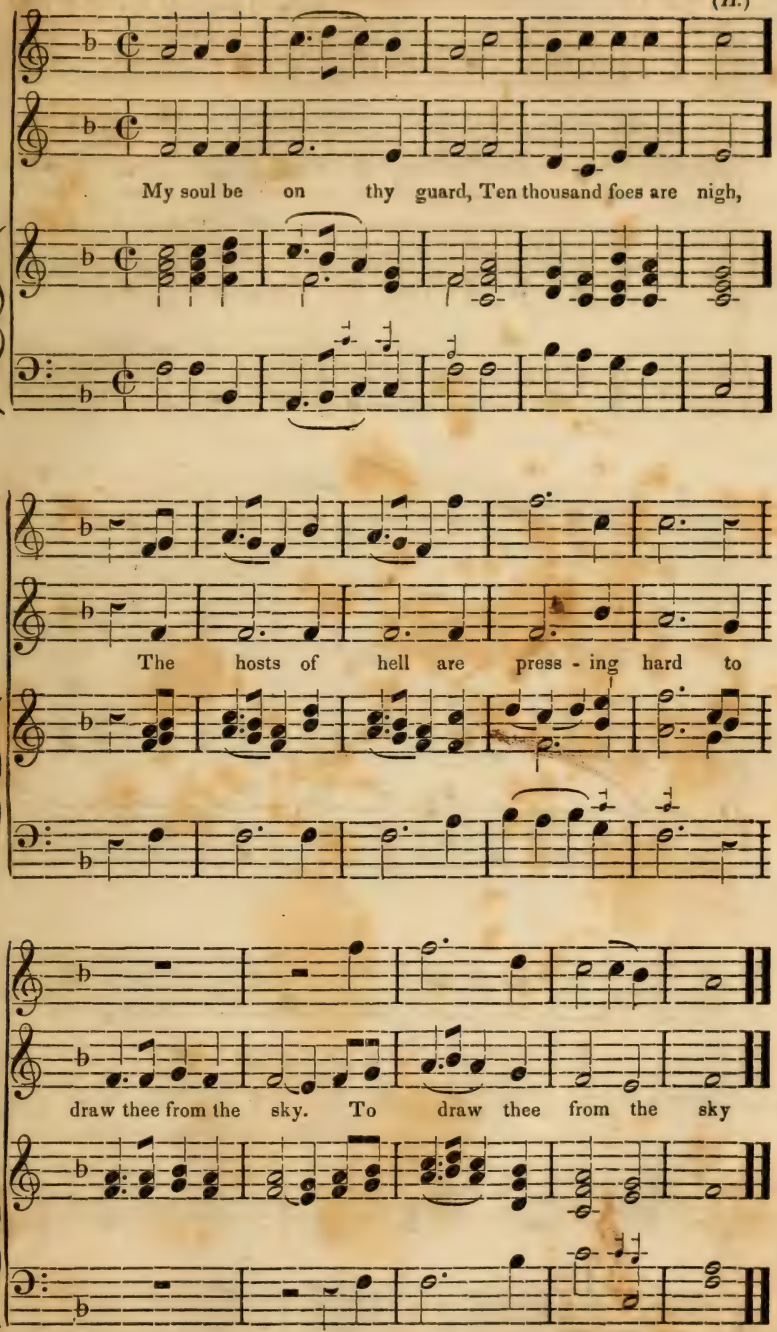


NO. 76. ST. EDMUNDS. L. M.

Arranged from Haydn.

NO. 77. BROAD STREET. S. M.

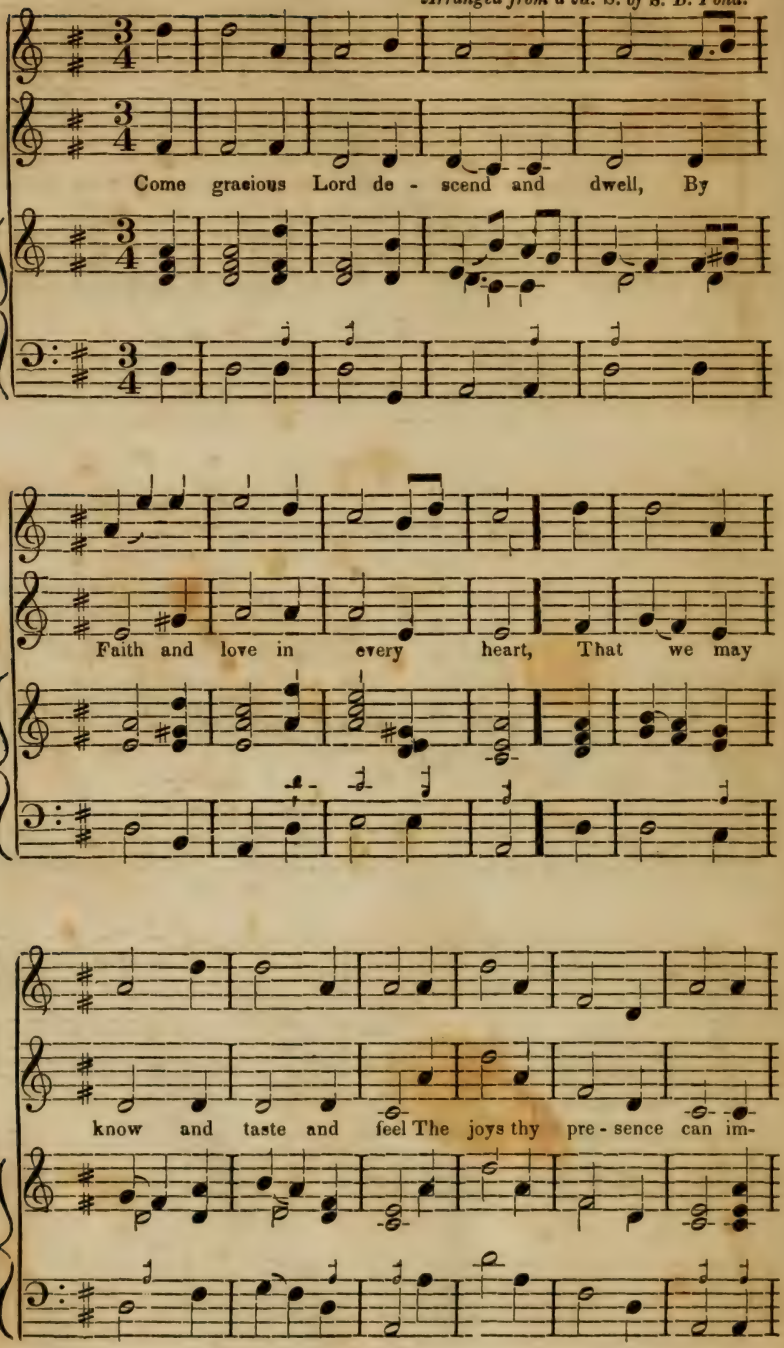


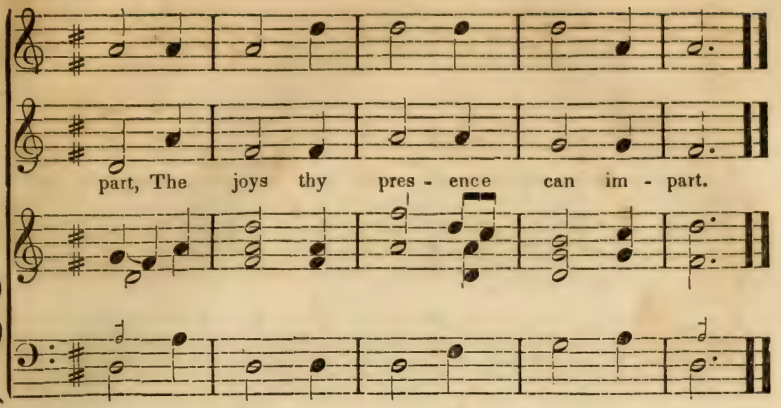
NO. 78. LUTHER. S. M. (H.)



NO. 79. HOLWELL. L. M.

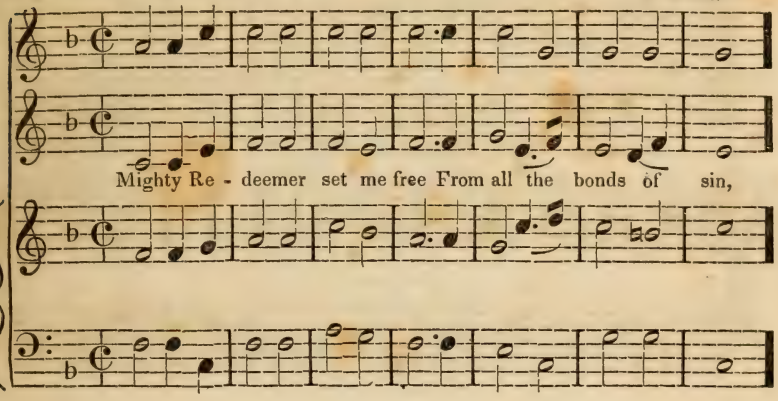
Arranged from a M. S. of S. B. Pond.

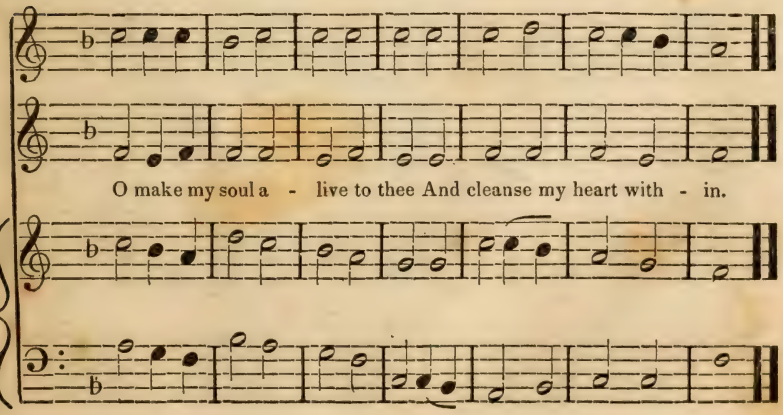




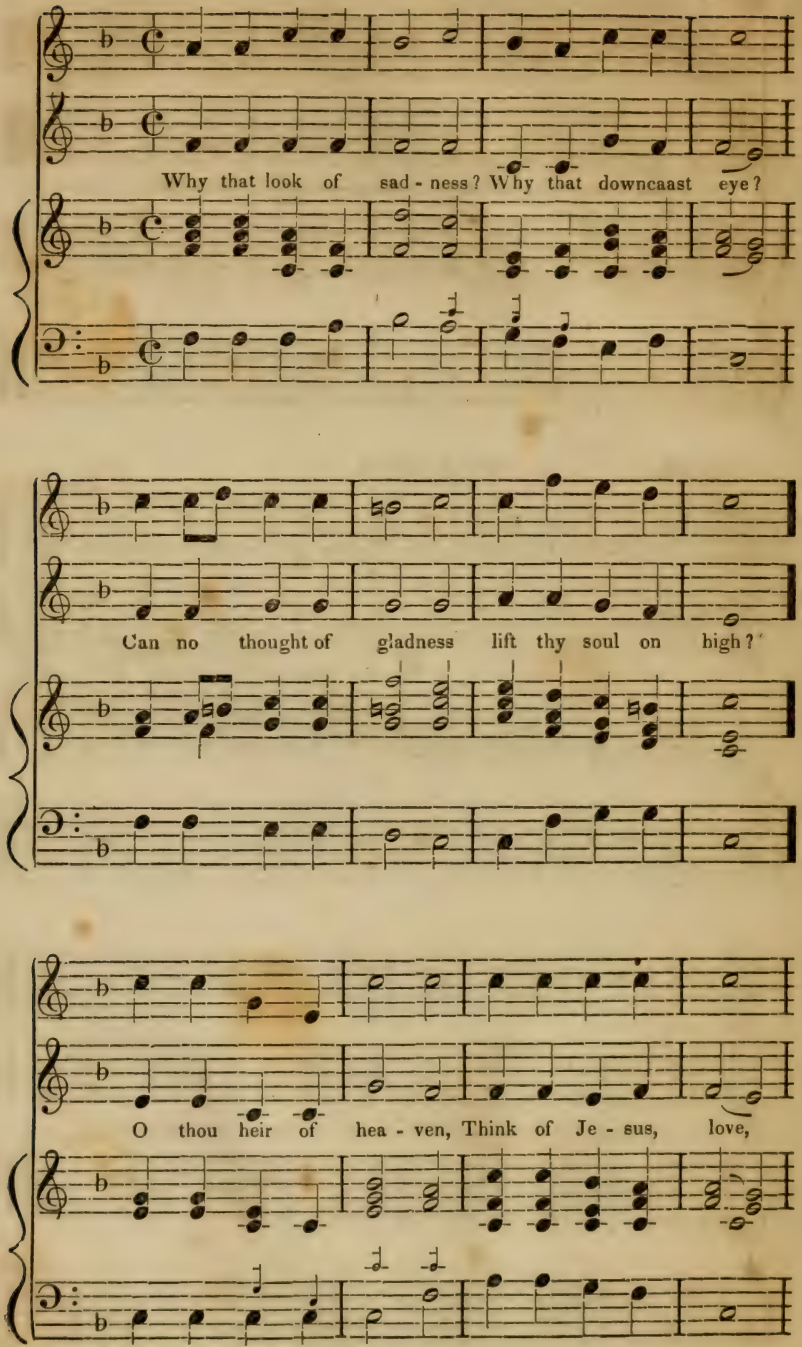
NO. 80. SIDON. C. M.

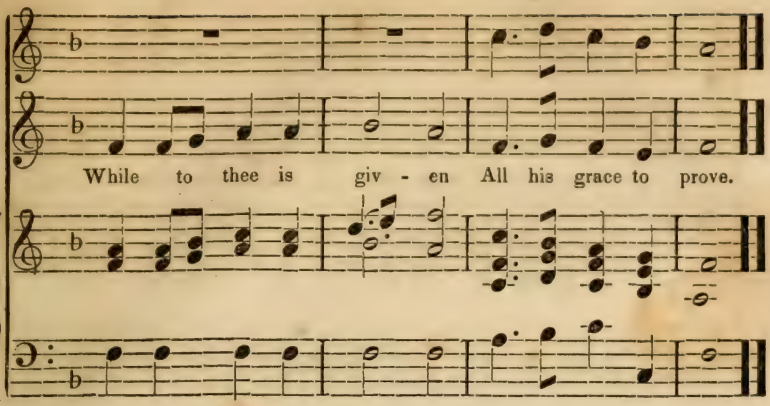
S. Mather.





NO. **81.** MARSHFIELD.—6's and 5's.

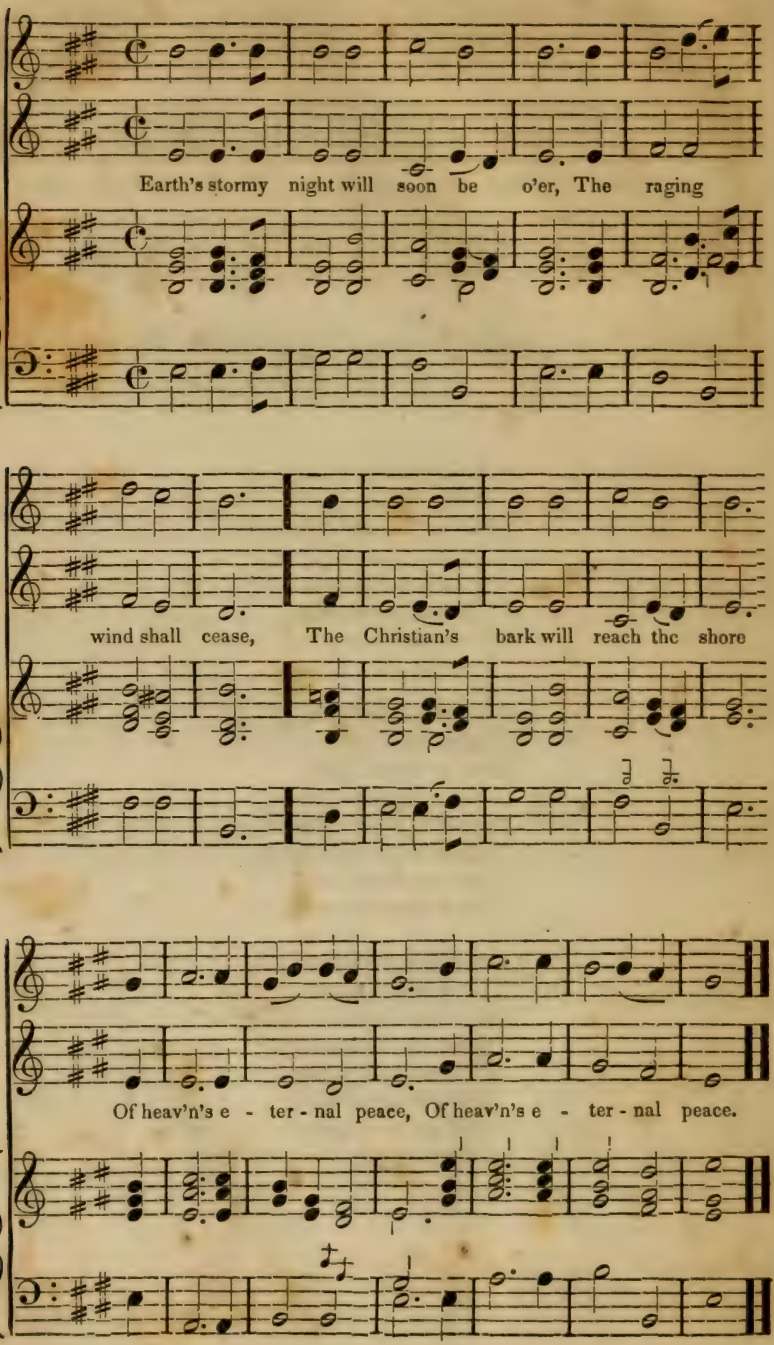




1 Why that look of sadness?
Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?
O thou heir of heaven,
Think of Jesus' love,
While to thee is given,
All his grace to prove.

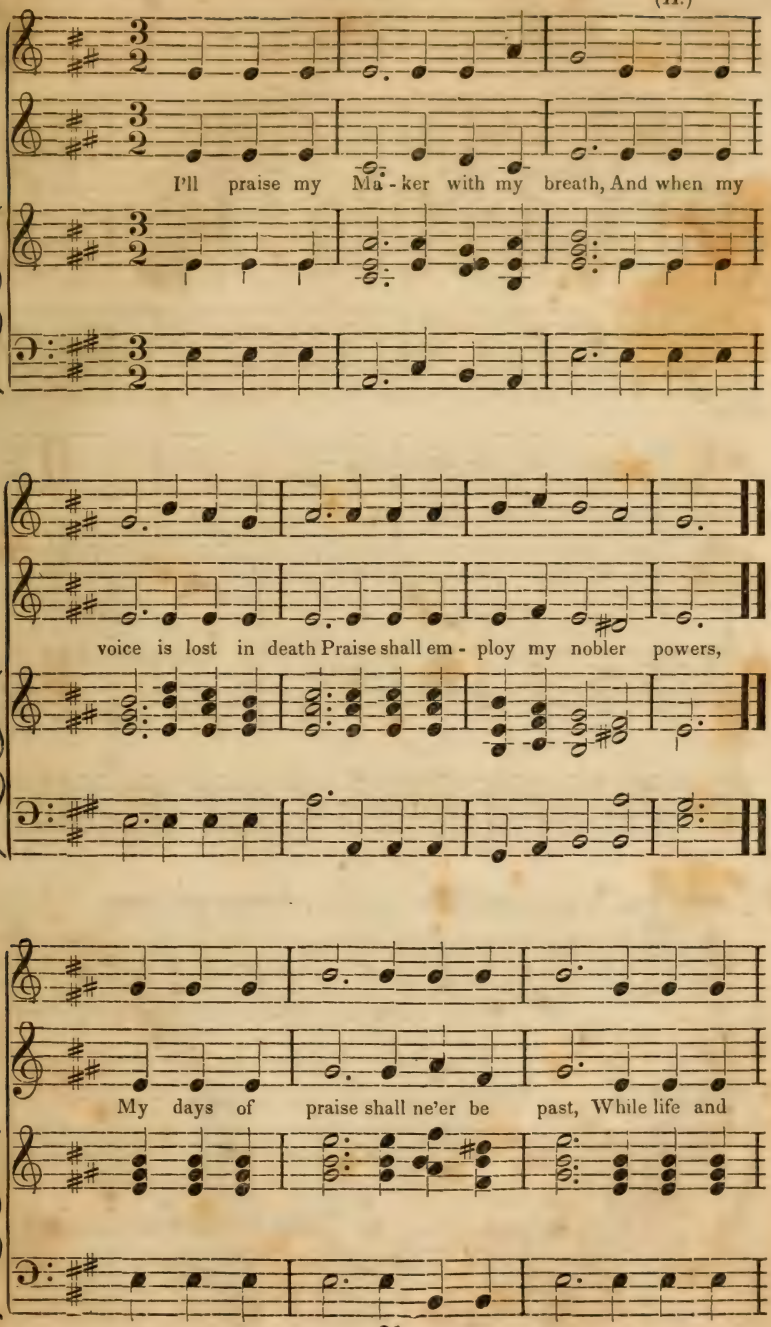
2 Is thy burden'd spirit
Agoniz'd for sin
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean:
Think of Calv'ry's mountain
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain,
Wash away thy guilt.

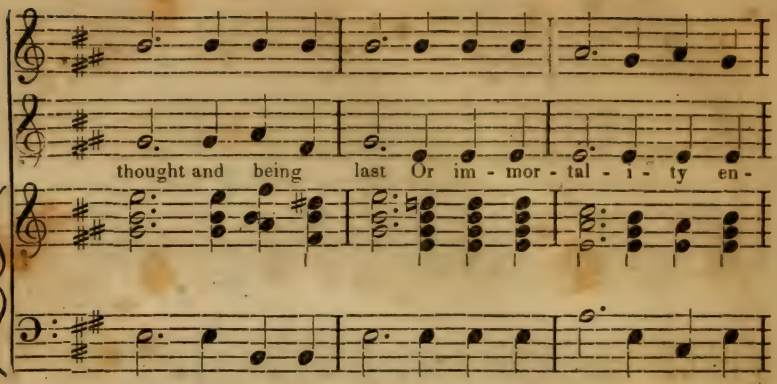
3 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still in Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armour on:
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown.—*S. Songs.*

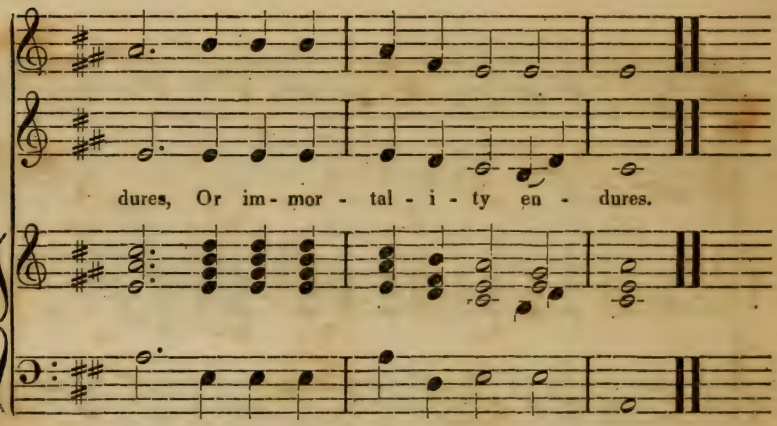

Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The raging
wind shall cease, The Christian's bark will reach the shore
Of heav'n's e - ter - nal peace, Of heav'n's e - ter - nal peace.

NO. 83. BEEKMAN STREET. L. P. M.

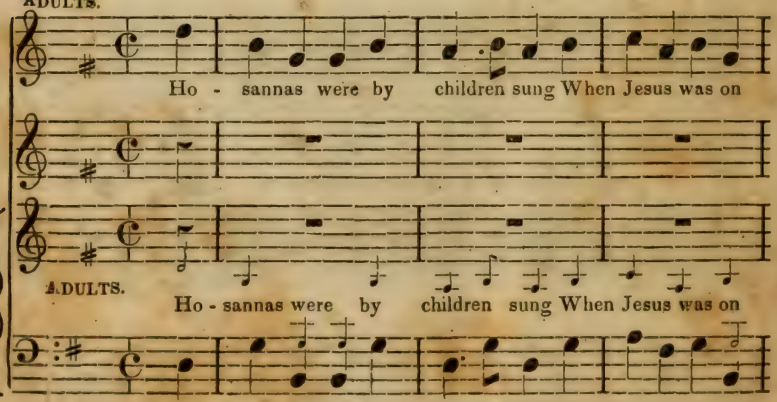
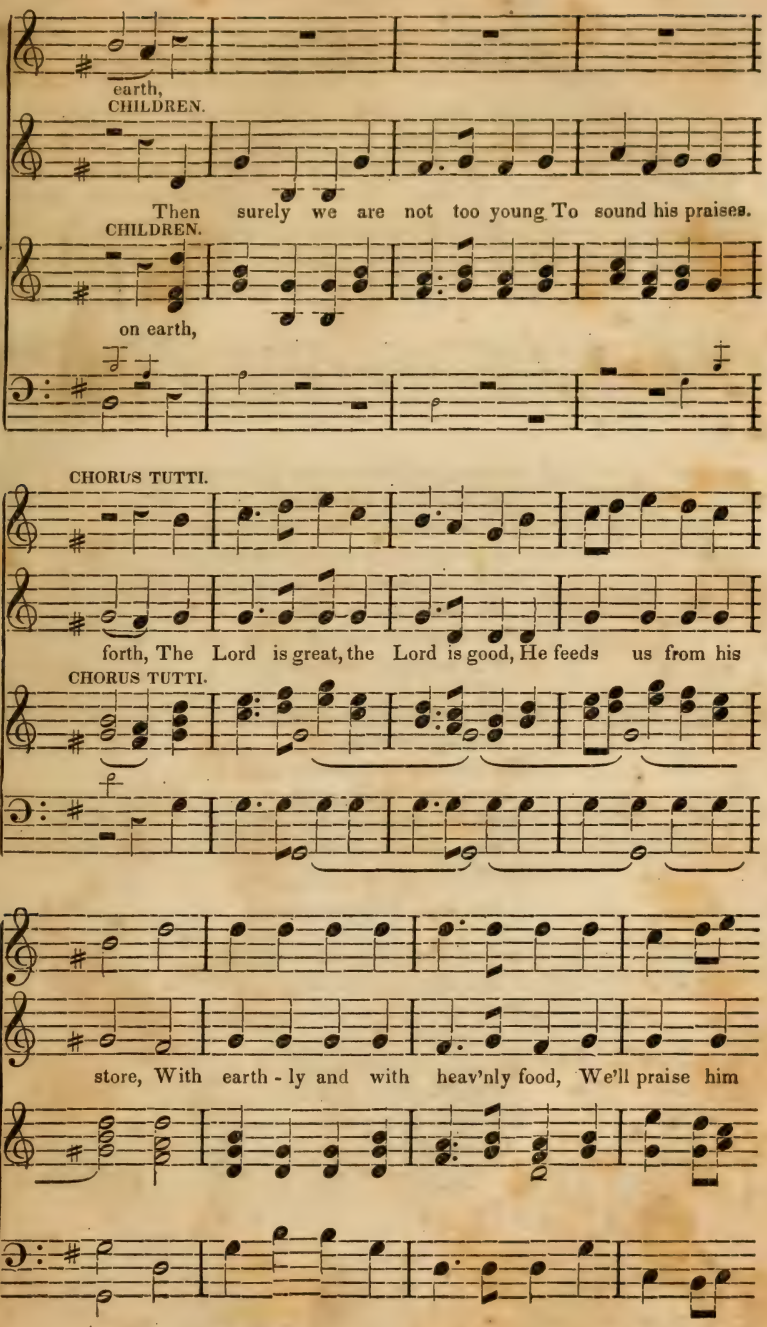
(H.)



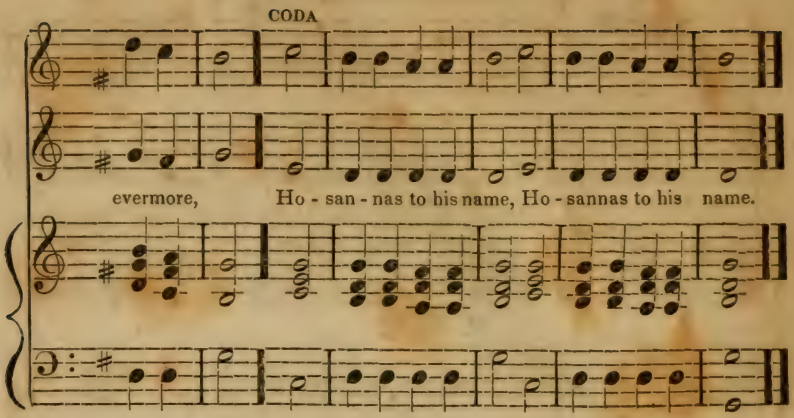




NO. 84. HOSANNA. C. M. D.—*Response and Chorus.*



earth,
CHILDREN.
Then surely we are not too young To sound his praises.
CHILDREN.
on earth,
CHORUS TUTTI.
forth, The Lord is great, the Lord is good, He feeds us from his
CHORUS TUTTI.
store, With earth - ly and with heav'nly food, We'll praise him



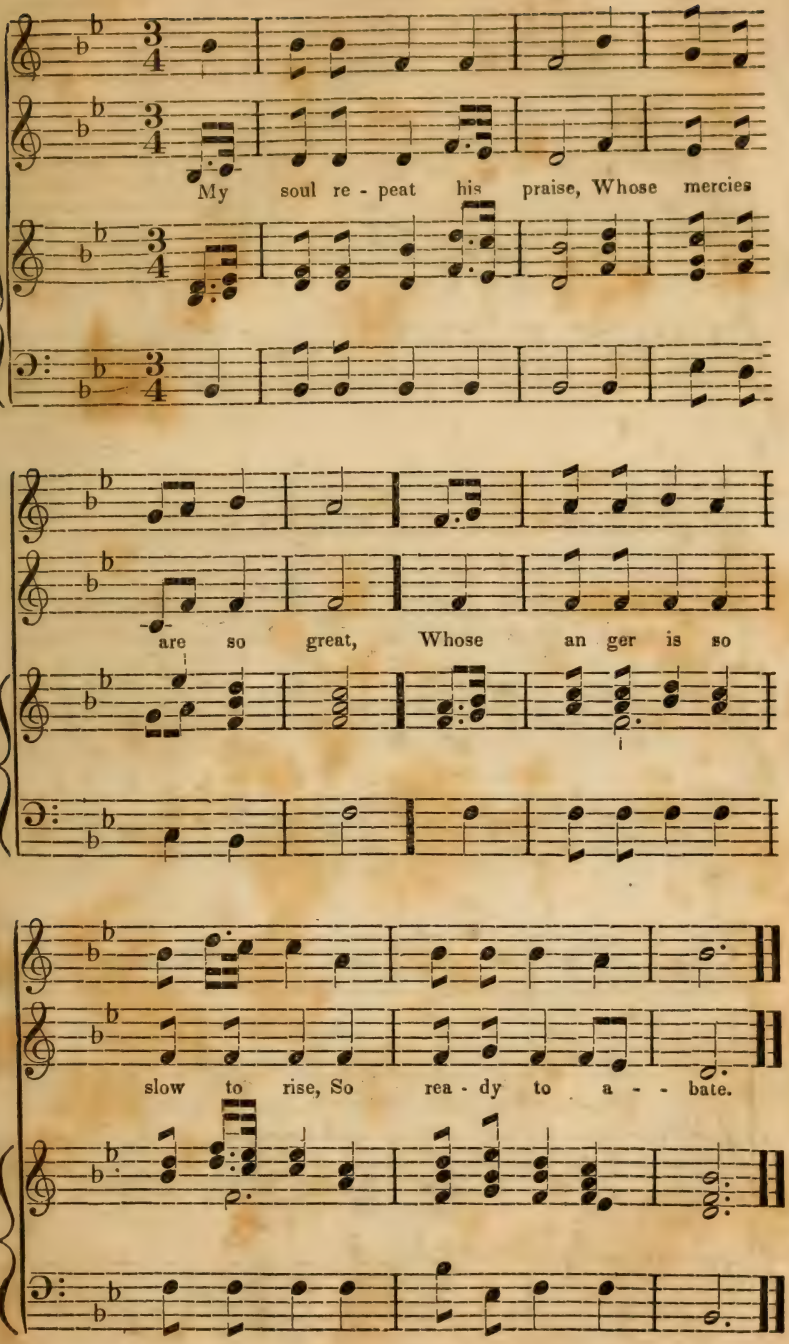
2 And when to him young children came,
He took them in his arms;
He bless'd them in his Father's name,
And spoke with heav'nly charms:
We thank him for his gracious word,
We thank him for his love,
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heav'n above.

3 Before he left this world of woe,
On Calvary he died;
His blood for us did freely flow,
Forth from his wounded side;
O, then we'll magnify his name,
Who groan'd and died for us;
We'll worship the atoning Lamb,
And kneel before his cross.

4 He rose again and walk'd abroad,
And many saw his face:
They call'd him the Incarnate God,
Redeemer of our race:
He rose and he ascended high;
We'll bow to his command;
His glories fill the earth and sky,
He sits at God's right hand.

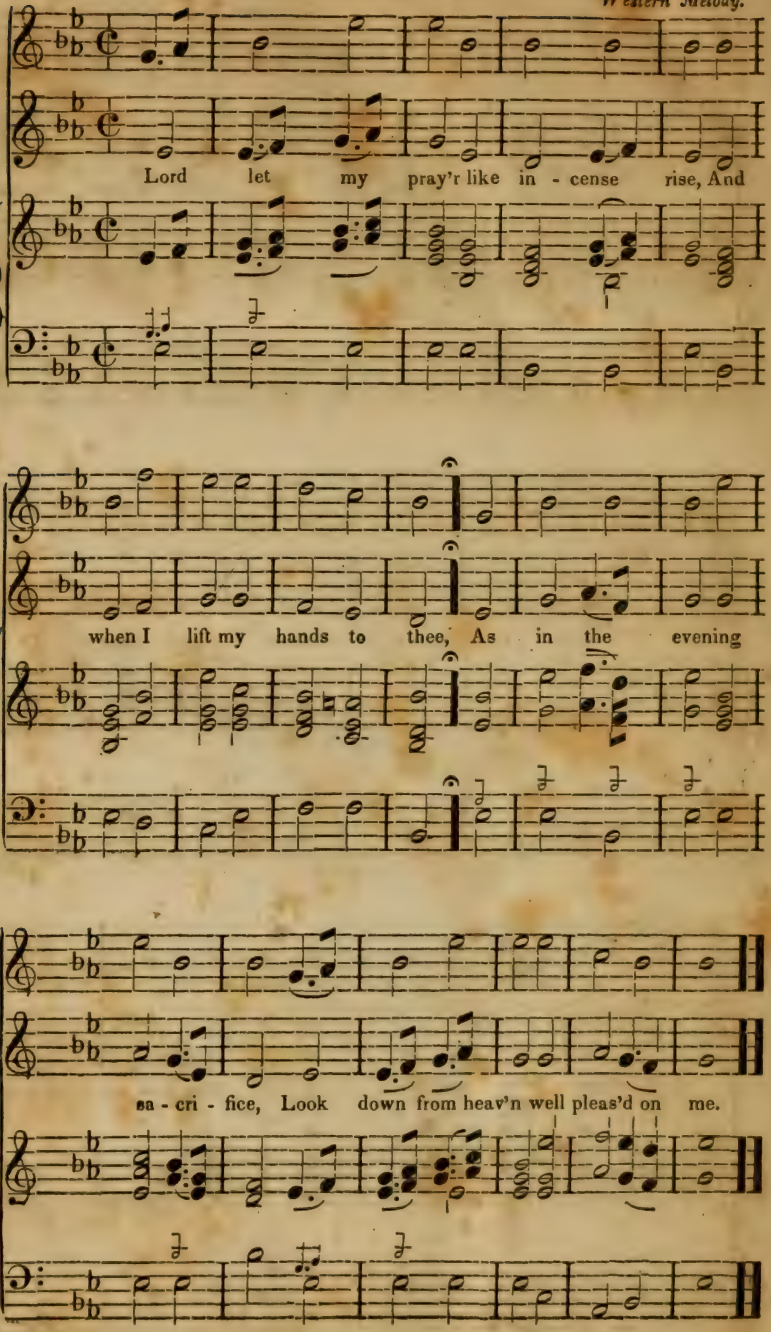
Nursery Songs.

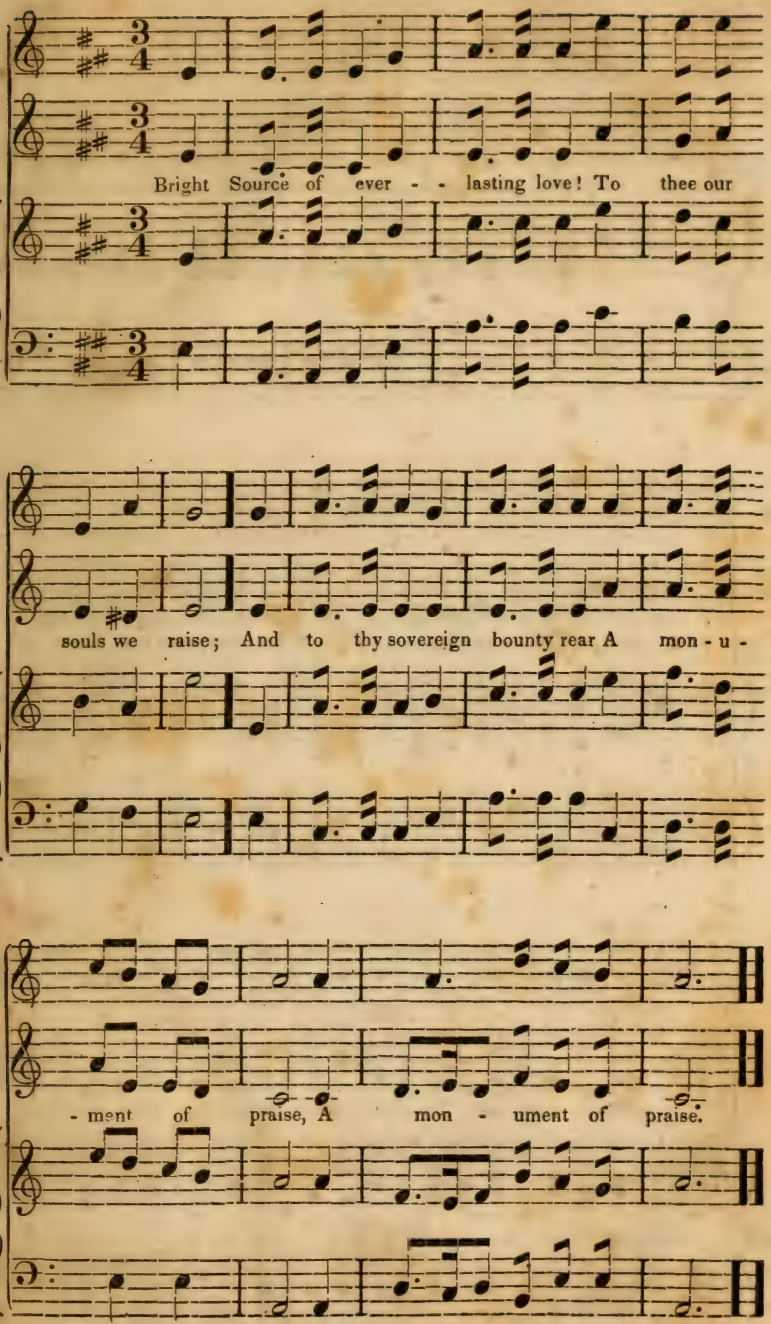
NO. 85. WINSLOW. S. M.

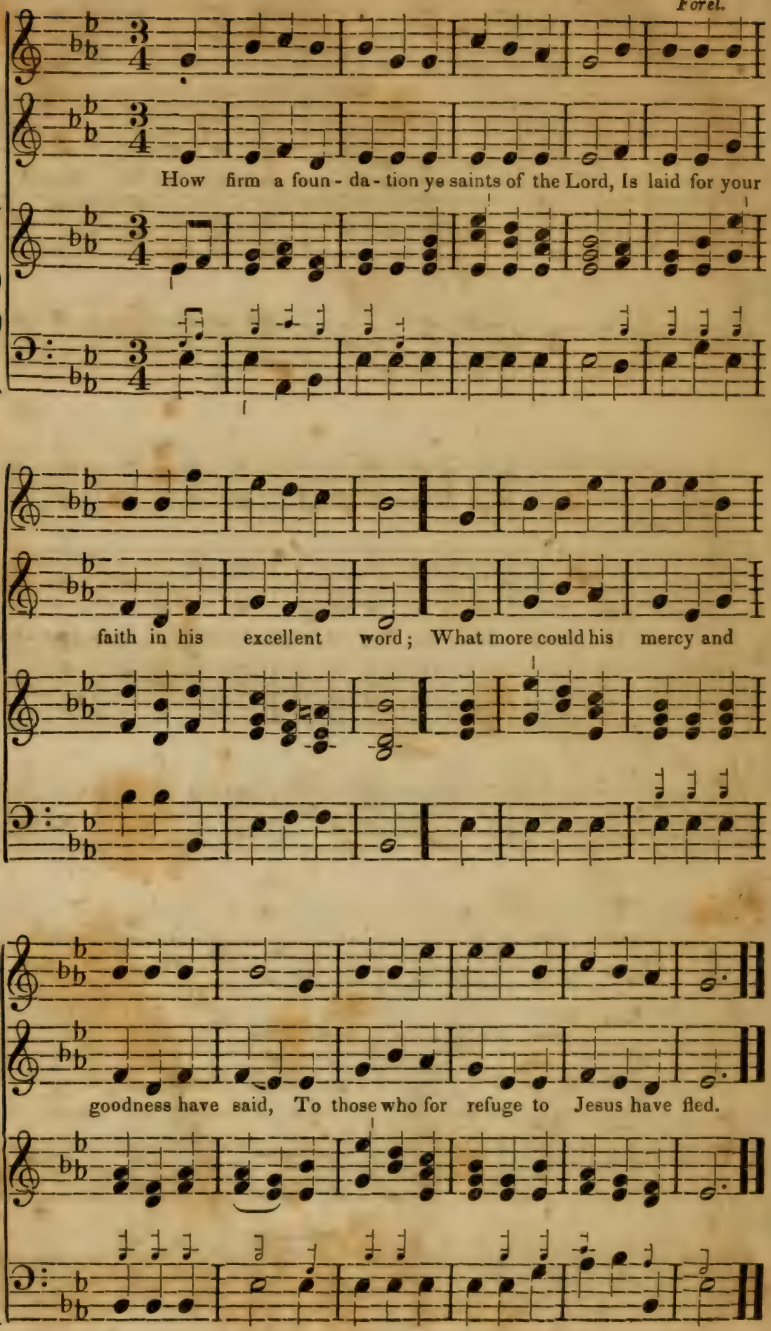


NO. 85. JACKSONVILLE.

Western Melody.

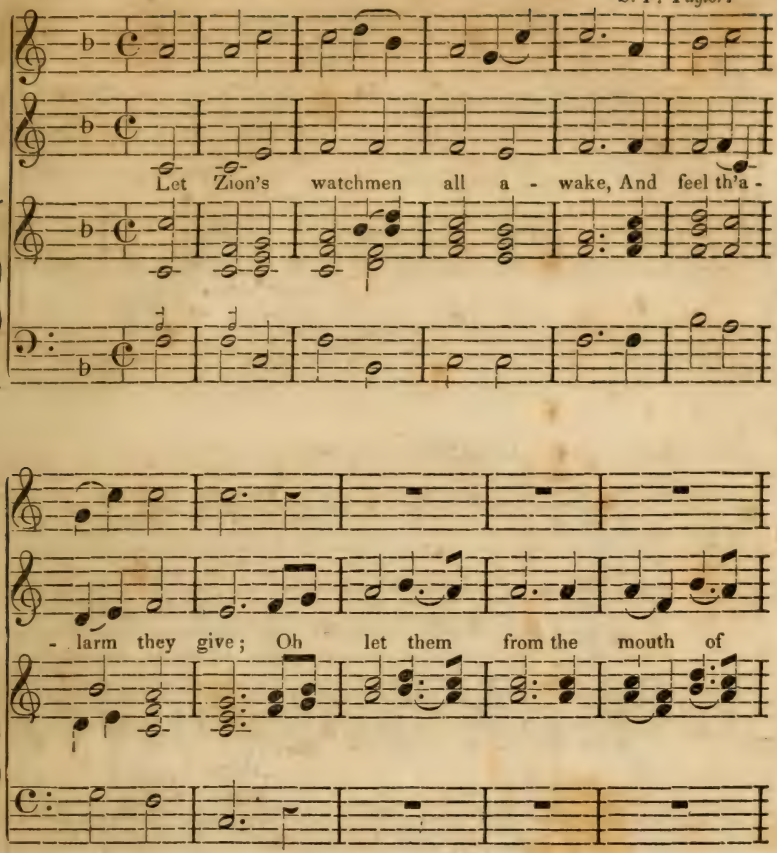


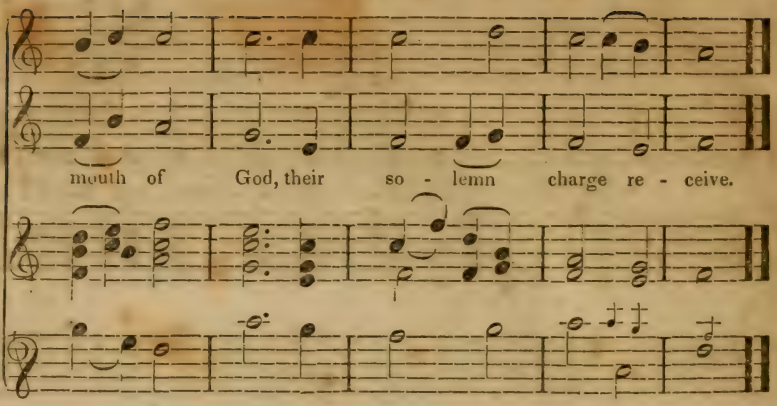
NO. 87. NEW BEDFORD. C. M.

Forel.


How firm a foun - da - tion ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in his excellent word; What more could his mercy and
goodness have said, To those who for refuge to Jesus have fled.

NO. 89. ARABIA.

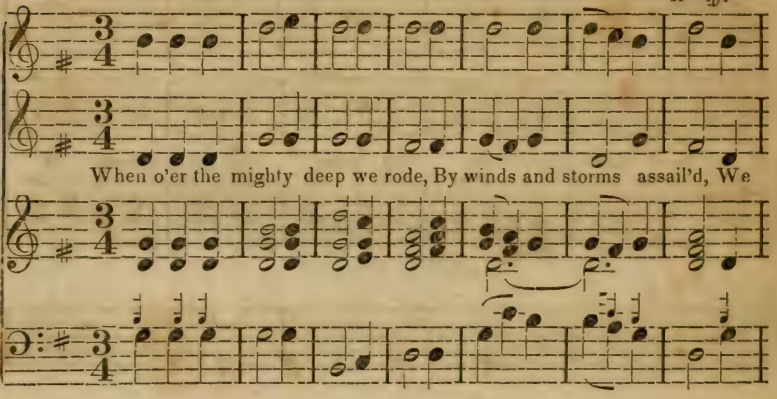
S. P. Taylor.

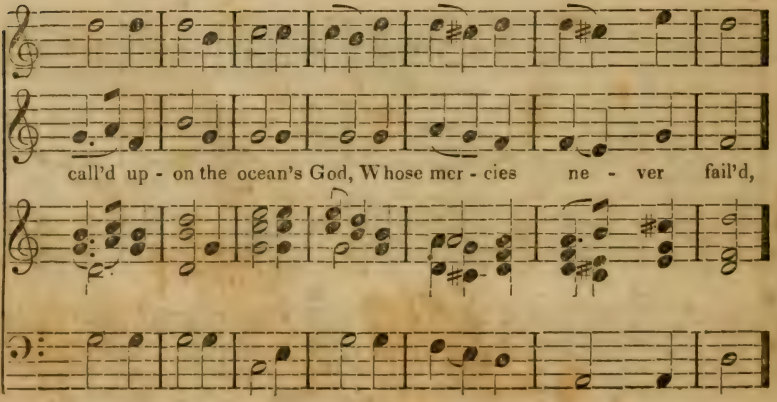


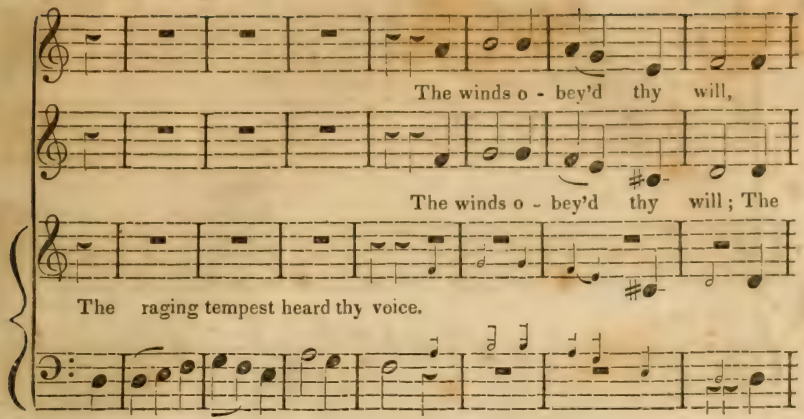


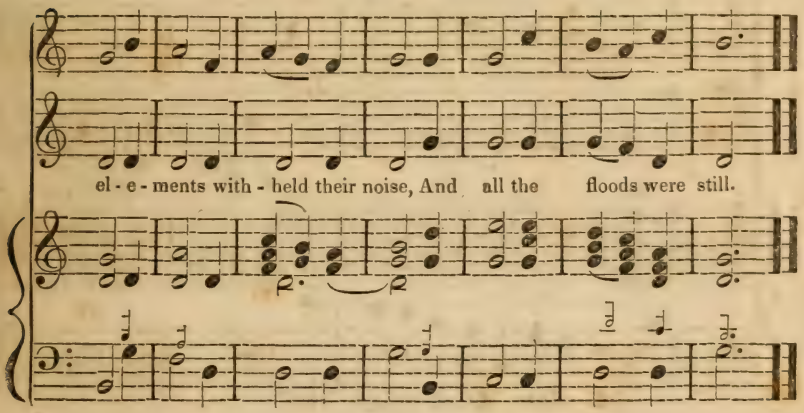
NO. 90. ATLANTIC. C. M. D.

K—lff.









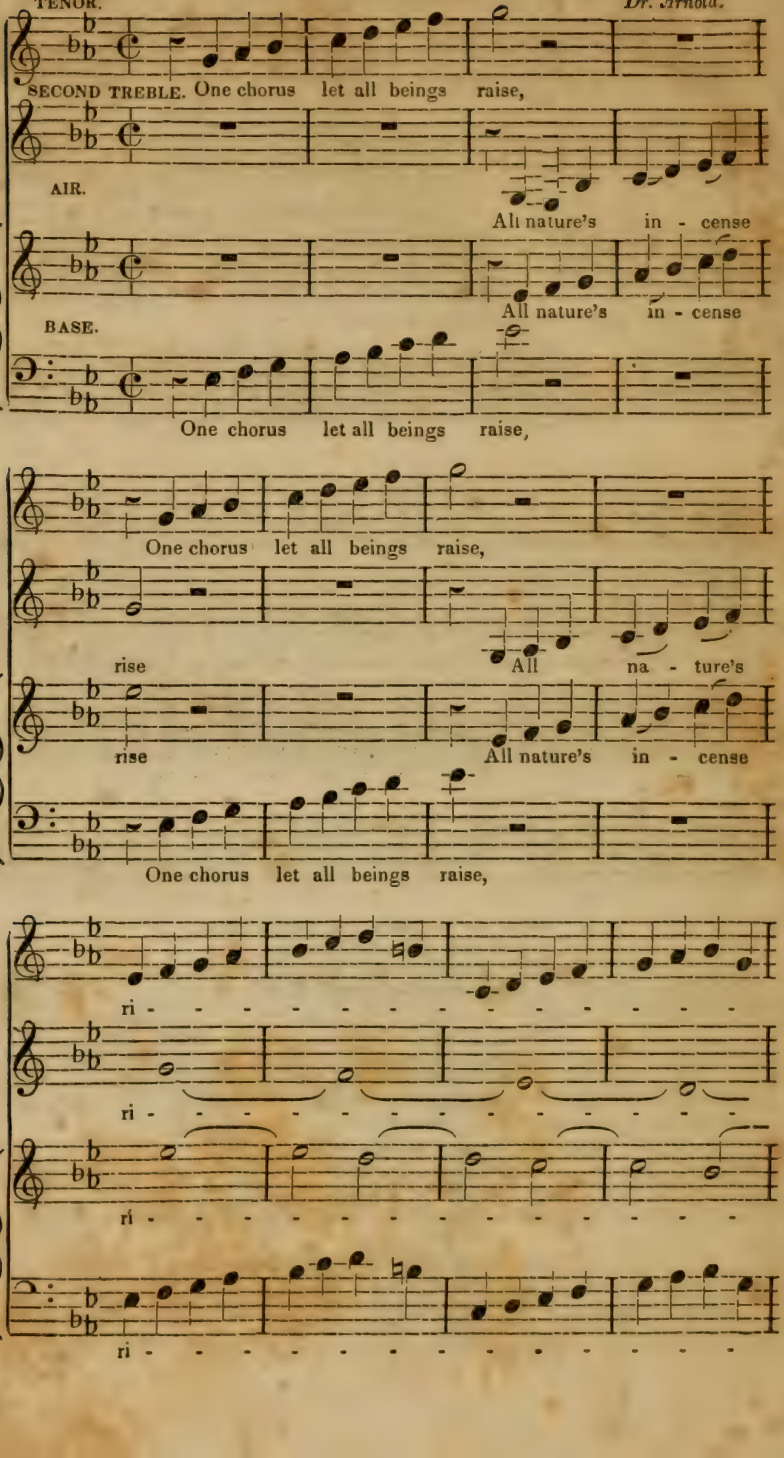
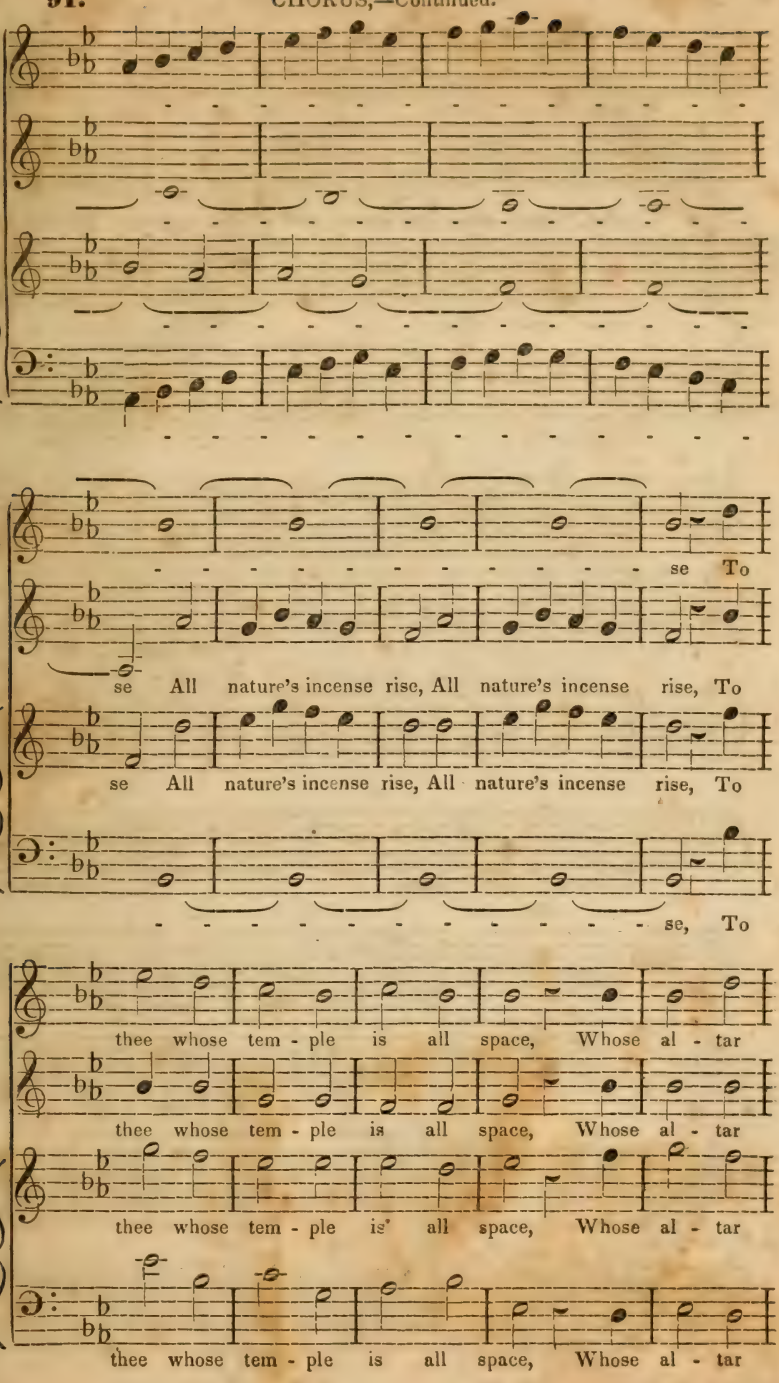
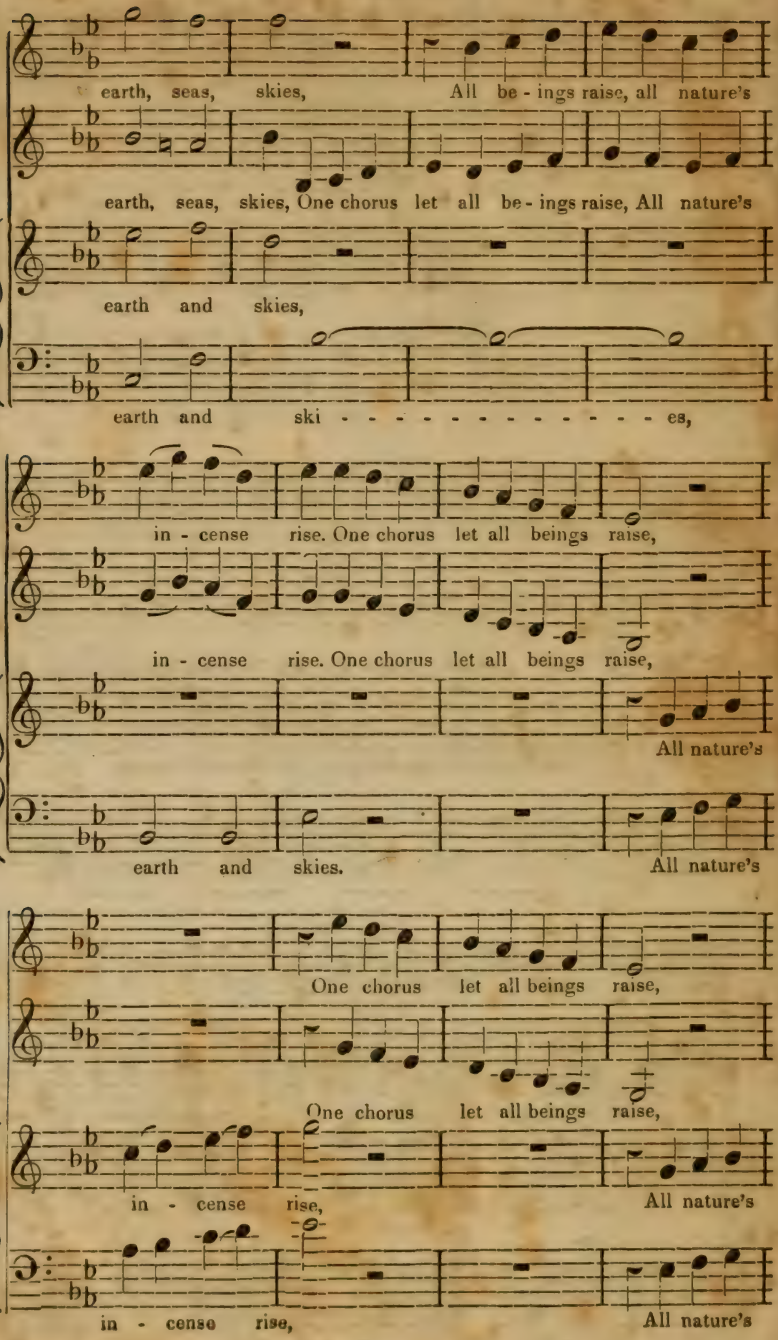
With joy we hail'd the distant shore,
And safe the vessel moor'd:
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We prais'd the ocean's Lord.

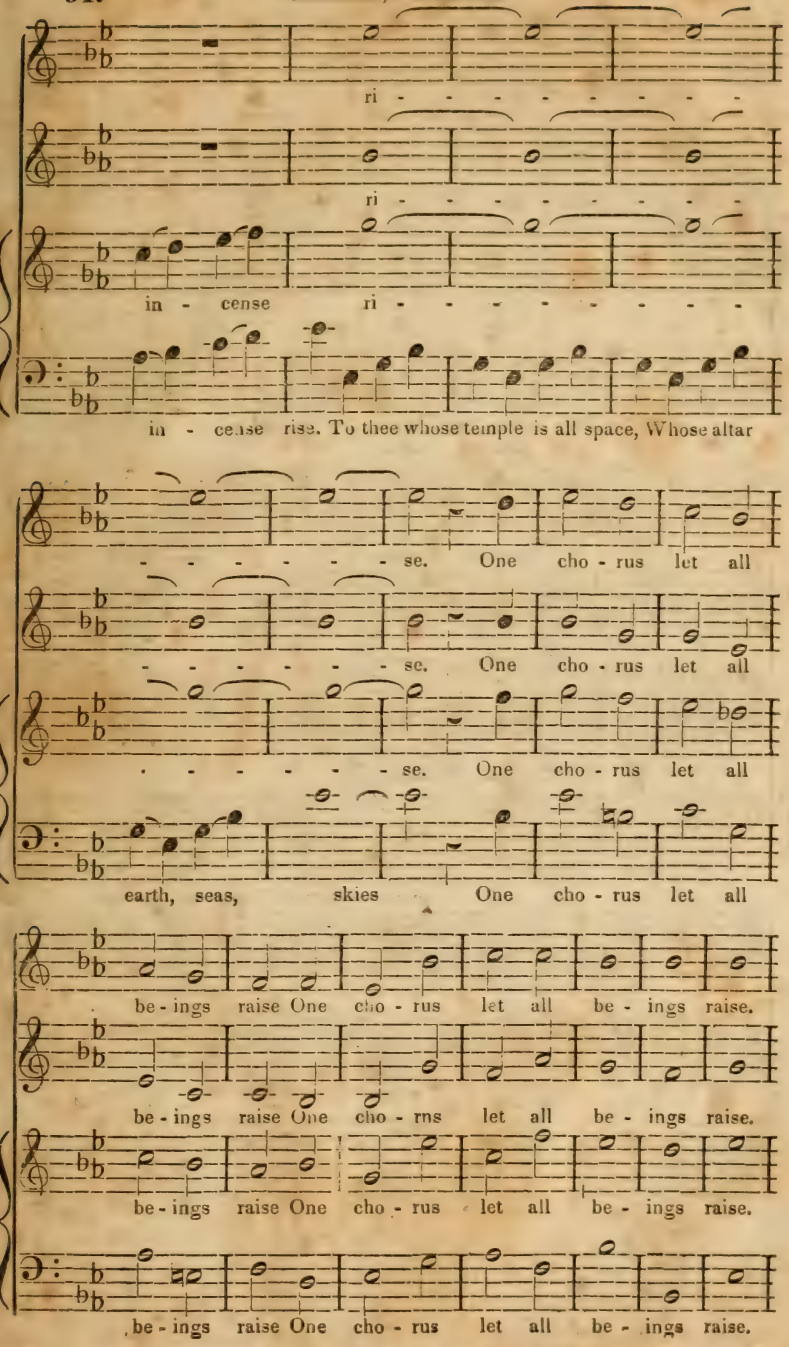
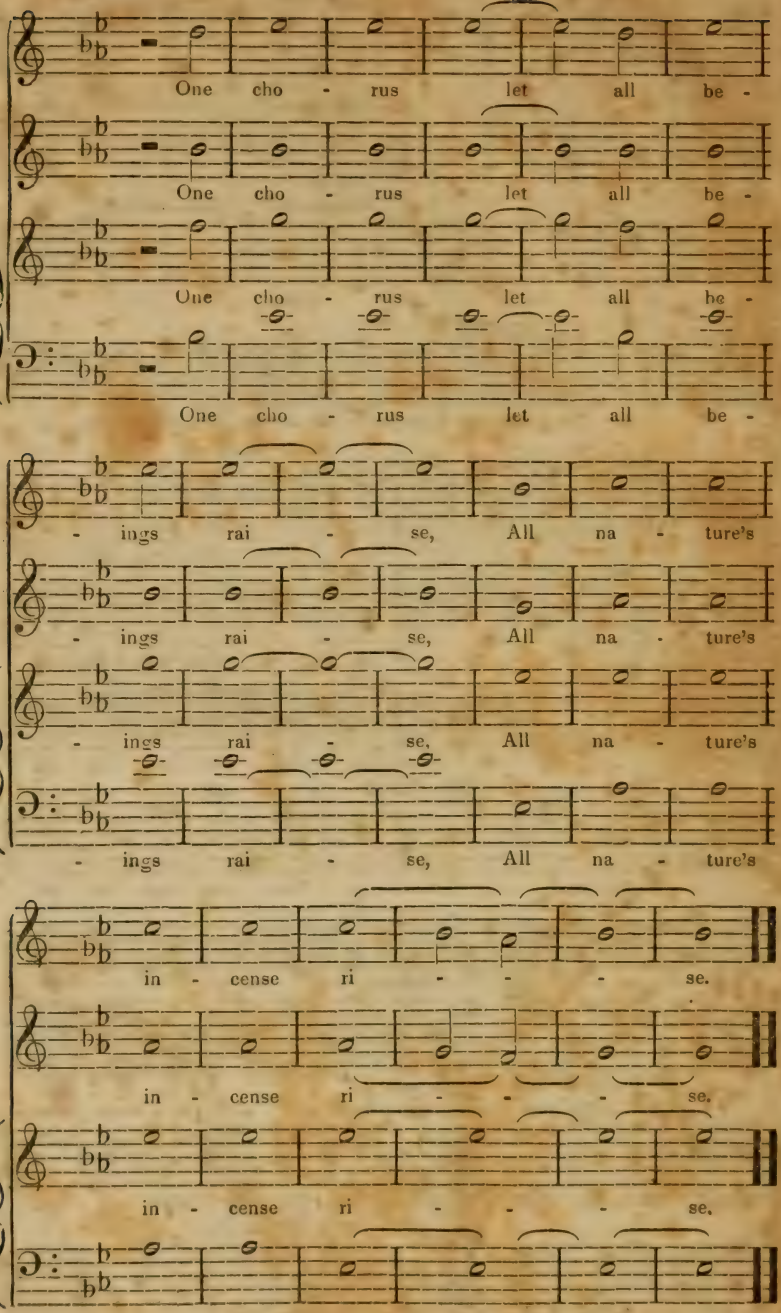
Thus, while o'er floods and seas we roam,
Thy goodness still we see;
Though distant from our native home.
We are not far from thee.

And when life's voyages are past,
And we are call'd to die;
Oh may we see thy face at last,
In realms beyond the sky.

Then as we join th' ethereal bands
Beyond the swelling wave;
We'll praise thee with uplifted hands,
And sing thy pow'r to save.

NO. 91. A CHORUS.

Dr. Arnold.

se To
se All nature's incense rise, All nature's incense rise, To
se All nature's incense rise, All nature's incense rise, To
se, To
thee whose tem - ple is all space, Whose al - tar
thee whose tem - ple is all space, Whose al - tar
thee whose tem - ple is all space, Whose al - tar
thee whose tem - ple is all space, Whose al - tar

earth, seas, skies, All be - ings raise, all nature's
earth, seas, skies, One chorus let all be - ings raise, All nature's
earth and skies,
earth and ski - - - - - - - - - - - - es,
in - cense rise. One chorus let all beings raise,
in - cense rise. One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's
earth and skies.
All nature's
One chorus let all beings raise,
One chorus let all beings raise,
in - cense rise,
All nature's
in - cense rise,
All nature's


ri - - - - - - - - -
ri - - - - - - - - -
in - cense ri - - - - - - - - -
in - cense rise. To thee whose temple is all space, Whose altar
- - - - - - - se. One cho - rus let all
- - - - - - - se. One cho - rus let all
- - - - - - - se. One cho - rus let all
earth, seas, skies One cho - rus let all
be - ings raise One cho - rus let all be - ings raise.
be - ings raise One cho - rns let all be - ings raise.
be - ings raise One cho - rus let all be - ings raise.
be - ings raise One cho - rus let all be - ings raise.

This is a fair specimen of the style which prevailed in England 40 years ago. It may serve as a good exercise for singers who have long breath, and great compass of voice.